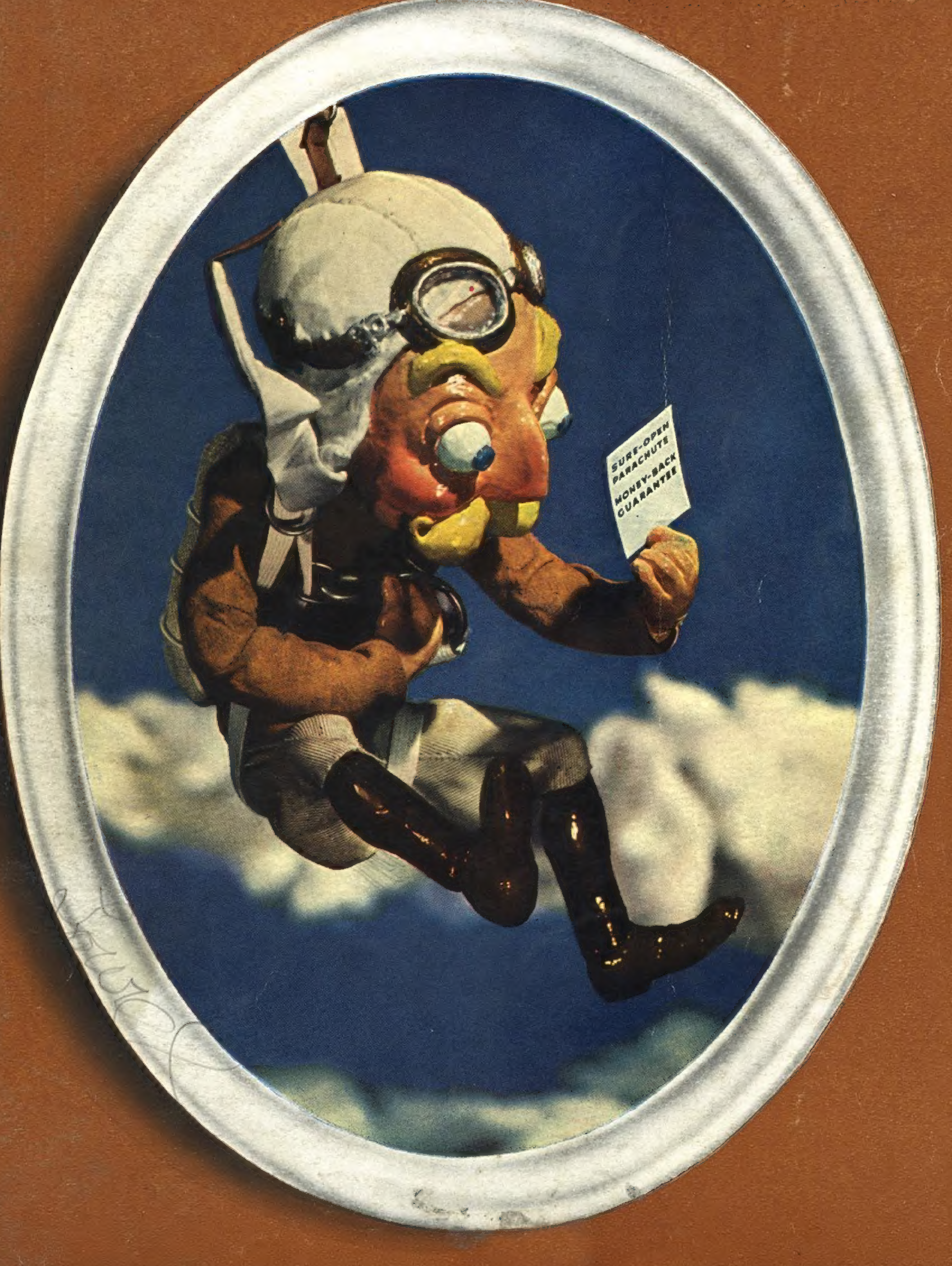
OCTOBER

A. N. C

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
THEODORE DREISER
OLIVER LA FARGE
HAROLD TITUS
CHARLES RAWLINGS
CARLETON SMITH
FRED C. KELLY
HERMANN B. DEUTSCH
WM. MOULTON MARSTON
J. C. FURNAS
LAWTON MACKALL
MAJ. PAUL BROWN
JOHN WILSTACH

FICTION

MANUEL KOMROFF
LANGSTON HUGHES
JOHN COURNOS
ROBERT BUCKNER
HENRI DUVERNOIS
HEWITT L. BALLOWE
RICHARD SHERMAN
ROBERT CARSON
HENRY HARVEY
TIM PRIDGEN
LAJOS ZILAHY

SATIRE

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE
EDW. L. McKENNA
JOSEPH ALGER
MARTIN PANZER

SPORTS

FRANK SCULLY
CLARK SHAUGHNESSY
GLENN S. "POP" WARNER
RAYMOND BROWNE
TRAVIS HOKE

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
FRANK BLACK
MEYER LEVIN

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
R. VAN BUREN
GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
RODNEY de SARRO
PAUL WEBB
GEORGE PETTY
GEORGE LICHTY
JAY IRVING
TY MAHON
ABNER DEAN
SAM BERMAN
(COVER)

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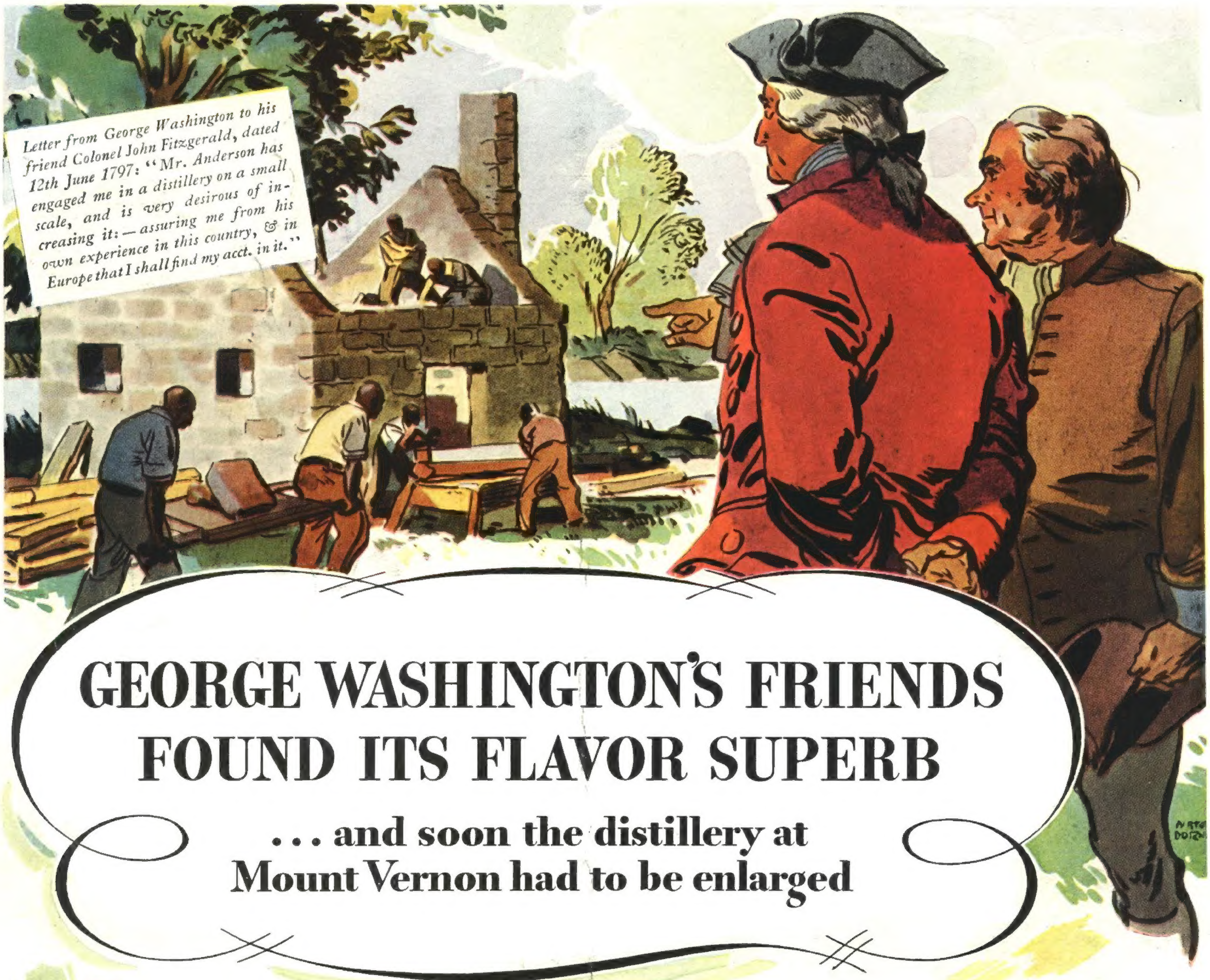
**FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS**

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
-IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE CENTS



Letter from George Washington to his friend Colonel John Fitzgerald, dated 12th June 1797: "Mr. Anderson has engaged me in a distillery on a small scale, and is very desirous of increasing it:—assuring me from his own experience in this country, & in Europe that I shall find my acct. in it."

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FRIENDS FOUND ITS FLAVOR SUPERB

... and soon the distillery at Mount Vernon had to be enlarged

AMONG the fond recollections of guests at Mount Vernon, after George Washington's retirement to private life, was a superbly mellow rye whiskey.

This rye was distilled at Mount Vernon under the skilled hand of James Anderson, the General's chief overseer, who had learned the art in Scotland.

Originally the distillery had been built as a matter of economy to convert the surplus rye harvests into spirits—which were an important adjunct to good hospitality in those days of chilly houses.

But so excellent was the whiskey, so many begged the privilege of buying a cask or two, that in 1797 Washington directed his secretary Tobias Lear to erect a larger stone distillery on Dogue Creek.

Thus it came about that the flavorous rye, which soon came to be called "Mount Vernon," found its way into neighboring states, and even to England, where it has long been one of the few popular American whiskies.

Mount Vernon Bottled In Bond Straight Rye Whiskey is still produced by the original formula—although the distillery was transferred to Baltimore almost a century ago. And that is why you will relish in it today the same magnificent flavor that was the toast of Washington's friends.

Mount Vernon

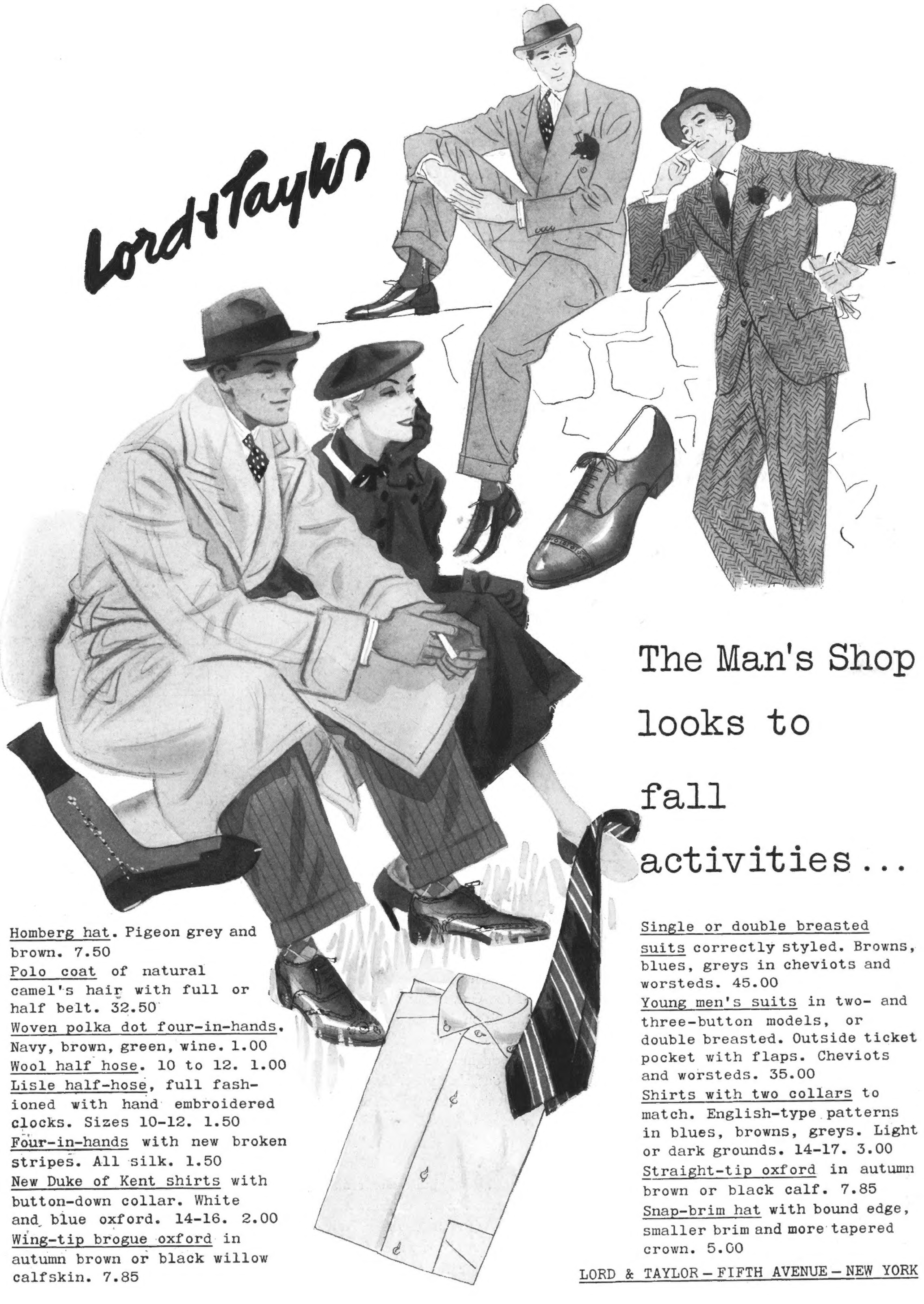
Straight Rye Whiskey – Bottled in Bond

Under U. S. Government supervision

A Good Guide NATIONAL DISTILLERS *to Good Whiskey*

© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, Baltimore, Md

Lord & Taylor



The Man's Shop looks to fall activities . . .

Homberg hat. Pigeon grey and brown. 7.50
Polo coat of natural camel's hair with full or half belt. 32.50
Woven polka dot four-in-hands. Navy, brown, green, wine. 1.00
Wool half hose. 10 to 12. 1.00
Lisle half-hose, full fashioned with hand embroidered clocks. Sizes 10-12. 1.50
Four-in-hands with new broken stripes. All silk. 1.50
New Duke of Kent shirts with button-down collar. White and blue oxford. 14-16. 2.00
Wing-tip brogue oxford in autumn brown or black willow calfskin. 7.85

Single or double breasted suits correctly styled. Browns, blues, greys in cheviots and worsteds. 45.00
Young men's suits in two- and three-button models, or double breasted. Outside ticket pocket with flaps. Cheviots and worsteds. 35.00
Shirts with two collars to match. English-type patterns in blues, browns, greys. Light or dark grounds. 14-17. 3.00
Straight-tip oxford in autumn brown or black calf. 7.85
Snap-brim hat with bound edge, smaller brim and more tapered crown. 5.00

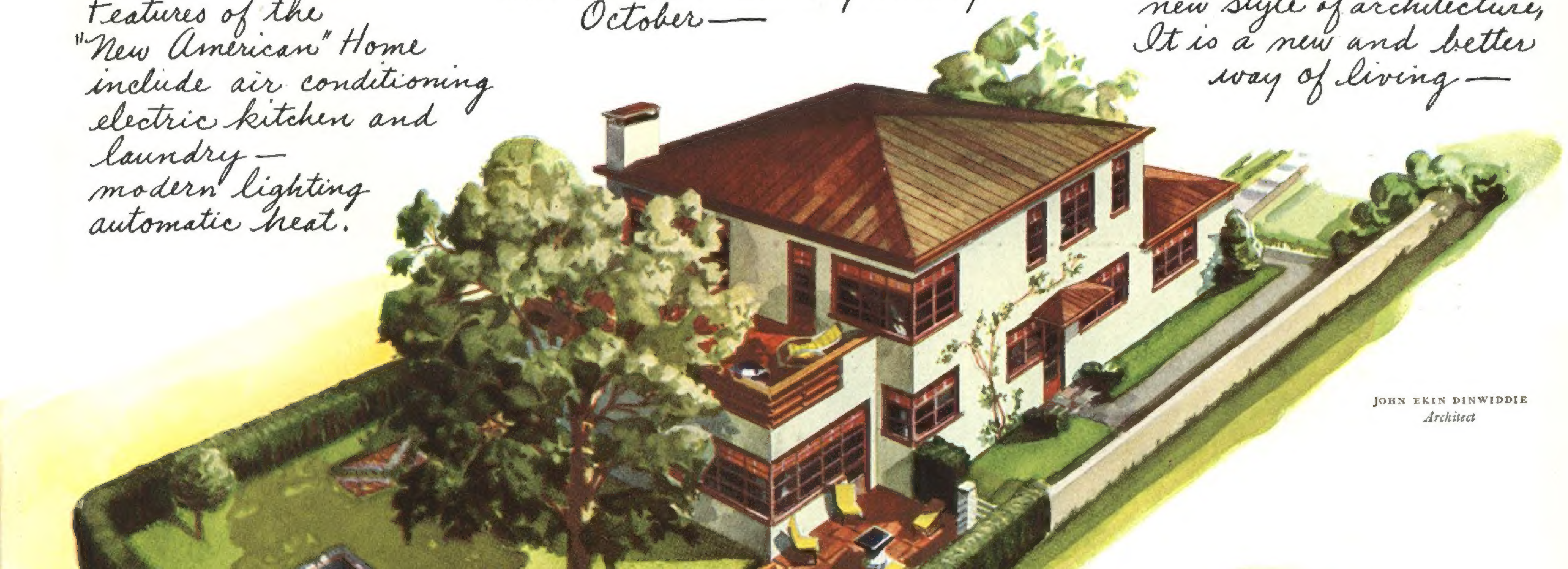
LORD & TAYLOR – FIFTH AVENUE – NEW YORK

You are invited by
GENERAL ELECTRIC
to visit the "New American" home

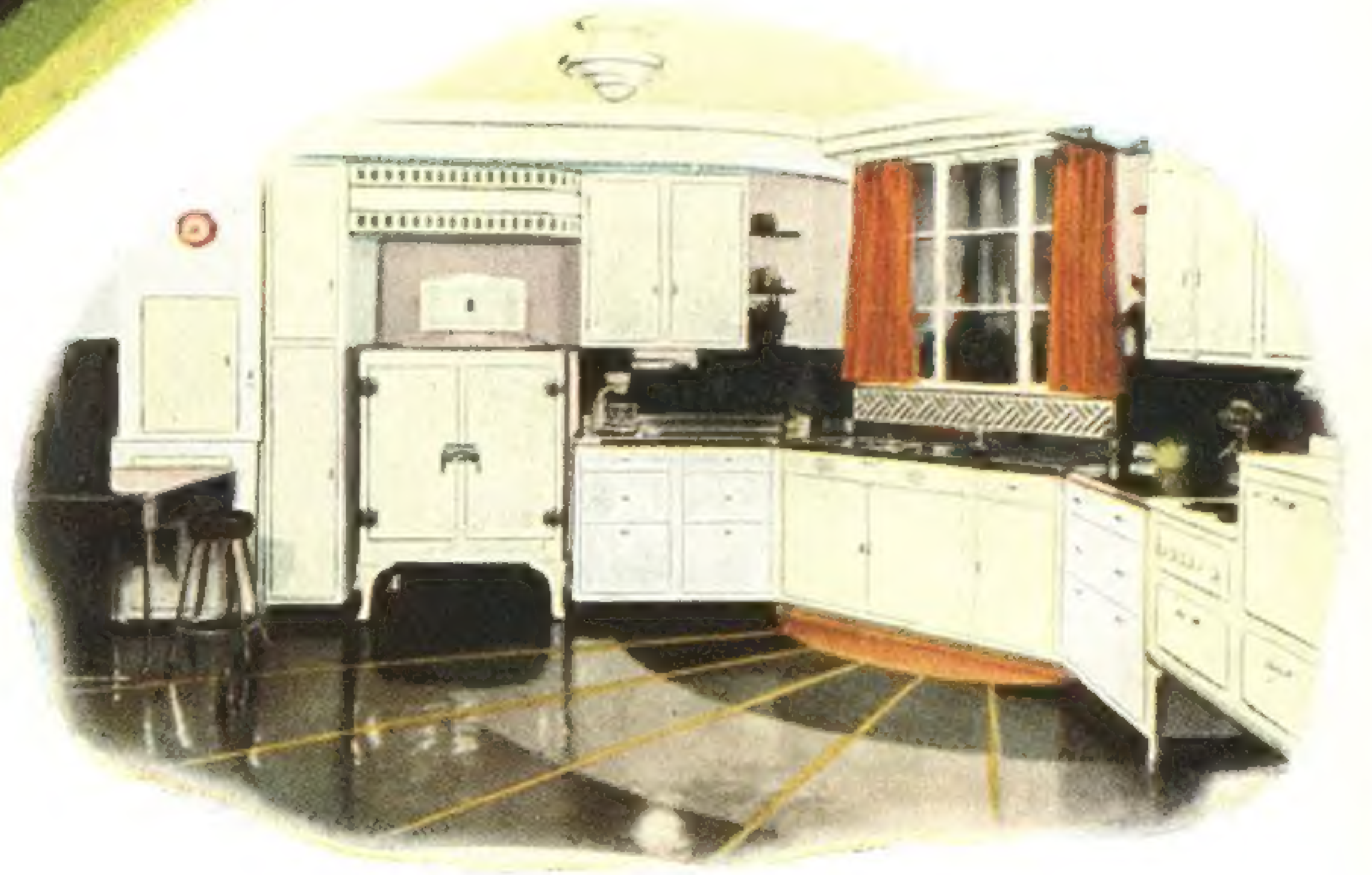
Designed from the inside out to demonstrate the new science of better living, hundreds of these homes will be on exhibition all over the country during October—

Features of the "New American" Home include air conditioning electric kitchen and laundry— modern lighting automatic heat.

"New American" is not a new style of architecture, It is a new and better way of living—

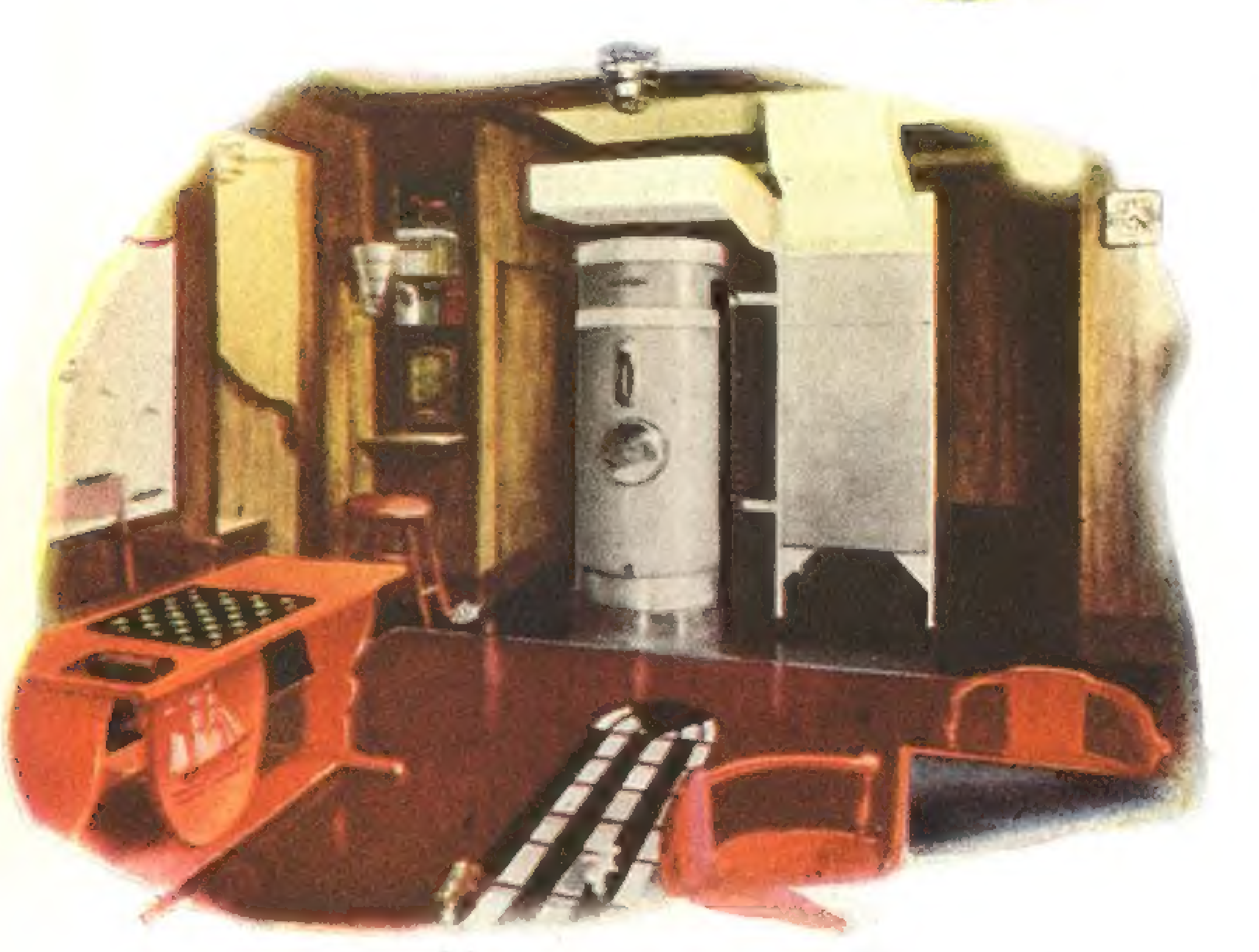


JOHN EKIN DINWIDDIE
Architect

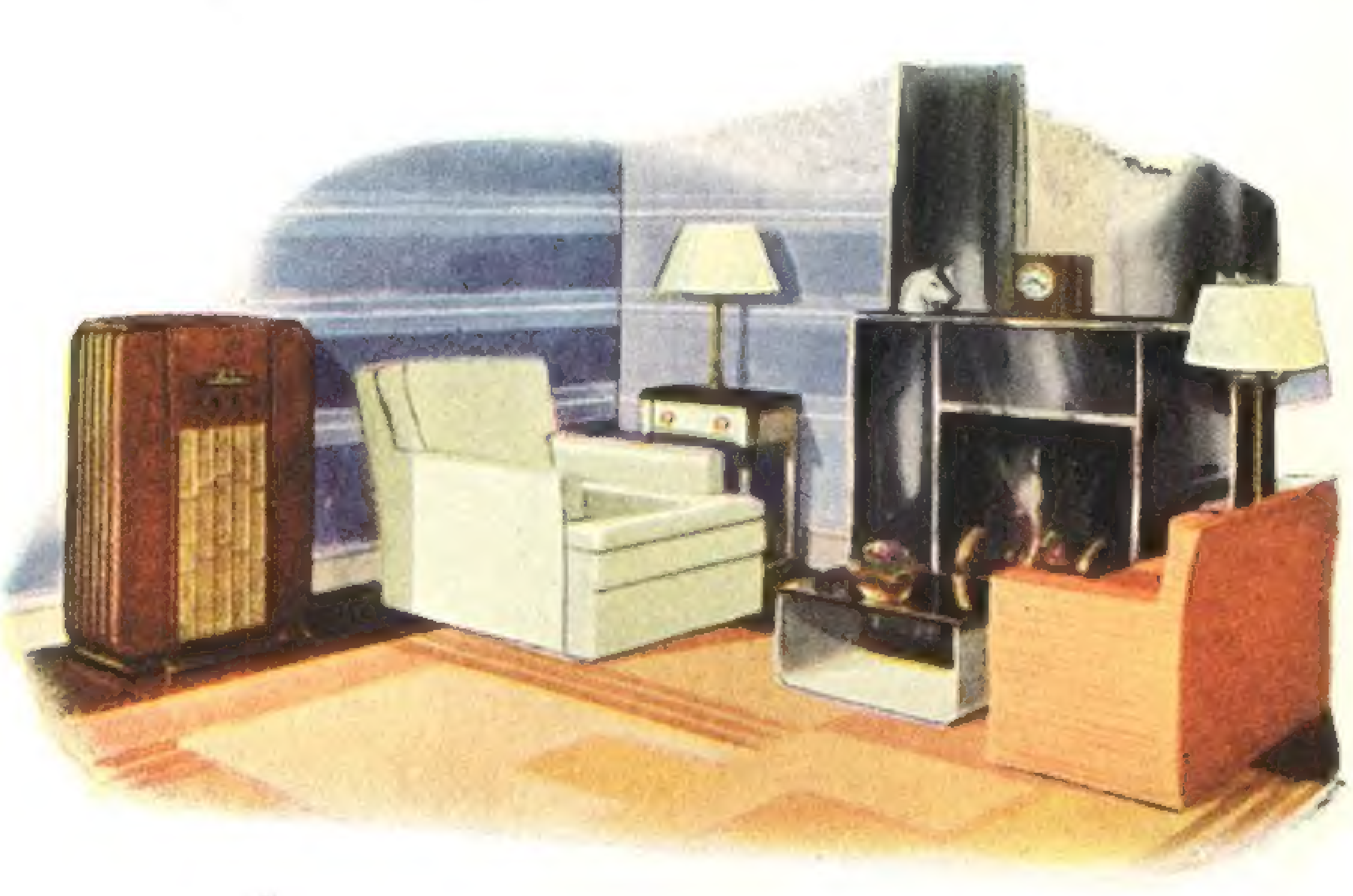


In the "New American" Kitchen the servants are built-in by General Electric—

THE General Electric Company has sponsored the building of hundreds of "New American" homes all over the country. Built by local builders and locally financed, they will be exhibited for a short time and then sold. These homes are an outgrowth of the G-E nationwide architectural competition last spring. They represent a new conception of what an American home ought to be like. Designed from the inside out, they provide a degree of comfort, health and convenience for the entire family never before achieved. Many of the lessons to be learned from the "New American" home apply equally well to a new house or one already built. Don't miss seeing this extraordinary exhibit. Ask any G-E dealer where to see the "New American" home. And write for 16-page illustrated booklet, "How to Make Your Home 'New American'." General Electric Co., Demonstration Home Dept., 570 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.



The "Rumpus Room" replaces the "Rubbish Room" note G-E Oil Furnace and air-conditioner—



Scientific lighting is an important part of the "New American" home—

Edited
by
ARNOLD GINGRICH

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
DAVID A. SMART
WM. H. WEINTRAUB

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches.......
by Fellows, Goodman and Sharp beginning on page 101

Art Directors: JOHN GROTH, ERIC LUNDGREN

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Soprani in a Male Choir

There's a perfume ad opposite Hemingway this month, and there's an ad for women's hats opposite one of the pages of men s fashions. We'll have some explaining to do now or later, so it may as well be now. Well, you see, the perfume ad doesn't say you ought to use the perfume yourself. It merely tells you that it's the perfume that smart women prefer, or something to that effect. Conceivably the imparting of this information in the pages of a man's magazine is justifiable on the ground that it might be handy knowledge when you're wondering What To Give Her. But the hat ad—that *does* say you ought to wear a Smarty, like the one the lahvly gel is modeling. So there the second person pronoun is obviously feminine. And we're afraid we'd stutter, no matter how we tried to explain that away. The Advertising Department's no help either. We asked them to explain how come the ad is addressed to women. And all they said was that as long as it is an ad on women's hats it'd be pretty silly to address it to men. In the face of such irrefutable logic, we collapsed. We only mention the matter now to let you know that, something like Horatio at the bridge party, we at least tried to stem the feminine invasion of these cloistered, not to say monastic, pages. But we lost out. We're sorry, but you'll just have to get used to mixed voices in our advertising choir. Soon the poor old magazine will be as feminine as a prize-fight, a back-room bar, or a barber shop.

The Harvest of A and B Pages

We will now have a little gloat session, to offset the abjectness of the paragraph foregoing. There are sixteen of those A and B pages, that some readers seem to find annoying, in this issue. And if you think we're going to apologize for them, you're crazy. These pages represent the extent by which we passed our objective in advertising for this issue. We lay out the magazine, weeks ahead, for a certain number of pages, estimating the probable amount of advertising. Then when as and if our expectations are exceeded we stick in the extra pages, giving them those odd folio numbers ending in A and B because it's impossible to renumber the pages after the first forms have gone to press. This time, just to show that our pants aren't equipped with one-way pockets, we even slipped a couple of A's and B's into the editorial section, as an extra reader-dividend, after we saw the extent of the avalanche of ads. So please don't mind the A and B pages—they're the vitamins of our diet.

Thoughts on the Amateur Spirit

One of the Gentlemen of the Fury takes us to task this month for the amateurishness of the magazine. Well, an amateur is one who does it for love, while a pro is one who does it for money. To the amateur it always remains a game; to the pro it soon becomes nothing but a business. We'd rather like to stay on the amateur side. Not that this is a philanthropic venture. Our preoccupation with the gate receipts, as evidenced by our unconcealed joy when a few ads fall our way, is proof enough that we have at least a normal appetite for the game's fair rewards. But the point is that it's still a game. And we'll lay odds that we still get a bigger kick out of each issue than you do. Advertisers are very nice, and it'd be triple-tough to try to get along without them, but the readers run the show. That's the way it was when most of the advertisers were conspicuous by their absence, and that's the way it will remain, be the advertising pages ever so crowded. The readers were first come, and they will always be first served. Right from the start they were a hundred thousand strong. Today they're close to a quarter-million. So now we lay us down to—pray that we may never be graduated from the awkward squad.

ESQUIRE
Oct. 1935

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for one year, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00 in advance; in Canada, $6.00· elsewhere, $7.00. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. IV, No. 4
Whole No. 23

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

INCIDENTALLY, SEE PP. 14 & 28

Thoroughly enjoyed your article in the July issue, *Strictly on the Level* by J. C. Furnas. (Incidentally, is he also the author of that very vivid piece in the August *Reader's Digest* "*—and Sudden Death*" which the Massachusetts State Police are requiring erring drivers to read as a warning?).

However, there are several of us here who get together each month and hash over the current issue of Esquire. We are all college men and there is nothing we like better than a good brain teaser to crack and we all agree that the prize of them all was left out of Mr. Furnas' article. Possibly he has never heard of it and possibly it may be so old that he believes everyone knows it. However, here it is and we hope it gets into the *Sound and Fury* for it is sure to cause a lot of brain fag if it does. It is variously called the "Red Hat Problem," the "Red Dot Problem," and by various other names but fundamentally it is the same problem. It is a gem of pure logic, there are no tricks and no psychological factors, it is just pure and simple logic.

"A certain King had a Prime Minister and two men who wished to become Prime Minister. The King, wishing to be fair to all, stated that he would devise a test problem and the first man to solve it would be Prime Minister.

"The King assembled all three men and stated the problem thus:

"I shall blindfold all three of you and then I shall place a hat on each of your heads. Each hat may be either red or blue. When I remove the blindfolds, each man will be able to see the hats on the other two men, but not his own. I want each man who sees a *red* hat to raise his hand, and the first man who can determine the color of his own hat from the actions of the other men to lower his hand. The man who first lowers his hand and states correctly the color of his hat shall be my Prime Minister.

"The blindfolds were applied and a hat placed on each man. When the blindfolds were removed three hands were simultaneously raised and remained so for several minutes. At last the present Prime Minister slowly lowered his hand and stated that he knew the color of his hat. He gave the King the correct answer and so remained Prime Minister.

What Color Was His Hat and How Did He Know It?"

Just one hint: Assume that all three men were smart enough to get through High School.

We told this to one of the fellows and he puzzled over it for an hour or so and then gave up. We told him the answer and he remarked, "Aw, that's not so hot." The next day a couple of us met him on the street. He came running up, "Gee," he said, "that Red Hat Problem is a beaut. I just got it this morning and I've been awake nearly all night mulling it over."

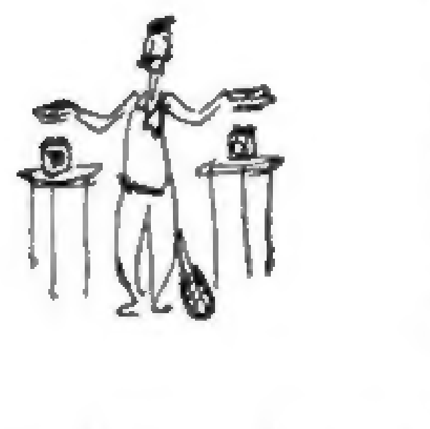
It's like that. To know the answer is one thing; to see it entirely another, but when the dawn finally breaks, it's there, a shining crystal, a perfect gem of logic. We hope you like it.

In all sincerity,

Danvers, Mass. Erlon W. Towne

WARN US WHEN YOUR FANCY TURNS TO HATE

I have taken a sudden fancy to Esquire and have read the last several issues through from cover to cover. I believe that it is well worth the half dollar I pay for it, but it won't be before long if you continue your "policy" of letting practically anything slip through your fingers into a good magazine like Esquire for good money.



I see by *S. & F.* that your readers blasted you well enough for the Harmon *Perlu* incident in the June issue. I am not in any way satisfied with this novice's explanation of what did or didn't happen in *his* side of the story. As a matter of fact, gentlemen, may I remind you that Esquire is a magazine, *not* an amateur hour.

I noticed also in the August issue that John R. Tunis made a rather odd statement in *A Boy Named Perry* to the fact that Bill Tilden doesn't smoke. Dear me! Bill must have reformed in the last two or three months. Bill Tilden has personally endorsed *both* Camels and Lucky Strikes, the latter when he was in his prime as a tennis player and this year stating that "they (Camels) didn't get his nerves." If you don't believe it, ask Tilden. Or maybe Tunis knows.

In the August issue the Ed. was looking for something to do with himself and his departments. I think it would be a swell idea for him to lift his feet down off his desk and work up a research department to look over the fiction, articles, etc., in forthcoming issues and check them over for authenticity and originality.

Or maybe Esquire doesn't care whether it's a *good* magazine or not.

Yours,

Watch Hill, Rhode Island Mark Lawrence

THE MONTHLY CLASS IN HEMSTITCHING

You mention in your August editorial that now the chores are done and the filthy lucre has been piled—wherever one does pile the demmed stuff—you've nothing to do. Your sign says "Editing Neatly Done," but nobody seems to want any today.

Your're wrong, Eskie! At least this one person, who used to do some editing himself and still has a couple of blue pencils he could lend you, wants you to edit Hemingway out the window if he continues to write fish stories. We used to like the burning, vibrant, bitter Hemingway—but who the hell cares whether or not he catches fish. My only regret is that a 1000-lb. tuna didn't catch Hemingway. Further I object to part of my 50c each month going towards Ernie's vacation slush fund—with Ernie handing the Esquire readers simply slush. I vote to give more halves to Petty to get more pastels to do more calves. Why not give the readers a vote?

Cordially,

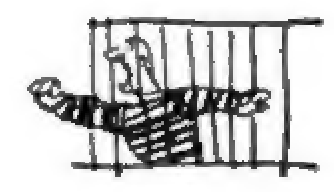
Hollywood, Calif. Warren Worth Bailey

Editor's Note: *That's interesting, about the halves and calves. Maybe Petty's getting overpaid, to judge by the calves on page 27 of this issue.*

PENNED-IN PLAINT

Life's queer! Here I am in jail and yet there's a guy called Tunis who's been obtaining money under false pretenses for years posing as a tennis expert. Yes, he walks around free and somebody pays him to go to Wimbledon. There simply ain't no justice.

I never thought there could be a subject the said Tunis knew less about than tennis, but here we find him dogmatizing expertly on geography, literature, and the English temperament.



So Lancashire and the City of Burnley is in the Midlands is it? They'd clog him to death in Lancashire for that one. And the late lamented Arnold Bennett wrote about it, did he? They'll put Tunis into a pottery kiln if he ever ventures near the five towns. Then that bit about Ealing being a kind of Brooklyn. Dear, dear, and they used to call Ealing, with justice, the Queen of the London suburbs.

I should like to make a bet that the conversations with Perry are "phoney." Perry came to the front at Wimbledon and elsewhere in ratio with his progress in the game. I don't like the English and I think their manners are detestable, but the Wimbledon crowd is one of the most sporting in the world and they pay off on tennis and sporting spirit —not on ancestry.

Sincerely,

Trenton, N. J. "16783"

SORRY, WE COULDN'T KEEP ESKIE DOWN

We'd like to inform T. S. and C. J. Dickinson of London, England, whose letter appeared in the September issue of Esquire that we think Sid Hoff's cartoons are *the tops.* We are forced to believe that the Dickinson family's alien sense of humor does not permit them to appreciate real *Wit.* Anyhow, to our minds, their letter is just another foreign invasion! Well, while we're on the subject please tell Hoff to start signing his cartoons again.

Another thing, see if you can't make Eskie fall farther in your next issue; right off the cover in fact, and let's have Petty in his place. He's so damn good we're even switching to Old Golds when we really prefer Chesterfields!

Congratulations on the rest of your magazine. We eat it up!

Very truly yours,

New York, N. Y. D. C. and G. A. Wiggins

A FAREWELL TO STENCH

I always thought Hemingway stank to high heaven. Apologize to him for me. *Notes on the Next War* is one of the best things I've read in years. His paragraph describing the physical injuries sustained in modern warfare should be memorized by every American, man, woman or child.

Brighton, Mass. Ira Lansby

BREECHES ARTISTICAL

Just a line in reference to your ignominious art.

Why, oh! why, do you persist on wasting such good space, in your magazine, by assiduously cluttering it with a sequence of illiterate looking aquatints and etchings. They are nothing short of a breech of art. It is positively incomprehensible, as to, why most of the country's better magazines are becoming addicted to this idiosyncrasy. Those primitive appearing drawings might be termed as artistical in their original habitat—the wall of a cave—but surely not in Esquire.

Ipsidixitically yours,

Providence, R. I. E. L. V.

POWDER FOR COMFORT

I wish to correct a statement that appeared in Aiken A. Dehan's article about the delicate function he calls washing the hands. He says it seems that women do not get their hands dirty as often as men, or else are better able to stand the discomfort of it longer.

Well, I want to put him right on this.

While women do not retire to wash their hands as frequently as men, they often find it necessary to powder their noses, which is something you men don't seem to remember.

You can't imagine how uncomfortable it is to a woman to even suspect that her nose is shiny. When you are out with one and she seems distracted or absent minded it is because she is wondering if her nose isn't shiny. And you know how strong an imagination a woman has! So when a girl tells you that she wants to powder her nose, for goodness sake don't tell her that she looks all right to you! Just be indulgent of her vanity and let her go.

Women need to powder their noses just as often as men have to wash their hands. This has nothing to do with masculinism or feminism. It's a matter of individual constitution.

I'm glad to be able to put Mr. Dehan straight on this and hope he will not resent information coming from a woman, or think her immodest in offering it. I spent several years in show business and there is positively no better cure for false modesty than back stage life. I powder my nose whenever I feel like it and if the fellow I'm with thinks I'm unnecessarily vain, to hell with him.

Yours sincerely,

Chicago, Ill. Lois Haines

Editor's Note: *Now we begin to understand why the etiquette editors all inveigh against the practice of powdering the nose in public.*

BOHEMIA HATH NO SEA-COAST, LADY

Issue: August, 1935.

Yarn: *Six Men and a Boy.*

Author: Manuel Komroff.

Squawk: There are no woods—much less any fox, between Boise and Pocatello, Idaho.

The country is rolling—given to agriculture where water is available—otherwise called God-forsaken by those who can't see any beauty in sage-brush deserts.

I was raised in Boise, and what I don't know about that state isn't worth knowing.

Having a newspaper publisher for a husband as well as being an ex-newspaper woman from a newspaper family makes me dubious about the probability of this—my first "letter-to-the-editor"—being read. Nonetheless, here it is.

Yours truly,

Huntington Park, Calif. Vivian Bliss Adams

P.S. When my father retired, he wrote propaganda for the telephone company.(?)

Editor's Note: *You know too much. The idea! Blurting right out in public that Komroff's story was telephone company propaganda! The telephone company undoubtedly would have rewarded us, after a decent interval, with a nice ad as our pay for running the story. But with you tipping off the public this way, the deal will probably fall through now.*

Continued on page 8

$500,000,000.00 Advertising Experience. So What?

Since the day Lord & Thomas began business nearly seventy years ago, our clients have invested, through us, more than $500,000,000.00 in advertising. $350,000,000.00 of this has been placed through us in the past ten years.

"So what?" one may properly ask. And to that question here is our answer:

We have always held that advertising experience is of little value unless it yields principles to make advertising ventures safer and more profitable.

Money-Making Principles

$500,000,000.00 buys a lot of advertising experience. Handling a volume so vast has developed principles here in Lord & Thomas that hatch new ways of making money for our clients. Principles, many of which have found permanent place in advertising practise.

Advertising was merely "keeping the name before the public"— General Publicity— until that historic day in advertising thirty years ago when a Lord & Thomas man startled the business world of America by defining advertising for the first time as salesmanship-in-print. Which means:

> "giving the consumer in an interesting way, the REASON-WHY it is in the consumer's interest to buy the wares you have for sale."

Surest of All

We have never departed from salesmanship-in-print (REASON-WHY) as our measuring stick for advertising. It is the surest, the hardest to achieve of all forms of advertising. It calls for great experience applied with equally great intelligence.

With competition in merchandising as keen as it is today, winning reasons-why take on the importance of major discoveries. With life as complex as it is in 1935, consumer interest is harder to capture.

Rewards Greater Than Ever

But the rewards are greater than ever before. Some of our clients, among America's largest, won their biggest victories the past five years with pure salesmanship-in-print.

Sometimes the key to real salesmanship-in-print is found in Research, though to us Research is never an end in itself. But only a means to creating great advertising copy.

Sometimes a collateral to salesmanship-in-print is found in strategy.

We were not the first to win users and dealers overnight with free-deals, premiums and other promotions. But we do claim—and justly—to have worked out their best applications. And not to let them divert attention from an advertiser's Reasons-Why.

Salesmanship-in-print properly applied offers greater rewards today than ever. Bigger markets. Greater output. Millions in profits. Exclusive interest for products with no advantage at first sight.

Tales That Dollars Tell

$500,000,000.00 is a lot of money, in any country, on any standard, and the experience gleaned from its expenditure must result in a storehouse of knowledge.

The $500,000,000.00 we have spent in advertising has taught us continuously that the essence of advertising is salesmanship-in-print — REASONS-WHY in copy that command action from the reader.

LORD & THOMAS

Advertising

NEW YORK
247 Park Avenue

CHICAGO
919 North Michigan Avenue

LOS ANGELES
601 West Fifth Street

TORONTO
67 Yonge Street

PARIS
16 Place de la Madeleine

LONDON, ENGLAND
Millbank, Westminster

SAN FRANCISCO
235 Montgomery Street

Each Lord & Thomas office is a complete advertising agency, self contained; collaborating with other Lord & Thomas offices to the client's interest.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

HOPE WITH HEMINGWAY

It was with great hope that I noted your full page ad (*Notes on the Next War*) in the New York Herald Tribune of Thursday, August 15th.

Ernest Hemingway did a good job and, in that article shows war up for the unspeakable horror it is; the disillusionment, mental and physical suffering such as one cannot imagine living through; and yet, all too many did survive to merely exist after the late war.

If governments would put their soldiers in overalls, take away the martial music, put an embargo on propaganda, prevent profits from munitions and all other war needs, some other and better way would be found to settle disputes. Why should a nation be allowed to act differently than an individual?

A great deal of educating must be done; we must awaken humanity and do it quickly or else we will be destroyed.

You have an especial opportunity to help for it is particularly the youth of the country who read every word in your magazine (besides enjoying its pictorial exhibits), and if you make this horror so potent, so real and keep repeating it often enough, perhaps poor indifferent humanity may wake up and put forth some effort to save itself from destruction. After all a dead soldier makes a poor customer for books, cars, radios, etc., it's far better business to keep men in productive employment that they may consume rather than be destroyed.

In my household your magazine is perused from cover to cover.

Very truly yours,

Newark, N. J. G. H. Scott

VERBOSE EXUBERANT INEBRIATE, AVAUNT!

Interrogatively essaying to derive perfunctory enlightenment, could you imparadise the reverberant tintinnabulations of my cerebral acquisitiveness and inform me if I am justified in fostering the ululant conviction that Mister Jack Woodford (*Brief For Hollywood*—August Esquire) was sired by Mr. Roget Thesaurus and dammed by Madame Lexicon or is there any verisimilitude to the fact that you might have, *par hazard*, evulgated his *chef d'oeuvre* (or should one say *hors-d'oeuvre*?) with your waggish radula in your jowl? Is this a *quaestio vexata*? . . . or must I—while gormandizing my *Spumoni*—expostulate: *"Quel che pare burla, ben sovènte e vero!"* . . .?

Avast!

Beverly Hills, Calif. Jack Morgan

Post Scriptum: What I mean is: A charming little extra girl on the M.G.M. proscenium claims that she has a much better word for "physiological sportiveness" . . . a word which gets her better contracts with less breath.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ADDICT

There's no doubt but what one has to acquire a taste for Esquire as one had to get used to beer. The first two or three issues of your omnibus I found wearisome but gradually I discovered that you had something on the ball besides the cover so I, too, am an addict. My chief trouble had been attempting to read Esquire in one sitting. It can't be done. It's like a pipe in that if you smoke it too frequently, you begin to taste the dottle.

I go to a Western school and I am more than a little amazed at the change your publication has wrought in this institution. The guys around here formerly read magazines of the Ballyhoo ilk. They'd read 'em and laugh and that would be the end of it. Now the undergrads have assimilated some of your unclassified spoofing in a chauvinistic way. They talk about Bacardis and Gil Seldes and the *Seven Lively Arts.* (Somehow I can't see any art as being lively!) and wear creations of odd-pantedness and dissonant jackets that cry to heaven for a speedy sartorial vengeance. They sit in the sun trying to get as saddle-colored as your clothes-horse manikins and, in general, they're downright Darwinian about their imitativeness. And the school literati instead of quoting something from the classics like "But look the morn in russet-mantle clad . . ." are a two to one shot to say something like: "I say, that looks like a Van Buren sketch, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Esquire has ingratiated itself with me so it's almost a *sine qua non.* As long as 50% of the married people are men your magazine will be popular—with their wives.

Yours,

New Britain, Conn. Walt Doran

Editor's Note: *Sabotage is an ugly sin, but damn if the school doesn't sound better the way it used to be.*

SAGA ON THE SINCLAIR SIDE

You walked right into something when you published the exchange between Upton Sinclair and George Sokolsky. Never mind Harmon and his vanishing Perlu. Here's a scrap that a fellow can step into and get a great kick out of—if only in the seat of his pants.

Of course, I'm with Sinclair. How else? Note the ease with which our Californian covers ground; never making you take a single detour, though you are on a journey through country treacherous with technological quagmires. Take a million dollars (he says) and increase it at the rate of ordinary compound interest for a hundred years, and see what you get! Well, what you get from this elementary arithmetic is the reason why our capitalist paradise of bonded debts and revolving funds must crack up once and for all. But what a simple way to put it—so convincing, if you bear in mind that the movement of interest, considered to be the natural heritage of capital, is always from the worthless poor to the deserving rich . . . can't be any other way.

On the other hand, take Sokolsky. He dives right at the start into a sea of words only to come up now and then, not as Mark Twain once said of the German scholar who working his way through a German sentence emerges with the verb between his teeth but, hanging all over like seaweed from a lobster trap with such terms as "diffusion of wealth" and "economic serfdom." The style of the man alone reveals that his heart isn't there.

But style is a small matter after all. Besides there are more important issues to take up; and, in order to avoid stretching this letter into a paid article with one of those new gadgets at the end, we'd better get down to them. I'll try to be brief. The first gem offered by Sokolsky in support of his point of view concerns war. Speaking of wars as if they were sudden storms that sweep down on us without warning out of a serene and lovely sky and driving our startled business men with wringing hands to the wailing wall, he says in effect: war devastates the machinery of business, interrupting business men in the pursuit of their holy mission and deranging the flow of profits that arise from the commerce of peace. Come, come, Mr. Sokolsky; too obviously posed for the cashier! How can any man in this day of enlightenment believe anything else than that war and business are opposite faces of the same thing? Would you have us believe for instance that at least some business interests were not already in their corner with bucket and sponge eager to start the go, when manager Wilson was proclaiming his white hope too proud to fight? Really; war is none other than business in the raw . . . while business is war fought under the Marquis of Queensbury rules. And war doesn't leap on innocent business men without warning. Indeed, it approaches with many signs and portents, theoretical and practical. Only you've got to know where to look for those signs.

The next complaint in the indictment of Sokolsky is his calling on the shade of that grand old man of debate, Per Capita. It seems as simple as Mr. Sinclair's problem in multiplication. But it isn't as simple as it seems. This per capita business reminds me of a story told by the inimitable Lou Holtz. The famous Holtz character gets married on $35 a week. The first week he gives his bride $30 of it, keeping $5 for his personal expenses. Next week, he reverses that . . . keeps $30 and gives his wife $5.

"How do you expect me to get along on this?" asks the startled Mrs.

"I dunno," he answers. "I had a hell of a job myself last week!"

But we must be getting on. I expect it's about here that the merciless blue pencil will commence to carve this letter into a three-line acknowledgment, when, as a matter of fact, I am only warming up to the real issue—that part of Mr. Sokolsky's argument which, from whatever direction offered, can always be depended upon to burn me up . . . foreign markets!

It was hardly necessary to explain in an editorial where you got hold of Mr. Sokolsky. His flippant use of Marxian terminology would, even if he managed to conceal all other signs, give him away as a former Comrade gone native.

I believe in the interchange of markets. Don't get me wrong. If I relish a slab of Gorgonzola cheese and some romantic wop would like a couple of Eskimo Pies, I see no reason why we shouldn't exchange. But that's not what Mr. Sokolsky means. His idea of foreign markets is business agents, preferential treaties, secret covenants, ambassadors, military bases, and all the rest of the clutter by means of which Capitalists force down the throats of helpless nationalities our confounded surpluses. Like *Il Duce* with the Ethiopians. But what's it all got to do with home recovery?

Let's cite an example to make the point clear. Here's me down in New York; I'm a hat maker, and I make a pretty snappy skimmer at that. Out in Minnesota, where I once saw more fried chicken and corn po' than anywhere in the South, there is a farmer who raises wheat. This wheat my *frau* can grind and mix and bake into the sweetest brown loaves you ever saw. Nothing would delight me more than to have another fill of that wonderful bread . . . but the trouble is that while my farmer friend needs a new suit of clothes, all I can offer him is a new lid. Now let's go further. Up in Rochester is another worker who makes just the kind of suits for young men that my Minnesota farmer wants, and strange to say this third party needs a new hat in the worst way. A little correspondence reveals that if we three can only get together, there could follow a general swapping which would result in each of us having just what his heart desires . . . and it's my private notion that if and when this provincial transaction takes place in a big way, prosperity will once more be in our national midst. But what's the matter? . . . what stands in the way? What the devil has this simple bit of home-spun reasoning got to do with Mr. Sokolsky's high-sounding foreign markets? So far as I have ever been able to make out, here is the answer:

While I am content thus to exchange the products of my labor, the machine I employ to make my hats, and the mortgage on the Minnesota farm, and the Rochester tailor's bench, sewing machine and shears are owned by Capital. Now it is customary among us simple folk to reward capital for its use, when and as; hence, before we can start exchanging those things that will bring back prosperity quicker than anything else, we have to create a surplus for Capital, and this surplus he cannot and will not accept from us until he knows of a market on which he can unload it at a profit. That, in as few words as I can make it, is precisely what, and only what, foreign markets mean to me and you and you. What else can you reason out of it? There isn't a thing made or grown any place outside of the good old U. S. A. that can be for a single moment considered absolutely essential to the state of my happiness and comfort, or to yours. Nothing! Yet Mr. Sokolsky says while we lie in a condition of industrial prostration: "Sorry, folks. No foreign markets, no exchange of necessaries at home; hence no prosperity!"

But Mr. Sinclair appears to have the situation well in hand. His answer takes in mine—namely, that if coming out of the depression depends on foreign markets, as averred by Mr. Sokolsky, then America, home of the brave and land of the free, God help us, can prepare to be on bread and cheese for a long, long time . . . for foreign markets are going to be as hard to find from now on as pearls in oysters.

Anyway, we're launched! The argument's out, and the department of *The Sound and The Fury* will shake from this day forth and for some time, with a clatter that might even be heard in the advertising office. To make sure I get the next issue you might in your rambles, Mr. Editor, drop into the subscription department and see that the boys there have my name and address straight.

Gratefully yours,

Bayside, N. Y. Jesse Fales

ALICE BELITTLING

In your September issue, Miss (or Mrs.) Alice N. of Palo Alto saw fit to belittle what she termed Eskie's "split personality."

The taste of the omnivorous public includes *Carmen* and *Frankie and Johnnie.* I read and enjoy every scrap of your "good literature," but only after I have laughed at your "low brow comedy graphics."

Sincerely yours,

Union City, Tenn. Sugg Keiser

Continued on page 170

"*This* is what I've been hunting for!"

"YOU SEE, my palate's got a memory longer than the tail of a ring-necked pheasant.

"It remembers 'way back beyond Prohibition to the days when whiskey meant *American* whiskey—rich, full-bodied Kentucky and Maryland whiskey.

"Ever since Repeal, I've been hunting for that kind of old-fashioned whiskey.

"And now, thanks to the old Frankfort Distilleries, I've found what I was hunting for—a whiskey rich and satisfying as a platterful of canvasback duck, as mellow as an October afternoon in the woods, as dependable as my own bird dog here.

"The name of this grand whiskey? Why, bless you, it's FOUR ROSES! If you haven't tried it, you don't know what you're missing!"

Don't forget these other famous Frankfort whiskies: PAUL JONES, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—every one a fine blend of straight whiskies.

Send 10¢ for Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book—the best compendium of drinking lore and recipes ever published.

FOUR ROSES

Made by Frankfort Distilleries of Louisville and Baltimore

Four Roses
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Four Roses
ONE PINT

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

AIRPLANES

Eastern Distributor, WACO Airplane . . .
New model now on display for demonstration
Free instruction with ship purchase
Certified used ships for sale
Charter trips in new ships, fully equipped
Complete aircraft service
Write for 1935 catalogue
WACO SALES OF NEW YORK, INC.
Roosevelt Field, N. Y. Phone Vigilant 4-5317
Waco-Belvedere Airport, Palm Beach, Fla.

APARTMENTS

3 EAST 77TH STREET
Rental Section 960 Fifth Avenue
HOUSEKEEPING APARTMENTS
with complete hotel service available.
3 to 5 ROOMS from $1600
PRIVATE DINING ROOM
Auguste, Maitre d'Hotel
Management of
DOUGLAS L. ELLIMAN & CO., INC.
15 East 49th St., N. Y. C. PLaza 3-9200

AUTO ACCESSORIES

Accessories that are not frills.
Musical Horns and Trumpets . . . Horn Rings will sound your horn without losing your steering wheel grip. 200 other gadgets—from radiator to tail-lamp—Distinction.
Write for illustrated booklet, or drop in.
NIL MELIOR, Waldorf-Astoria, N. Y.

BARS

RADIOBAR—the perfect combination of a Smart Cocktail Bar equipped with the latest 1936 PHILCO Radios, complete with glassware, bar accessories, etc., $99.50 up. See your nearest PHILCO dealer or Radiobar Co. of America, 13 East 47th St., New York and 7100 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles.

BOOKS

THE FALL BOOK RUSH
Get ready for the greatest Fall book season ever! There are hundreds of new titles coming out...thrilling books on every subject, for every person's needs. All the latest books are at Brentano's...we have them all.
May we send you our catalog?
BRENTANO'S, 586 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

READING ACCESSORIES

Automatic GENACO BOOK MARK finds, follows, keeps your reading place. Clever, simple, modern. Just introduced. 25c each. 5 for $1. Also in Gold or Silver. Ask your dealer or write GENERAL ACCESSORIES CO., INC., Mfrs. Autoposts Signals, J. H. Tonneau Shields & Sidewings. 225 W. 57th St., N. Y. C.

What with approaching the perfect season for the horsey folks, those early autumn days being ideal for this sport, we feel justified in calling attention to a couple of appropriate and interesting articles...first, we saw a magazine rack in the shape of a horseshoe, embellished on either side with two very real looking bits. This is made of a light colored wood, and in the same shape, a tray with a cork surface for serving appropriate refreshments.

Maybe it's because we are such a lousy bridge player that we are not keen about the game, and realizing that there are a lot of other guys like us, we have always been attracted by substitute games that will keep a house party more or less content between drinks. With this in mind we are reporting a new gambling game. We understand this emanated from the flicker colony on the coast. The outfit consists of a layout cloth and a trick gadget that looks like a miniature cocktail shaker and is used to assure the fair distribution of the various colored marbles that are part of this game. The general idea is a mathematical calculation which is arrived at by a series of odds based on the possibilities of the colors of the marbles.

For domestic slot machine racketeers there is a new bagatelle game in a golf game model. This will keep both the golfers and the bagatelle fiends amused, and is recommended as a party pastime along with the highballs, giving the much-desired speakeasy atmosphere.

Speaking of approaching seasons, into each life a little rain must fall, and undoubtedly a lot will during the next few months. For confirmed rubber-haters someone has made an extremely light weight affair that covers the shoe entirely, and carries the markings of wing tip brogues so effectively that you can hardly tell, yourself, that you have the damn things on.

The above having taken care of outdoor wettings we feel justified in speaking about the swellest outfit for dispensing Tom Collins that we have ever even imagined. You might not buy it for yourself, as it costs heavy dough, but for a gift or presentation, this outfit is perfect, and consists of a large tray, ample glasses, a lemon squeezer and all the other necessary knicknacks. The idea, as we get it, is that this is so grand that one dispenses this pleasant assuager of thirst in the presence of guests with a glow of pride.

Among other party games we have seen which are particularly interesting was a very nice get-up of that old French bar game—Tric Tac—which is played with a pair of dice and little slides that cover the numbers from 1 to 9, as well as a modern version of this same game that uses sets of counters which, when turned down during the game, disclose the curly tail of a porker, et al, on the obverse side.

Still another game with interesting possibilities is Chinese roulette, that is played on a specially worked out card rack in a manner that adds fascination to an otherwise simple game.

To really appreciate a good pipe a certain amount of care is required. For those who don't like to smoke a pipe that has arrived at the point where even the smoker finds it unbearable, we have found a cleaning kit that has tools that make the whole job pretty easy. One of the features of this kit is a couple of miniature retorts that may be filled with alcohol or alcohol-bearing liquids, heated, which does this cleaning job in a manner that would warrant the pride of a modern chemical engineer.

CAMERAS

New Trigger Shutter Release on Voigtlander Bessa eliminates risk of vibration. Two sizes on one film, eight 2¼ x 3¼ or 16 vest pocket on No. 120 or 620 films. Voigter F6.3 Lens, Pronto Shutter. Price $21.50.
WILLOUGHBY'S
110 West 32nd Street, New York

CIGARETTES

Introducing Something Different
LONDON TOPS
Domestic-Turkish Blended Cigarettes.
Exceptional quality, aroma, taste, and mildness. Oval shape, extra length. Improved packet. 10 for 10c. Carton, $1.20. Dealers or Fairfax Tobacco Co., 501 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

CUSTOM BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE-BY-HAND FOOTWEAR
Business, country, formal and resort wear.
Entirely hand made—from $35.00 up.
HANAN & SON, NEW YORK
LONDON • PARIS • NICE

CUSTOM TAILORS

PAT CARUSO, INC.
1 West 47th Street, New York
Whether it be tails, dinner jackets or other formal attire, our distinctive clothes appeal to men who dress with utmost good taste. Woolens for all occasions are now being shown. Prices start at $115.

Gentlemen's custom tailored clothing, inspired in London, are executed in New York by William Roberts, specialists in British styling. Imported fabrics, custom fitting, two basted try-ons, silk lined and hand-tailored—$50. WILLIAM ROBERTS, Tailors and Importers, 9 West 45th Street, New York.

TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR
Distinctive domestic and imported fabrics, styled and tailored for the individual in every detail.
ROBSON TAILORS, LTD.
10 East 46th Street New York City
From $45 Details on request

ENTERTAINMENT

HELEN O. MAY—Astrologer-individual horoscopes accurately presented including forthcoming influences and how to meet them—Send date, hour and place of birth if known. Price Ten Dollars—Personal questions answered. Write 8346—118 St., Kew Gardens, Long Island, N. Y. Phone Virginia 7-5226

GALLERIES

RAINS '35-'36 SEASON opens SEPT. 15
Rare Books, Paintings, Antique Furniture, *objets d'art*. Whether you wish to sell or buy, acquaint yourself with Rains. Illustrated catalogue mailed gratis on request.
RAINS GALLERIES
Auctioneers and Appraisers
(Estates dispersed by public sale)
12 & 14 East 49th St. New York, N. Y.
William H. Smith, Jr., *Director, Book Dept.*
Sales conducted by Mr. E. Harold L. Thompson

"He has Style-"

BUT what *is* "style"? . . . Is it fashion? Is it in the curve of the lapel or the color of the fabric? Is it novelty—or subtle harmony? Does it vary for each beholder? What, where, how, why? . . .

To help you answer those questions correctly, we might well take a full day's time and show you at least a hundred try-ons. But you can get *your* right answer more conveniently by seeing and studying *any Fashion Park suit*. One of the good stores in your city will show you one that fits you and suits you—physically and mentally. Simply put it on and step to the mirror. . . . There—that's STYLE!

And, of course, you want that first style-rightness to stay. It *will* stay, in Fashion Park clothes. It will, because we insist on proper design, on precise modeling, on extra inner handwork—on the numerous details that make form and fit. There's a vast difference between such clothes and machine-made substitutes. *Such clothes are always worth more to you than they cost.*

Go to the Fashion Park dealer near you and look up your style. The same store will show you your styles in furnishings too. If you wish, it will give you sound and interesting advice on any question of correct dress for men. . . . Fashion Park Manufacturing Corp., Rochester and New York City.

THE F. P. AIM:—To make clothes that are fine in every particular. • To make them widely available, at fair prices (*now* $35 *to* $75 *for suits and coats*). • To show them in well-stocked, well-manned stores.

"STYLE BEGINS AT FASHION PARK"

• *The famous "Stanerek" suit, a minor miracle in men's clothes. Designed to give grace, balance and height to short or heavy figures. A Fashion Park* EXCLUSIVE! *In "Kohinoor" fabrics.* **$50 (others $40 up)**

• *The topcoat of the times, "Pargora." In rich, lustrous designs, using a secret blend of Angora and Guanaco yarns. Soft but tough. Light in weight but snugly warm. With raglan or set-in sleeves* **$40**

• *"Parktown," an entirely new suit in fine and exclusive full-weight worsteds. Smartest in this fall's feature shade, Oxford Blue. Also in the good grays and brown, some with hairline stripes* **$40**

"HARDSPUN"

THE SUIT-OF-THE-SEASON

$45

Developed in specially loomed designs, using imported seasoned wool, double twisted for double wear. Rub-proof . . . snag-proof . . . weather-proof.

Formerly worn by traveled, active men who could pay a premium for clothes made to stand every kind of usage and look dressy. Now brought within the reach of all—a notable "first" for Fashion Park.

"Hardspun" comes in a wide selection of colorful, exclusive patterns. See this suit-of-the-season first!

MEN'S CLOTHES OF DISTINCTION ARE TAILORED AT

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

Fashion Park

CALL WESTERN UNION FOR THE NAME OF THE NEAREST FASHION PARK MERCHANT

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

LANGUAGES

LINGUAPHONE'S world-famous language record sets in 23 languages, incl. French, Spanish, German, Italian... A superior pastime for young and old... Brings the voices of native masters into your own home... Assures fluency and perfect accent in 3 months... Complete with synchronized texts and traveling case. Price $50.00. Write for FREE BOOK.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
83 Rockefeller Center New York

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HOTEL SUITES from $4 daily, double
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Special monthly and yearly rentals
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Free bus to Rockefeller Center
and Grand Central

GIFTS

"CANADA'S MOST TALKED ABOUT GIFT SHOP"
A wonderful selection of English Bone China, featuring white embossed for luncheons. New Dinnerware Booklet sent on request.
HERBERT S. MILLS
HAMILTON CANADA

HATTERS

The new fall YOUNG'S and STETSON Felts sparkle with a freshness of ideas. You'll be proud to wear them. STETSON "Air-Light" Felts at $5.00 . . . others $6.50 up. YOUNG'S Felts $2.85 up. See these authoritatively correct fall creations at YOUNG'S 29 quality Hat Shops conveniently located in Greater New York.

LUGGAGE

At our New York store you can see our complete line of fine luggage... trunks, and hand luggage, in leathers, fibre, flyweight and the famous "Chief" Oshkosh ducks. Send for free booklet "Luggage Prescriptions."

OSHKOSH TRUNKS, INC.
10 East 34th Street, New York

MEN'S OUTFITTERS

What's *"in the New York Manner"* in men's outfits this fall? Drop us a line and we'll tell you or drop in and see the newest and smartest New York fashions in clothes, haberdashery, hats and shoes. Write to

WEBER & HEILBRONER
550 Fifth Avenue, New York

MERCHANT TAILORS

SIMPSON CLOTHES
sold direct by salesmen, skilled in measuring who call with a full line of luxurious imported and domestic fabrics. Satisfaction or money back.

$25.00 to $40.00

J. B. Simpson Inc., Simpson Bldg., Chicago
19 West 34th St., New York
Denckla Bldg., Philadelphia

We heard about a guy who figured out a way of keeping a cake of soap handy in the shower-bath by suspending it from a couple of toy balloons. This may or may not have given birth to the thought which has resulted in a nice-looking chromium ball to be hung under the shower itself and filled with a concentrated pine-oil. The aforementioned oil, mingling with the descending water, is supposed to be invigorating and gives one all the exhilarating effect of the Maine woods right at home.

A store which does a very elegant job on gift wares of all kinds and which is, in fact, the great-grandfather of all the "Giftee Shoppees" is displaying a set of bas-relief decorations consisting of a couple of fishes, a sea horse and appropriate bubbles, which are no more than an assortment of different sized rings. For the room in modern decoration, we think this is a perfect wall motif. The fishes are in a metallic finish.

The really swanky host mixes his own salad in full view of the admiring guests. An adjunct to this activity for those who have a penchant for this sort of thing, is a very smartly decorated large wooden bowl with wooden fork and spoon. Decorations consist of colorful peasant-like floral designs on the outside of the bowl and on the handles of the fork and spoon.

If you have a boy scout complex and want "to be prepared" for sudden overnight trips or other good reasons for not going home and at the same time like to shave yourself, you can carry about a new razor that looks like and is no larger than a fountain pen. Add a toothbrush to this and you're practically set for a week-end.

We have seen a knitted pullover that has been made with only golfers in mind, and particularly for those who do their golfing right through into the colder weather. One of the nice things about this sweater is the fact that while if not intended to take the place of a raincoat, it is weatherproofed and will stand up under most anything that comes under the heading of a shower. It features over the pockets on either side, a little gadget that will hold several tees somewhat in the fashion of a cossack's bullets. This sweater has long sleeves, of course; the front is open at the neck with a talon fastener, and it has a collar in the manner of a polo shirt.

There has been considerable interest shown, from time to time, in a very smart raincoat which has been illustrated on the fashion pages. This coat has been shown in an almost white waterproof fabric, has large patch pockets with flaps and a ticket pocket, and features among other things a wide sweep and a gusset at the vent in the back that protects that part of the anatomy if one has to sit down. This is a grand coat for stadium purposes, and while the particular one shown was imported and rather expensive, this model is now obtainable in a moderate priced coat made in a light tan twill material.

The newest cigarette holders are made of whangee, which looks like bamboo. These probably were inspired by the whangee swagger sticks always a part of the British officer's equipment.

Last Christmas in Esquire we showed a very handsome basket-weave cigarette case made of white and yellow gold in an interlaced effect. These cost important money at that time, but someone has taken the idea and reproduced it in such a way that it is within the means of almost anyone who fancies something of this sort, or wants to give a swell-looking inexpensive gift.

PIPES

PETERSON'S PIPES. Sold in the U. S. for over 50 years. Treasured by discriminating smokers. Made in Dublin, Ireland. The secret for their renowned sweet, dry smoke is the same today as in 1815. A variety of shapes and sizes. $3 to $10. At the better tobacconists or our retail shop, 339 Madison Ave., New York

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NEWS WRITING

Extracts from the regular news columns of the New York Herald Tribune, a morning newspaper known throughout the English-speaking world for terse, trim and accurate news reporting.

Two Helens (6-3, 3-6, 7-5)

The atmosphere in the arena was tense. The time was 2 o'clock. One Helen, taller wore her familiar eyeshade, a dress to her knees, a red coatee. The other, bare of head, wore a dark blue sweater to match the stripe in her shorts . . .

(From the Herald Tribune)

One thought of the long rivalry between these two leading women tennis players of the world and of their last dramatic meeting at Forest Hills, when Mrs. Moody retired at 3—0 in the second set. It was their first meeting since then. Only Miss Jacobs stood between Mrs. Moody and her ambition to stage a comeback and resume her position as the queen of the courts. Only Mrs. Moody stood between Miss Jacobs and the realization of the greatest ambition of her life—to be crowned champion at Wimbledon, an honor for which she had already fought three times in finals, only to fail.

No women's match in the longest memory at Wimbledon ever has been fought with such grimness or presented so many tense situations. It is not likely that Miss Jacobs ever played so well before or that she will ever come so close again and fail. She staked all on her unyielding defense against Mrs. Moody's unremitting attack and, although she defended wonderfully well for an hour and a half—so well, in fact, that she saw her greatest ambition about to be realized—her defenses finally crumbled under pressure of an attack that never let up.

Acme Photos

From the point of view of excitement and tenseness that held 18,000 onlookers, it was Wimbledon's greatest contest, and it definitely answered the question as to whether or not Mrs. Moody is as good as ever, the question Wimbledon wanted to answer in the affirmative but was afraid to before the abdicated queen had been crowned again.

✓ ✓ ✓

Little Rhody

A former probate judge who proposed to oppose the New Deal lock, stock and barrel, went before the Rhode Island electorate to capture the 1st Congressional District. Last November, the New Deal had registered a 21,000 majority. This August, the anti-New Dealers took things over by almost 13,000. What did this mean? A Herald Tribune Washington observer flew to Providence and noted . . .

(From the Herald Tribune)

That the overturn was a protest against the whole New Deal philosophy was suggested by the fact that the Democratic losses were virtually uniform through the state. They were not confined to the textile mill districts, where unemployment has been laid to closings forced in part by the New Deal processing tax on cotton. The vote ratio was about the same in all sections, residential and laboring. Yankee and foreign, rich and poor.

The defeat of most or all of bond issues aggregating $8,000,000 for public works made Rhode Island the first state to take the stand against the Roosevelt spending policy. The projects were voted down in the face of appeals by Governor Theodore H. Green, a Roosevelt enthusiast, who was backed in these appeals by telegraphic support from Harold L. Ickes, the President's public works administrator.

Mr. Ickes had wired he considered it "inconceivable" that a state would refuse to put up its 55 per cent in order to share in the Roosevelt public works fund.

With striking discrimination, however, the voters approved a bond issue of $3,000,000 for direct relief, which had the indorsement of all hands, Democrats and Republicans. The bond issues had been opposed on the ground this was the only way to stop the Roosevelt spending policy and withhold a huge "slush fund" from the New Deal supporting Governor. Sevellon Brown, editor of "The Providence Journal," which led the fight on the public works bond issues, commented simply: "It just goes to show that Rhode Island can't be bought."

✓ ✓ ✓

Sister of Sweetness

Three years ago, Madeline Green, wife of a negro Post Office clerk and mother of seven, departed from home to become a member of Father Divine's flock and, officially, "Sister of Sweetness". Samuel Green came before Justice Levy to take out a petition of neglect. Sister of Sweetness was insisting the children weren't hers any more . . .

(From the Herald Tribune)

"Don't you remember when Christ said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me'? queried the Justice. "Your children are alive. You can't just disregard them—it's against the teaching of Christ."

Again the woman raised her hands and replied softly: "I can't do anything about it. I've given my life to God."

"Do they call you 'sister' and the men 'brother' over there?" Justice Levy asked. "Are there any other married women there who have left their children?"

After a short silence, the woman replied: "It's all a sacrifice to God."

The Justice became somewhat exasperated and in an angry tone said. "I want you to know your action is shameful. Your children are alive and you have no love for them. That is shameful."

Again the supplicating raising of the palms and no word from the Sister of Sweetness. After the Justice had disposed of the case, she walked from the room without a glance at her husband or her children.

As the father shepherded the six children out he turned and said: "Father Divine has got her, not God. She doesn't see things the way I do."

✓ ✓ ✓

Cobra Milked

Dr. Samuel Peck, head of the dermatological staff of Mt. Sinai hospital, had been working for years perfecting a serum compounded from cobra venom—a serum he expects will replace narcotics in relieving pain. Dr. Peck needed more venom for his experiments. Two cubic centimeters of it—enough to kill 140 men, were to be taken from an 11-foot cobra, brought to a Staten Island squash court for the purpose . . .

(From the Herald Tribune)

Four strong men, headed by Carol Stryker, director of the Staten Island Zoological Society, the owners of the reptile, were required to perform the operation. Elaborate precautions were taken lest the snake bite some one. Mr. Stryker and his assistants were equipped with twelve peculiar-looking instruments to control the reptile's movements. There were forked sticks, nooses, hoods and hooks. A sixteen-gauge shotgun, both barrels loaded, was placed against the wall of the court.

Naja hannah, as the snake is known scientifically, was carried to a table and its triangular head was placed next to a jar covered with tightly-drawn rubberized silk. While Mr. Stryker tightened his hold on the head, Mr. O'Connell took two wooden tongue depressors and pried the jaws open. Mr. Stryker then moved the head over the jar, and pressed the half-inch fangs into the silk, at the same time pressing on the top of the reptile's head. The cobra jerked convulsively and emitted about twenty drops of light brown fluid.

Herald Tribune Photo

Then he was released and allowed to slither about on the floor for the benefit of three rather frightened photographers. Mr. Stryker and his aids kept him at a good distance from the cameras, with the aid of their implements. Mr. O'Connell explained that the floor of the court was so slippery that the cobra could not gain sufficient traction to strike effectively.

✓ ✓ ✓

Feminine Meteor

Marthe Hanau, the Ponzi of Paris whose financial scandals were second only to Stavisky's, died in the Fresnes Prison for Women, apparently by poison smuggled to her by friends. Other friends recalled the woman who in 1906 was running a linen shop with her mother, by 1916 had her own parfumerie . . .

(From the Herald Tribune)

During the war she manufactured a powder known as "The Soldier's Tube," which sold like hotcakes for a time. The government's chemists discovered that it contained a noxious drug, however, and Marthe Hanau was fined. When her husband came back from the war she divorced him and made him business manager of a small lending concern.

From this grew a formidable array of financial institutions, with headquarters in the Rue de Provence, where Mme. Hanau employed 300 clerks, accountants and legal advisers. As women are not permitted on the Paris Bourse, Mme. Hanau rented a room in a cafe opposite the Bourse and had eight employees running back and forth, buying and selling.

In 1925, with capital supplied by a friend known as Mme. Joseph, Mme. Hanau started the "Gazette du Franc."

In the first few months of the "Gazette du Franc" she collected on various issues of stocks more than 125,000,000 francs from every provincial town in France as well as from Paris. With this, "Madame la Presidente," as she was known to her employees, took options on good real estate, successful commercial houses, flourishing enterprises of all kinds. Unfortunately, when she was arrested, there was a deficit of more than $4,000,000.

Mme. Hanau at work was considered the prototype of the modern business woman. Always dressed in mannish clothes, she smoked endless cigarettes while giving brisk orders over seven telephones on her desk, dictating telegrams and letters, hiring and firing, managing her own office and 400 others in France and Belgium. She never let any of her subordinates know how much money she was handling.

✓ ✓ ✓

Advertisement

Linton Wells, holding decorations from 12 foreign governments, commissions in three foreign armies, and an outstanding war correspondent's record in China, Mexico, Asia Minor, Siberia, Morocco, Syria and Nicaragua — is covering Ethiopia for New York Herald Tribune readers. With his wife (Fay Gillis Wells — an aviatrix and a writer) relaying for him, he will keep the Western World informed, *through the Herald Tribune,* on immediate events in this hot spot of the world.

(Advertisement)

The Starched Collar—Stiff and Uncomfortable —Banished in 1918

The demand for soft collars is now surpassing the call for starched ones. Millions of Americans who have been fou uniform from one to several the soft collars they were wear far more comfortable starched linen of their form and civilian life and are not resume the irksome, stiff, har will no doubt insist upon collars similar to those have grown accustomed

The Soft Collar—Limp and Untidy —Doomed in 1934

ery man who has ever suffered the unfortable stiffness of a starched collar r the distasteful untidiness of a soft . . owes a rising vote of thanks to min Liebovitz, physicist, engineer ventor of the Trubenized collar combines starched collar neatness ft collar comfort...without starch.

"TRUBENIZING" — REVOLUTIONARY NEW PROCESS

Takes Both Starch and Wrinkles Out of Collars!

Trubenizing, a new patented process, fuses the three layers of collar fabric into one by a unique "spot-welding" method, making the collar permanently neat without starch, yet leaving it completely comfortable, porous and absorbent. Wearing will not wrinkle it, perspiration will not wilt it and laundering not cause the collar layers to sepa

Trubenizing

Process protected by U. S. Letter Patents 1968409-10

SCIENCE'S LATEST MIRACLE...ENDS ALL COLLAR COMPLAINTS

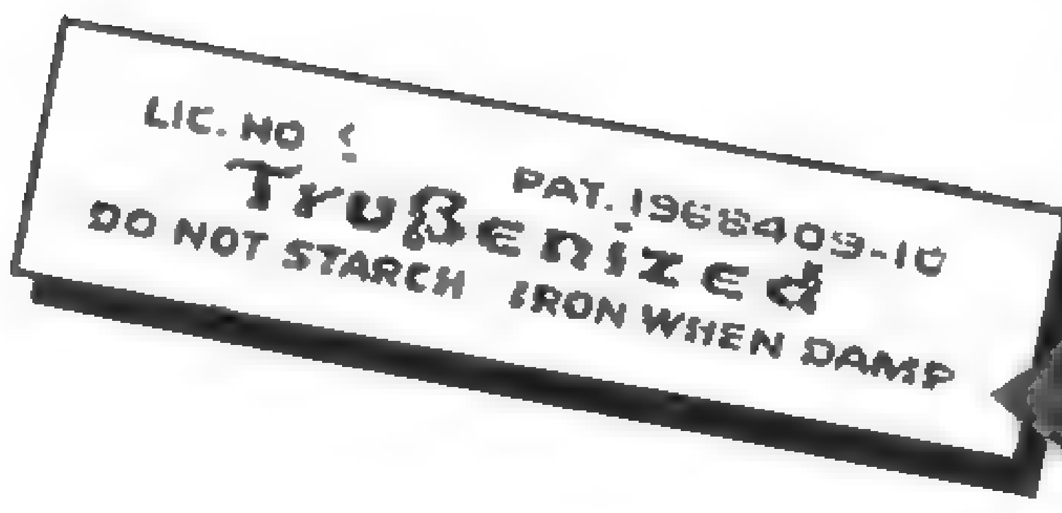
NO STARCH...NO WRINKLES...NO DISCOMFORT

AMAZING in result, Trubenizing is simple in principle. Here's the idea: what starch does *temporarily*, Trubenizing does *permanently*—but without stiffening the fabric. Once Trubenized, the collar remains permanently neat—absolutely wrinkle-proof and wilt-proof; yet it is as porous, absorbent and completely comfortable as any soft collar.

MILLIONS of men have switched to the complete neck-happiness of Trubenized-Collar shirts. Made by sixty-two leading manufacturers, you can buy them in your favorite brand at all good shops. They cost no more than ordinary shirts, yet they have all these advantages:

Trubenized Collars

- *look starched... but are not stiff.*
- *stay permanently neat...* WITHOUT STARCH
- *won't wilt, wrinkle, crush or curl.*
- *are porous and absorbent . . . hence cool and comfortable.*
- *wash and iron like any soft collar... no starch needed.*
- *won't wrinkle under the iron or develop saw-tooth edges.*
- *will retain their Trubenized qualities throughout their life.*
- *will wear longer than collars that are starched.*



NOTICE: Not all so-called "fused", "starchless" or "non-wilt" collars are Trubenized. *Trubenized* is the registered trade mark that identifies the *genuine* Trubenizing Process, originated and patented by The Trubenizing Process Corporation. When you buy, be sure you get a *genuine* Trubenized-Collar shirt, with the advantages that only Trubenizing can guarantee. Look for the *Trubenized* label in the collar or yoke.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL* OR STAMP IN COLLAR OR YOKE OF SHIRT... *accept no others*

*IN ARROW SHIRTS LOOK FOR THE LABEL *AROSET*; IN MANHATTAN'S, *MANHATTANIZED*.

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Two Charming Restaurants
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AMEN CORNER BAR & GRILL
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Dinner and Supper Dancing
Resumed Sept. 25th
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TABLE D'HOTE LUNCHEON $.85
CARDINAL PLATE DINNER $1.25
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THE DE MARCOS
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THEY'RE THE BEST!
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
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LOBSTERS
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Oysters and nut-brown shoulder-blades R in season at the bars. Slip covers are off. Lids rest lightly. Bonifaces impulsively let one hand wash the other in joy at the homecomings. Maestros massage the atmosphere. Masters of ceremony wax chummy at the mike. Wrens chirp and boop into it. Eddie Davis, smacking the piano on its crupper, carries on from where other singers leave off. In short, 'tis the sort of Old-Fashioned Autumn that makes one's spring bonnet blip with élan at the prospect of going places.

Mine—recently liberated from its hat-box in celebration of the well-earned demise of my summer thatch, which Beulah the Goat ate—is so on-the-loose minded that, to shut it up, hat-check girls have to sit on it. Even humans have grounds for impetuosity.

Item, the Stork Club (3 E. 53rd)—re-décored and sumptuoused by the Josef Urban Associates, the new scheme including an oval dance floor set akimbo. Charles, erstwhile of El Morocco, chamberlains you to your table; Ernie Holst and band serve music, and Georges Metaxa does his stuff genteelly. (N.B. Don't spill caviar on your white tie or you'll get put on the social black list.)

Another swell snare for the élite four-wheeled trade is due to be unveiled October 3rd at the Savoy-Plaza, where color arrangements will include even champagne-hued tablecloths to match what you'll be drinking while (after the theater) musical historian Dwight Fiske conducts his seminar, rolling eyes and all—or (at dinner) lovely Rosita and the admirable Mr. Fontana do their dance act. Maestro Bob Grant, well-known Savoyard, resumes as might be expected. Possible rivalry with the Persian Room at the Plaza (across the Fountain) will be comparatively bloodless, as both hotels belong to the same management. Just to keep things interesting, Eddie Duchin has gone Persian.

For such trifles as Lobster Thermidor (the meat specially sauced and baked in the crustacean's own suit of armor), roast limb of Lamb, Archimède (sublimely garlicked), and French ice cream (as delectable as ever came from a pistachio nut) the restaurant by the Parisian name of Rumpelmayer's, located on the ground, or pastry, floor of the Hotel St. Moritz, has successfully commanded knife and fork homage of mine, each visit bringing more intense conviction that this food is Food. Whether in need of solid substance or merely wanly intending to peck at a Salade Mimosa, Rumpelmayer's fills the personal bill most palate-cheeringly. Experience has taught me that I leave there replete and unashamed.

This same hotel's in-and-outdoor Café de la Paix, which has all Central Park in front and Sixth Avenue on the side, manages to be smart without snooteur, offering anything from a tardy breakfast to a pre-hay snack, with cocktails ad lib. in the interim. A sidewalk table for two is an apropos find at any time, if you're that lucky; and by way of sports and jousts there are backgammon, dominoes, and what our British friends call *draughts*.

Up thirty-one stories, the Sky Gardens of the St. Moritz have the benefit of Eric Correa's orchestra for dancing or for lazy listening purposes out on the agreeable dining terrace which overlooks the park in a proud sweeping way. Rosalean and Seville artfully exhibit the poetry of gyration. Ethel Pastor, possessed of much personality and a real voice, gives us "*Cheery Beery Bean*" (pardon my Italian) and other classics.

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TWO FAMOUS BANDS • NO COVER CHARGE
Cool, Entertaining, Superb Service and Cuisine
HOTEL EDISON
Every Room with Shower • Bath • Radio
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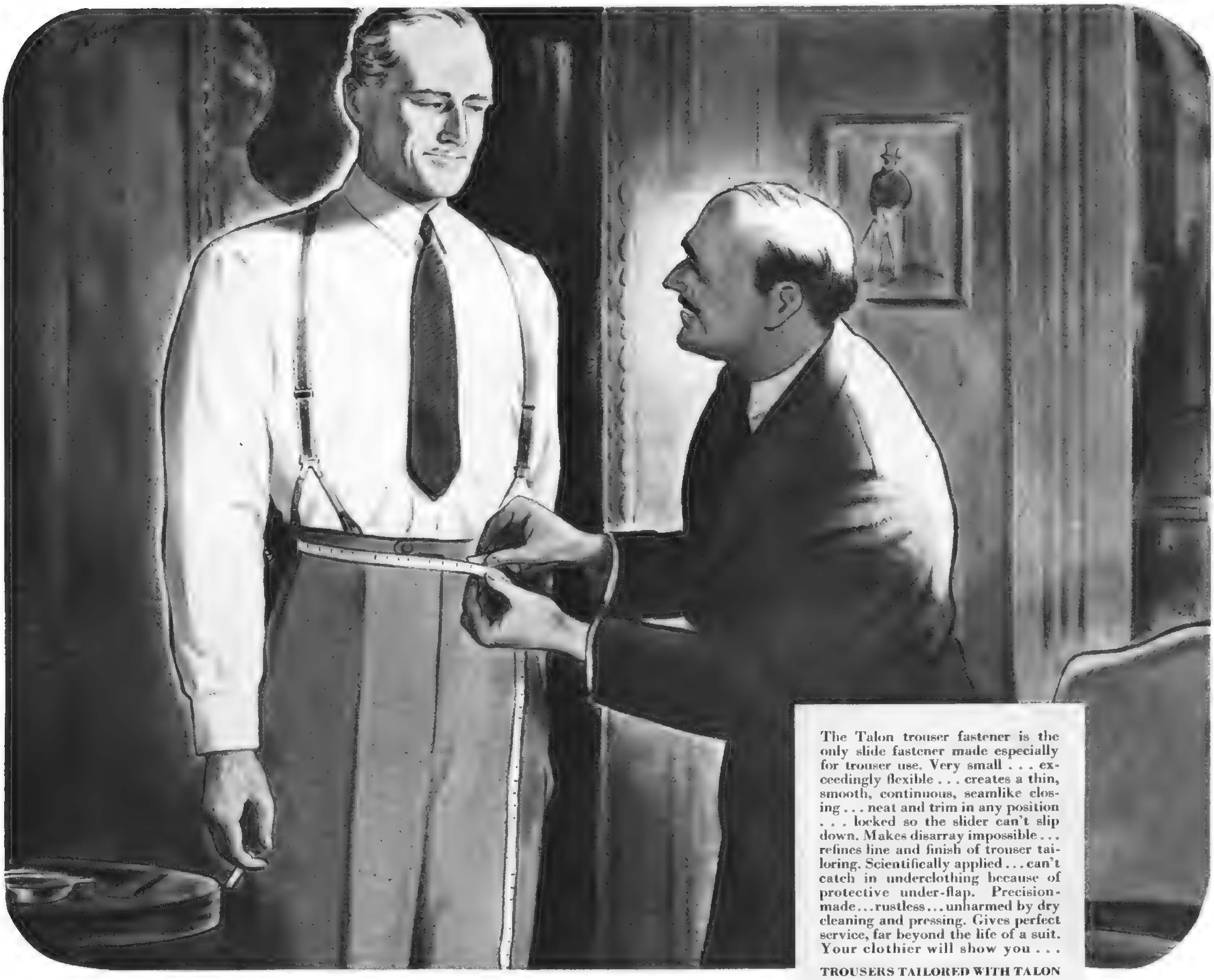
JACQUIN'S
COCKTAILS
CORDIALS
SLOE GIN
FAMOUS SINCE 1884

"See that my other suits have them, too...

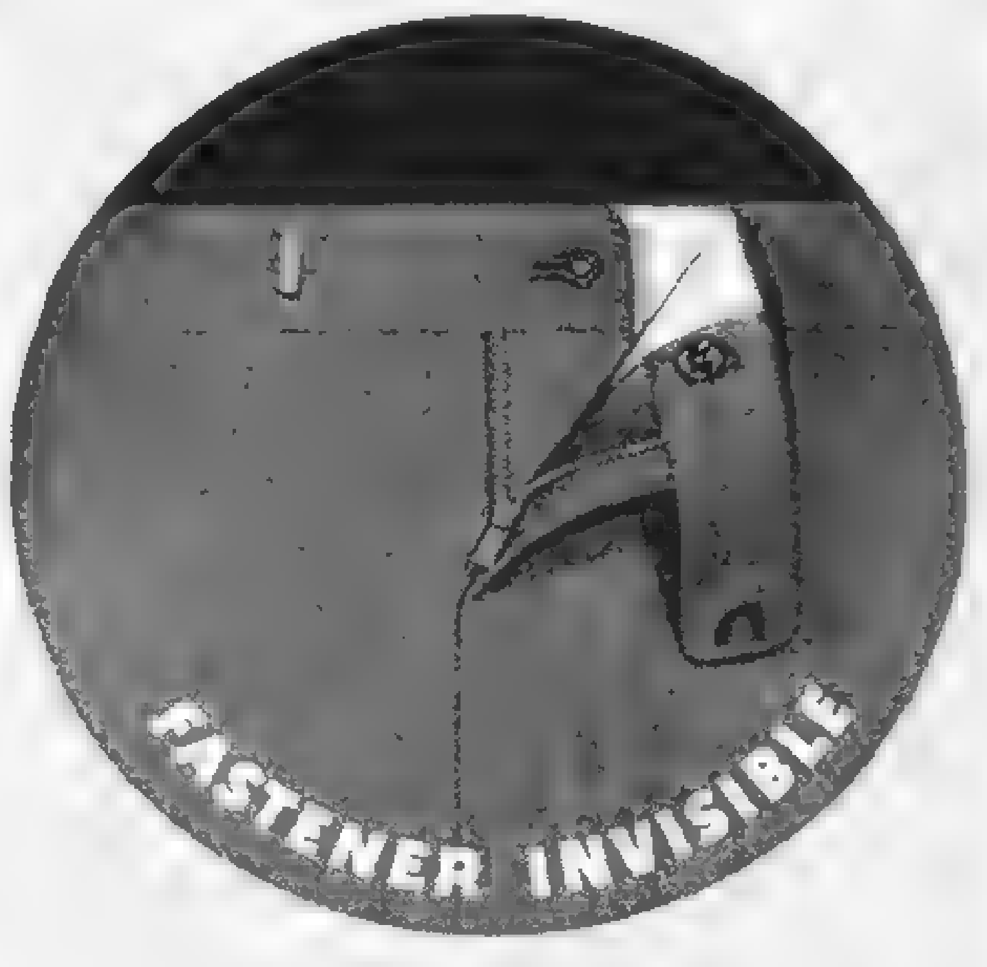
. . . No two ways about it . . . This Talon fastener for trousers makes all the difference in the world."

"Yes, we tailors are all recommending it to our patrons. It's the greatest contribution to men's clothes in 25 years."



The Talon trouser fastener is the only slide fastener made especially for trouser use. Very small . . . exceedingly flexible . . . creates a thin, smooth, continuous, seamlike closing . . . neat and trim in any position . . . locked so the slider can't slip down. Makes disarray impossible . . . refines line and finish of trouser tailoring. Scientifically applied . . . can't catch in underclothing because of protective under-flap. Precision-made . . . rustless . . . unharmed by dry cleaning and pressing. Gives perfect service, far beyond the life of a suit. Your clothier will show you . . .

TROUSERS TAILORED WITH TALON



AN idea realized . . . tested . . . perfected . . . and, almost over night, a new era began in men's clothes.

A custom-tailored feature once . . . this Talon closing . . . but now to be had wherever quality clothes are sold.

In three years, 5,000,000 men have come to wear trousers closed with Talon. What power this idea must have to overcome the reluctance of men to change! What new benefits it must give them that after a single experience, they are done with the button closing!

There's only one way for you to know what this change means to you. Wear a pair! Ask your clothier.—Hookless Fastener Company, Meadville, Pa.

Today WELL-TAILORED TROUSERS are closed with the TALON SLIDE FASTENER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Carleton Smith kept promising us *Why Is a Tenor?* from week to week, at first, and then from month to month, over a term of almost a year and a half, and finally sent it in, just before this issue went to press, with a note asking us to tell him what we thought of it. We told him, and we're telling you, that it was worth the wait.

•

J. C. Furnas wrote *... And Sudden Death* for *Reader's Digest* at just about the same time that he wrote *Strictly On The Level* for us. We are reminded of the man who looked ruefully from his hat up at the sky saying, "And for some people they sing." Not that we didn't like *Strictly On The Level.* It was a very competent piece about enigmas. *Reader's Digest* liked it too, and they reprinted it in their August issue. But this *Sudden Death* thing is a little classic of our time, and, not to put too fine a point upon the matter, it burns us up to think that Mr. Furnas, in distributing his favors, would direct this minor masterpiece with his right hand to the *Reader's Digest* while his left hand slipped us a ripe bunch of enigmas. Maybe it's just a subtle way of ranking us in relation to *Reader's Digest,* but in any event we have squared matters to our own satisfaction by returning the compliment which *Reader's Digest* paid to *Strictly On The Level,* and you will find *... And Sudden Death* proudly reprinted on page 28. The score now stands at a horse apiece. Incidentally, if any automobile manufacturers take exception to *... And Sudden Death,* they're nuts. The automobile interests ought to regard this article as a splendid piece of advertising, *against the abuse* of their products.

•

Frank Scully used to be a sports writer, long, long ago, "on the *New York Sun* when Ed Hill and Frank O'Malley were first swinging away." This entitles him to say his most positive say about Joe Louis, which he does in *Young Black Joe,* on page 34, a piece he rushed in at the last moment in the hope it would make the October issue "and so be timed even better than the Bomber's punches."

•

Timing was a factor with **Theodore Dreiser,** too, this month, he did us the piece on Mark Twain, sending it in from Los Angeles on August 18, hurrying to get in under the wire ahead of the Mark Twain Centenary this fall. It's on page 22.

•

Inadvertently we omitted the name of **Paul W. Kearney** from the article about tropical fish on page 74. The first person singular of this article is John W. Doscher, as the by-line says, but the article is set down as told to Mr. Kearney by Mr. Doscher.

•

Raymond Browne is sales and advertising consultant to the Texas Company and formerly copywriter, group head and account executive with J. Walter Thompson Company. He is getting ready for Harper his *Horn Book of Advertising Agency Creative Practices,* a technical primer liberally sprinkled with low-down.

•

Clark Shaughnessy was graduated from Minnesota where he was a member of one of Doc Williams' original "Minnesota Shift" teams. He is now head coach at the University of Chicago.

Clark Shaughnessy

William Franklin Berry

Discovery of the Month is **William Franklin Berry** whose first published story is *The Rape of Rhona* on page 73. That is, the story is on page 73. Asked to tell you all about himself, he stepped forward with the following pungent paragraph, in which the last sentence, especially, seems to confirm the faith we have shown in "discovering" him:

"I hail from Marion, Crittenden County, Arkansas, which is an historic old center of culture, politics and (being across the river from Memphis) of matrimony and divorce. I attended Georgia Tech to discover and develop my talents in engineering, and so I naturally took up law. I am thirty-six years old, married, with a rapidly growing family. I spend most of my time in worrying about other people's troubles with their property and their wives, which I attempt to solve in the Arkansas courts. The rest of my time I spend in meditation and prayer. *The Rape of Rhona* is my nine hundred and thirty seventh literary attempt. I spend thousands and thousands of dollars for postage stamps every few minutes to send them back and forth. I admire the rare sense of discrimination and taste of the editors of Esquire as shown by their selection of manuscripts."

•

Martin Panzer would be called Discovery of the Month, too, if it weren't that his *Surprising Tale* on page 79 includes such deft pokes at our whole discovery policy. Anyway, it made us laugh louder and longer than anything we've printed since, *Women, How to Break and Train,* away back when, and we hope you are the same when you read it. He says:

"I was born in Patterson, N. J., on the left or right bank of the Passaic River in June of 1905, but in justice to myself I hasten to add that I moved to Brooklyn at the age of four and lived there until prevailed upon by my charming wife to move to 'The Village'. I have done free lance writing mainly for newspapers, during the past five or six years. *Surprising Tale* is my first sale to a national magazine."

•

Robert Carson, who was Esquire's Discovery of the Month about a year ago, is a writer on the MGM lot in California. Three months ago, he told Louis Paul that he had one hundred and eighty thousand words done on a novel and that he was afraid it was running away from him. Since then, we hear that he has caught up with it and that it is as good as it's long.

•

Walter de Steiguer says: "Have always felt the autobiographical high-mark for sustained interest was set by the applicant for citizenship who filled out his questionnaire:

Born..Yes
Parents..Two
Business...................................Rotten

This would serve admirably for me. Details of less importance would include narrow-squeak graduation from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and war period as a captain of Air Service at an Army flying field, in a state where any town in which you happened to make a forced landing had more beautiful girls than Hollywood has now. (Yes, Texas is right.) Subsequent years mostly devoted to stubborn manufacture of products for which there is a really astonishing lack of demand; with welcome interludes of desert-ratting."

Richard Sherman: Born in Iowa in 1906, grew up in Montana, with interludes in Milwaukee and Minneapolis. Graduated from Harvard in 1928; while an undergraduate was editorial chairman of the *Crimson* and an editor of the *Advocate.* Has worked on the editorial staffs of *The Forum* and *Vanity Fair.* Had stories reprinted in the current (1934) O'Brien and O. Henry collections. Lives in New York.

•

Manuel Komroff and **George Antheil** are monkeying around with a libretto and score, respectively, for an opera.

•

Tim Pridgen says: "I was born on the white sand plains of Eastern North Carolina, where there were long leaf pines and black mud swamps, in an obscure community which trailed the transition from the Old South to the new by about twenty years, and received my 'larnin'' in one of the last of the old field schools. I've hauled saw logs, farmed, fought forest fires, have been a railroad agent and, more than all else, have done small city newspaper work. I am a reporter and editorial writer on *The Charlotte News* staff and, at home, write fiction to the full extent of my wife's ability to keep me at it."

•

Biographical data on **John Cournos** would fill a book—has, in fact: *Corridors of Struggle,* his autobiography, has been announced by Putnam's for October publication. He has written about a dozen novels of which the best known are *The Mask, Babel, The New Candide* and *The Devil Is An English Gentleman.*

•

The least of **Robert Buckner's** claims to fame is that he can beat the pants off the editor of Esquire at tennis.

•

Lajos Zilahy is one of the leading figures in the literary life of Budapest, editor of the most influential opposition evening daily, and is married to the daughter of the town's former Lord Mayor. *But For This,* on page 103, is his first short story to be translated into English, although his novels, *The Deserter,* and *Two Prisoners,* have been published over here by Doubleday Doran. His play, *Firebird,* was produced in New York in the fall of '32 and several of his plays have been made into motion pictures. His newest play, *The Last Role,* has been announced for London production.

•

Beginning that career which led straight as a dog's hind leg to the pages of Esquire, **Robert Tod Struckman** was born 28 years ago in Minneapolis. At the age of five he came to Montana to become a cowboy, but it was two years before he saw a horse, and seven years until he owned a saddle; then his father had to give him one—he not having earned enough money in all those years to buy it. In high school he first appeared in the public print and his doom was sealed. Now twelve years later he is a professional writer, living in a mysterious way on his credit and four hundred dollars a year. He has seen *Tex-K.T.,* written on railroad viaducts from coast to coast, and is a famous man at all for that.

Robert Tod Struckman

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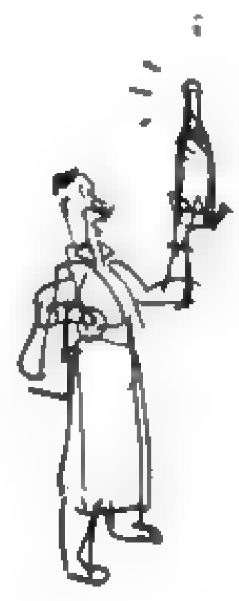
The blonde who thought that Longchamps meant "lamb chops" in French wasn't as dizzy as she sounded—because in the restaurants of that name (and there's one in almost every smart neighborhood) the art of *côtelettes de mouton* is practiced seriously and sizzlingly, along with the kindred arts of *bifteck*, filet mignon, tartelette of ze pumpkin, and whatever else gourmets yammer for. In addition, due to a tendency on the part of Longchamps patrons to insist upon having drinks with their eats, there are maintained special Insistories, known as *bars*, where cool agitation is the order of luncheon time, afternoon, and evening. Nor are Longchamps cellars skimpy-shelved.



Though numbering only one of its kind, the Crillon, cornered in 277 Park Avenue, bears up cheerily withal, thanks to a knack at purveying nourishment to the notionate. The menu may lead you far afield, but you'll hardly err. Particularly do I treasure the memory of a Parisian-Mexican chili con carne, gambled on as a noontime fast-demolisher, with a bottle of Vouvray 1928 (fruity, like the soul of pineapple juice gone to heaven) steering things toward the spot. Indeed, I may say that that objective was attained with a precision which even the greatest scientists might have envied. And when demitasses were tinkled, the waiter, turning miracle man, produced a bottle of Bisquit Dubouché 1858, with the result that internal ameliorations of a distinguished sort became splendider and splendider.

Located a block further north (49th Street, just east of Park Avenue), the Barclay Bar, air-conditioned, has its special cohort of well-groomeds who, with the whole city to choose from, bigotedly insist that no other dispensary is as smartly snug nor as decorously delightful. Maître William supervises, maintaining a taboo against table-snitching. A pair of guitarists, programmed as The Troubadors, blend the Waikiki croon, or aloha-oh-mamma, with the Hispanic strum, while shaker brethren rumba the cracked ice. Aside from which, suavity reigns—blarelessly, glarelessly. You can hear an epigram drop. But new faces, if they hope to barge in at cocktail time, had better bring camp chairs or a polite pickaxe.

For later and limberer purposes the Versailles (151 East 50th) boasts considerable lure. Just what the name has to do with it, and the photo-murals showing views of King Louie's habitat and landscape gardenry, I couldn't tell you. All I know is that each time I drop in at this alleged French schloss intending to stay an hour or an hour and a half, I find, upon being bye-byed into my taxi at closing time, that I have let myself get unaccountably detained. Perhaps it was amiable Joseph Smith and orchestra. Or Brito's Cubans in their frilled camisoles. Or mine host Nick. Or the entertainers. Or the drinks.

No, we'll rule out that last hypothesis. Drinks are mere incidentals and, as such, I never allow them to influence me. Besides, all I had was a mild sloe gin fizz or two, and a few Bacardis, and some . . . well, never mind. The *main* thing, I say, is that the place has personality and an atmosphere that sort of carries you along. If you walked out it would seem like welching on a swell party and showing the callous side of your nature just when Smith had taken up his fiddle again, or a floor show was about to start.

Now the featured talent consists of Carolyn Marsh, blues interpretress, and Mildred and Maurice, exotic ballroom catch-as-can-canners. With them as excuses, don't be surprised at my lingering for the charwomen to dust me out.

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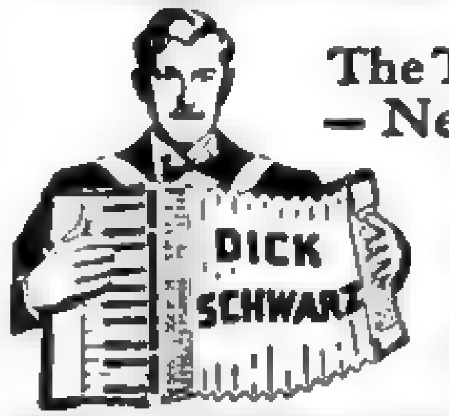

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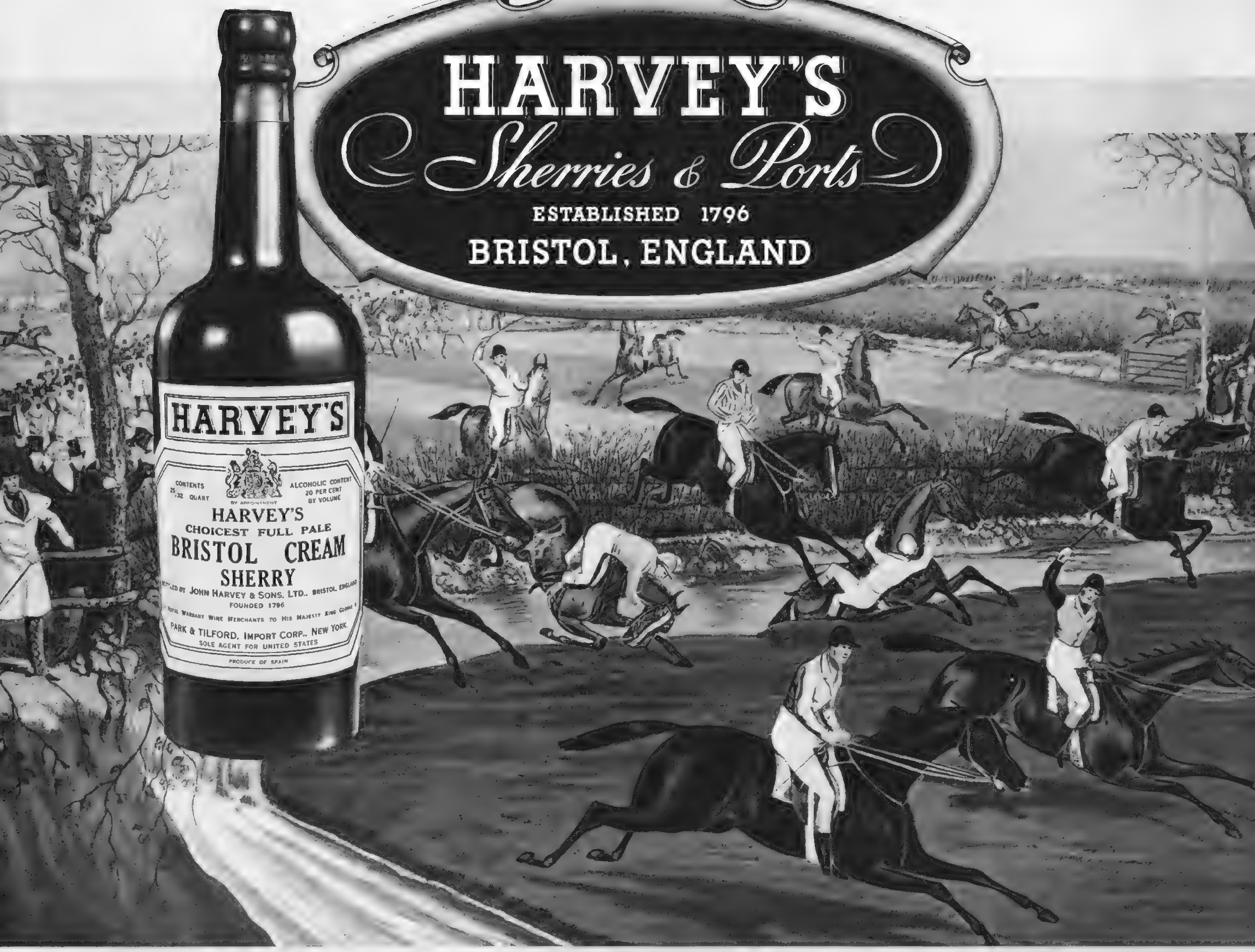
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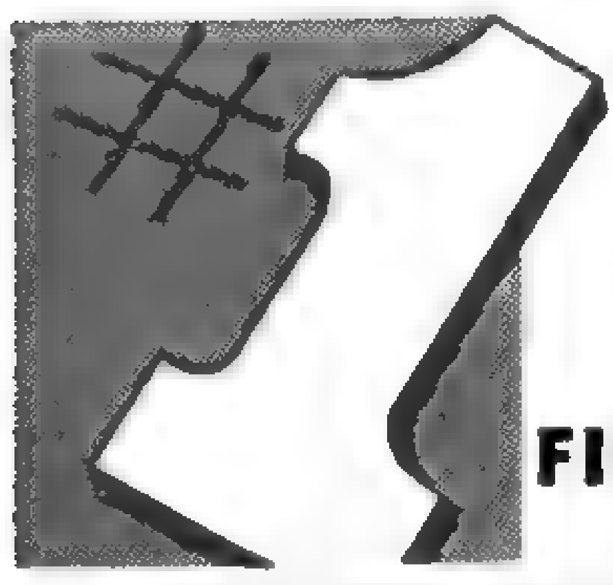

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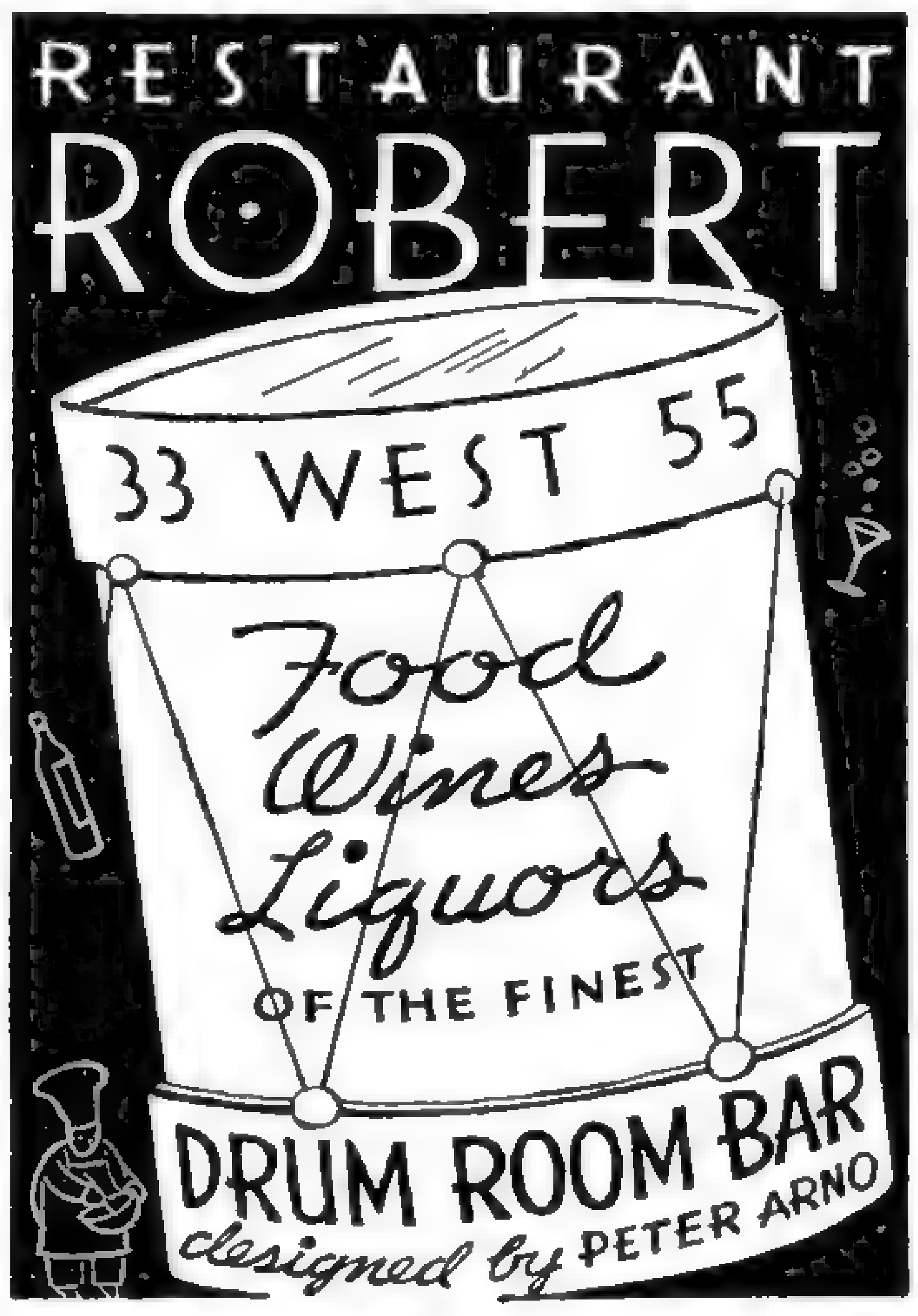
at 8th Street



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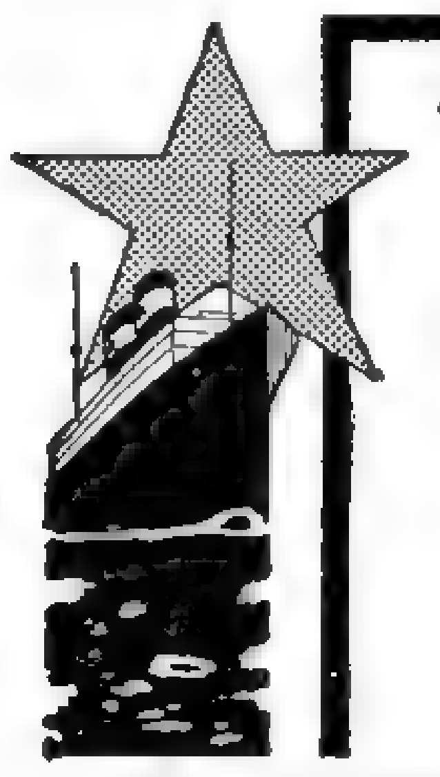

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At the Club Deauville (discovered via barrel-shaped entrance, or Sportive Intake, at 42 West 58th Street) hospitality seems to pride itself on unstumpability. Give them fair warning and they'll prepare you any dish of any country. And drinks to match. Whatever is in Dr. Einstein's cosmos is yours.

Dropping in there casual-like, unheralded by even a post card stating what we'd like to have, we found awaiting us neither the African *couscous* we might have ordered, nor the East Indian *rijs tafel*—nor (thank God) any New England Boiled Dinner. But the drinks, culled from the bartender's copious repertoire, were good. And, falling back upon the resources of the regular menu, I discovered Rack of Junior Lamb which, discussed between knife and fork, transformed itself into Wreck quite pleasantly, with incidental music by Mike Landau and his ensemblers. During Crêpes Suzette, a flamencan patootie busied herself performing her stuff, and sundry other *artistes*, of the vocal persuasion, tended to confirm the impression that the Deauville was a lair worth while. Which it certainly is.

But New York does nothing but clap claims upon one's evenings. Even leading all the lives that one can, one is kept conscious of inadequacy, tugged in twenty directions at once.

No slight yank of interest emanates from the Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, where Clyde Lucas and his extraordinary band, plus songstress Linda Lee, make a monkey out of the Sand Man. Such virtuosity of hullaballoo! It's high-brow in its intricacy and variety, but without ever lugging in the classics á la Paul Whiteman. And they say Lucas makes the arrangements in person, without ghostly assistance. Anyhow, I'm one of his steady students. By ear. And foot.

Over at the McAlpin Maestro Enoch Light, whom we bet on as a man of destiny, has been so obliging as to vindicate our opinion by breaking the attendance record of that roof. But why didn't he tell us in advance, so we could have placed a *larger* wager? Ten dollars seems such a trifle, I feel cheated.

Another wand-waver I've been shouting for, Hal Kemp, returns soon from a 'cross-America junket and takes up his old stand in the Pennsylvania's Madhattan Room amid the Norman Bel Geddes decorations. Will have to be on hand for *that*. And also the opening of the autumn season at the Central Park Casino, where Old Leo Reisman, wizard that he is, keeps re-fixturing himself as of yore.

For a new place, the reborn Normandie (Central Park South) has done itself rather well in securing Ralph Chigori (not to be confused with what goes into Italian coffee) and his fellow gypsyfiers, or whatever they are. At any rate, their tempo has a tingle to it that inculcates sole-restlessness—so much so, if it hadn't been for the admirable Danish beer (imported) and the sumptuous Scandinavian viands, I'd have done nothing but dance. And there are other complications, such as a Parisian pash singer named Mlle. Mimi.

Meanwhile the Waldorf, Astor and Biltmore roofs entice their cohorts—myself trooping along with the mob—and out in nearby Jersey, at Millburn, the Chanticler remains a swell place to crowd into if you can. Likewise Bustanoby's revel ranch at Teeterboro, magnet of meadow-lovers.

"My wife's gone to town to look for an apartment."
"Mine has settled all that, thank goodness. We're going to live at THE MADISON."
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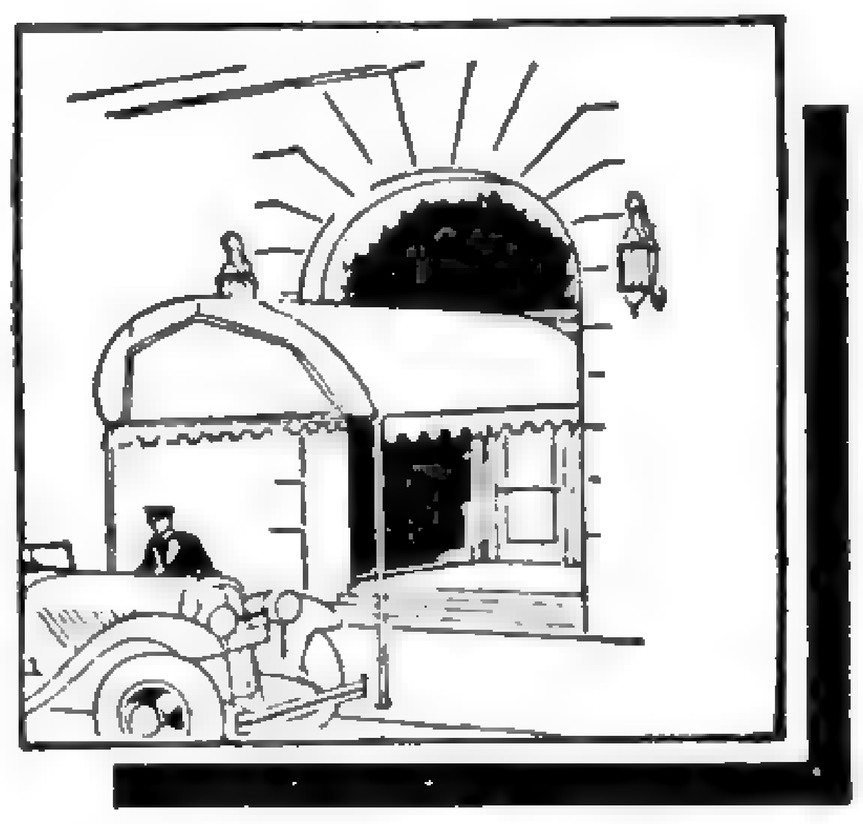

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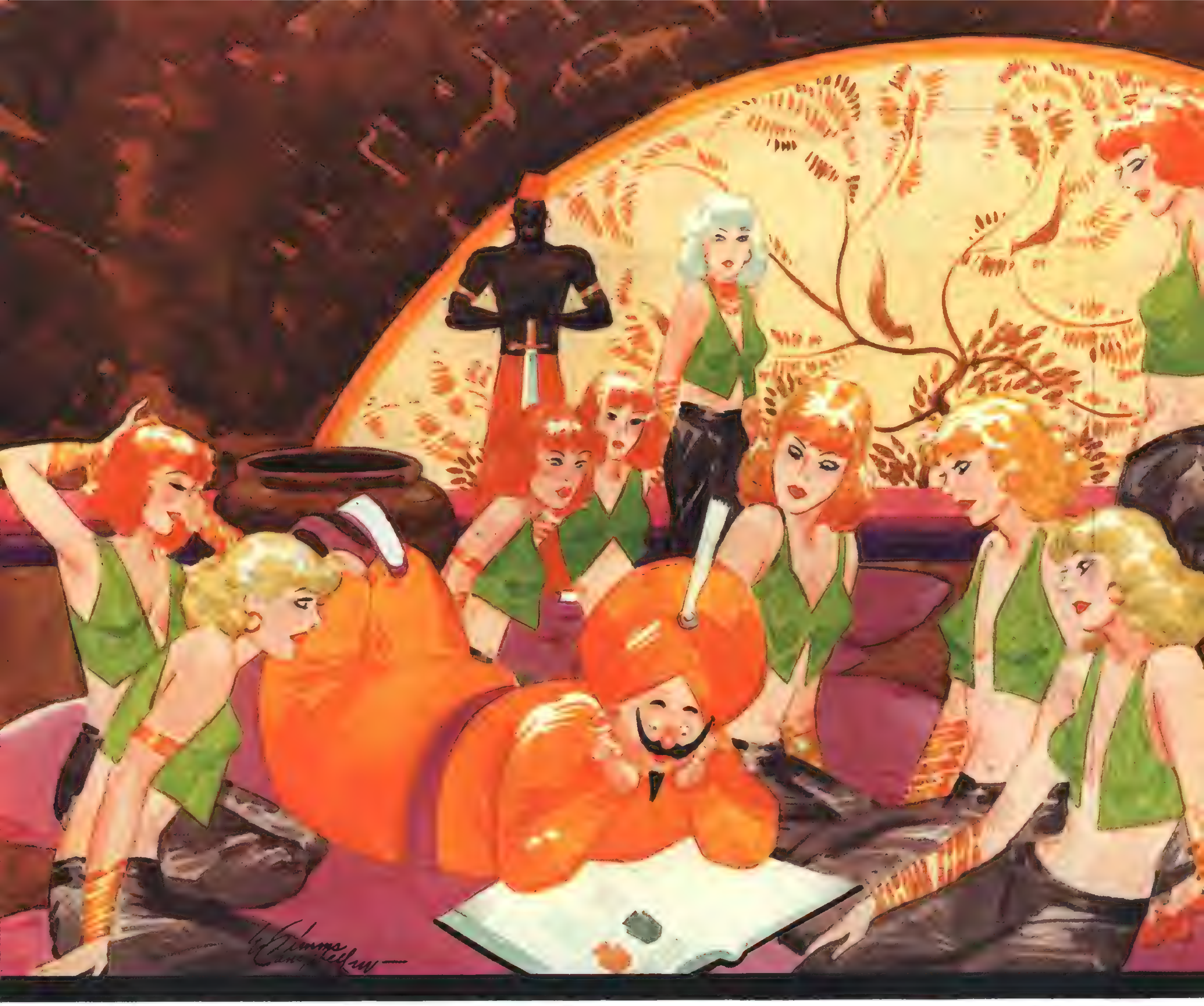

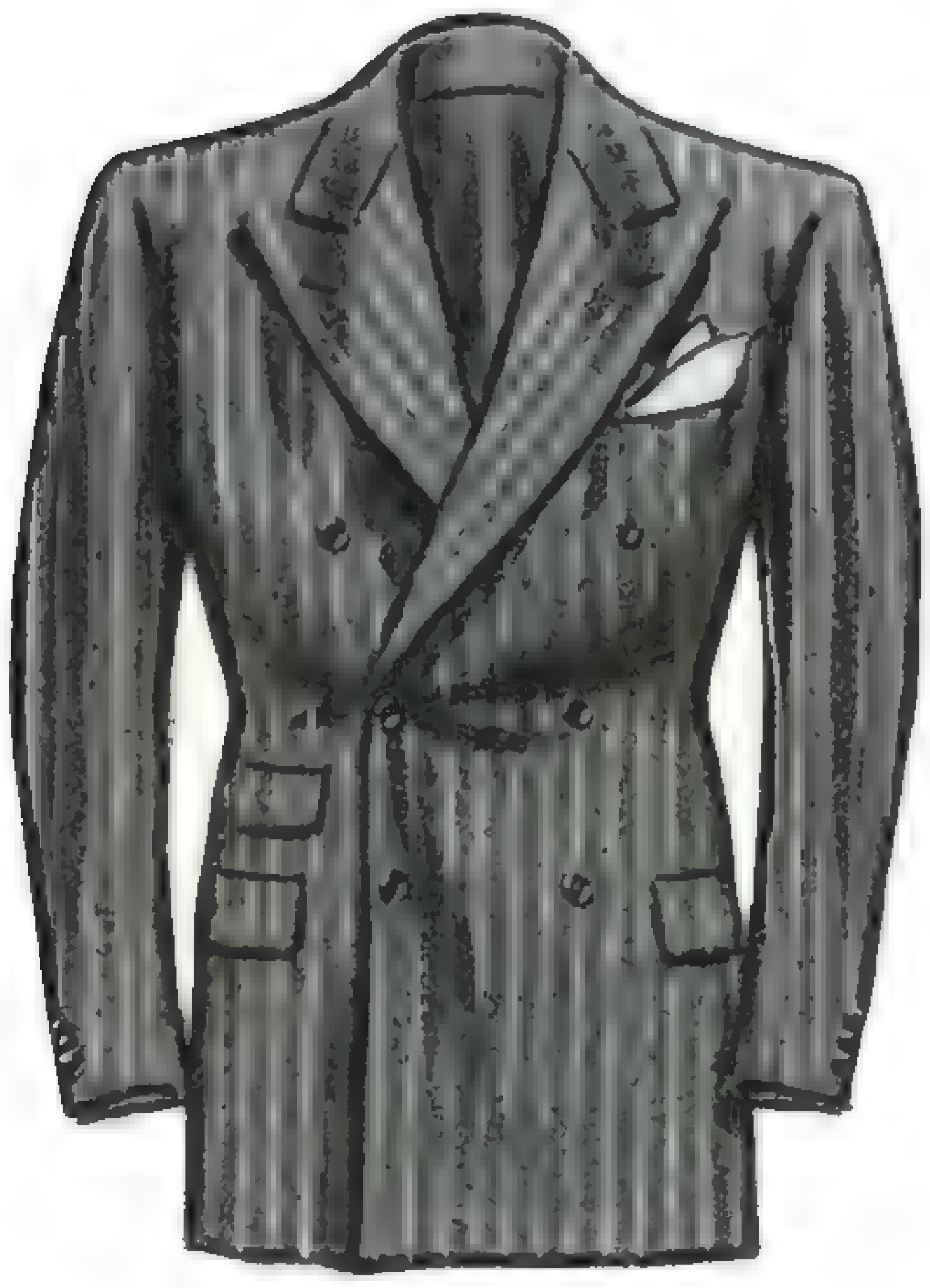

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★ Here you see the double-breasted version of the new Continental Silhouette, an important style development. Square shoulders, and higher waistline and buttons, give a trim, athletic effect. It might not suit the Sultan's figure, but the young men are going for it in a big way... and the girls like it.

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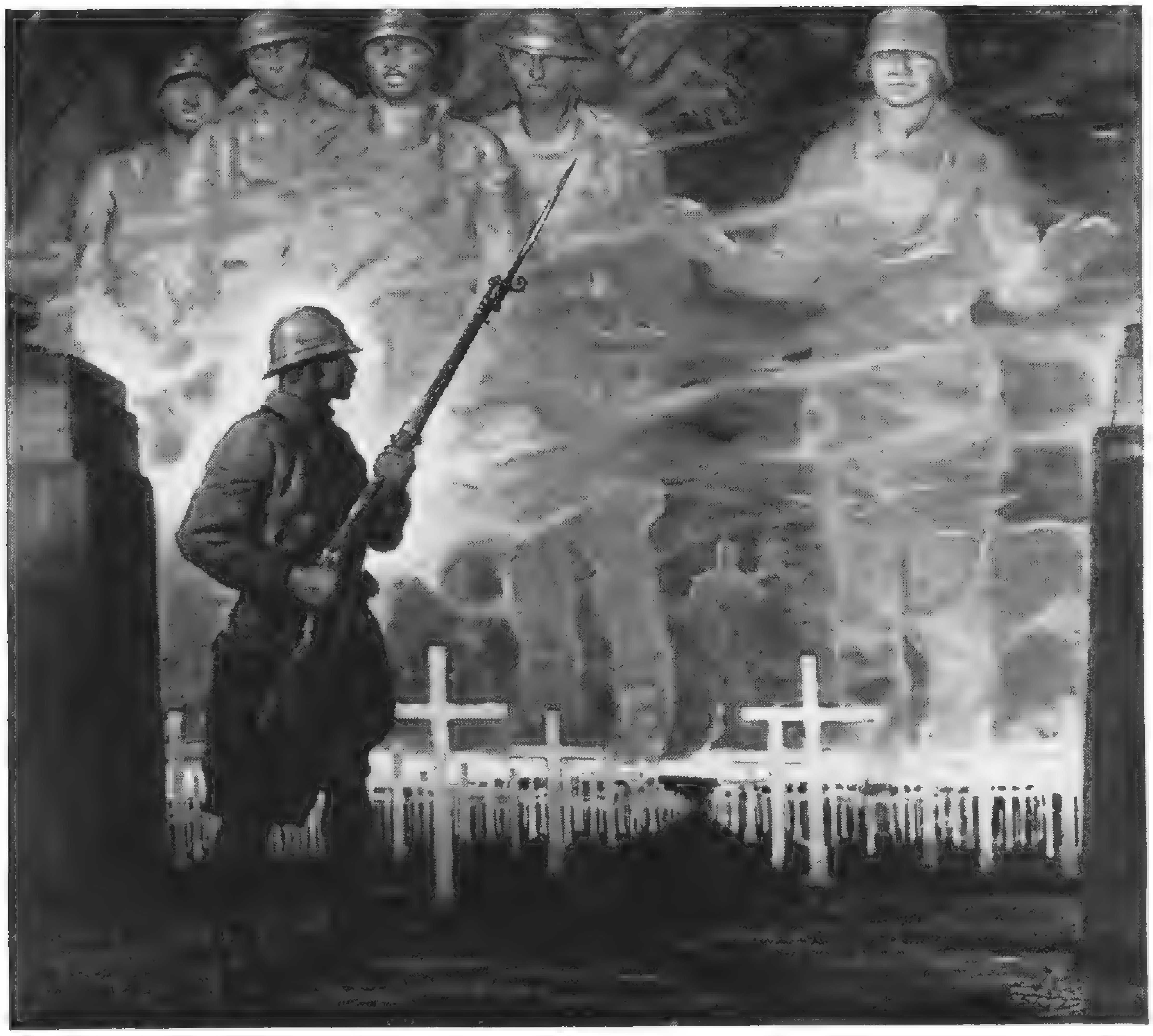

WHO GOES THERE?

17,000,000 dead — 17,000,000 soldiers and sailors killed in the last war!

Who are they? Statesmen? Politicians? Big-navy advocates? Munitions manufacturers? Business leaders whose factories hummed during war times? Editors whose papers love to stir up international bad feeling, because it helps circulation?

No—not one!

Just average citizens. Young men with their lives before them.

They were told it was glory, and look what they got. Look what *all* of us got! Back-breaking taxes. Economic disorders that have not yet been righted. A bitter defeat for one side, a bitter victory for the other.

Yet the world is drifting toward another war right now. And those who *profit* by war will encourage that drift unless we who *suffer* by war fight them!

What YOU can do about it—

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This organization does not claim to have solved the world's troubles or to be able to cure all the world's ills. It does feel, however, that intelligent efforts can *and must* be made against war and toward a secure peace. If you think so, too, we invite you to write for a copy of the World Peaceways program. It will show you how *you* can do your share, however small, in a modern, practical effort to build up a strong public opinion against war. WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 Park Avenue, New York.

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Monologue to the Maestro

A High Seas Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

About a year and a half ago a young man came to the front door of the house in Key West and said that he had hitch-hiked down from upper Minnesota to ask your correspondent a few questions about writing. Arrived that day from Cuba, having to see some good friends off on the train in an hour, and to write some letters in the meantime, your correspondent, both flattered and appalled at the prospect of the questioning, told the young man to come around the next afternoon. He was a tall, very serious young man with very big feet and hands and a porcupine hair-cut.

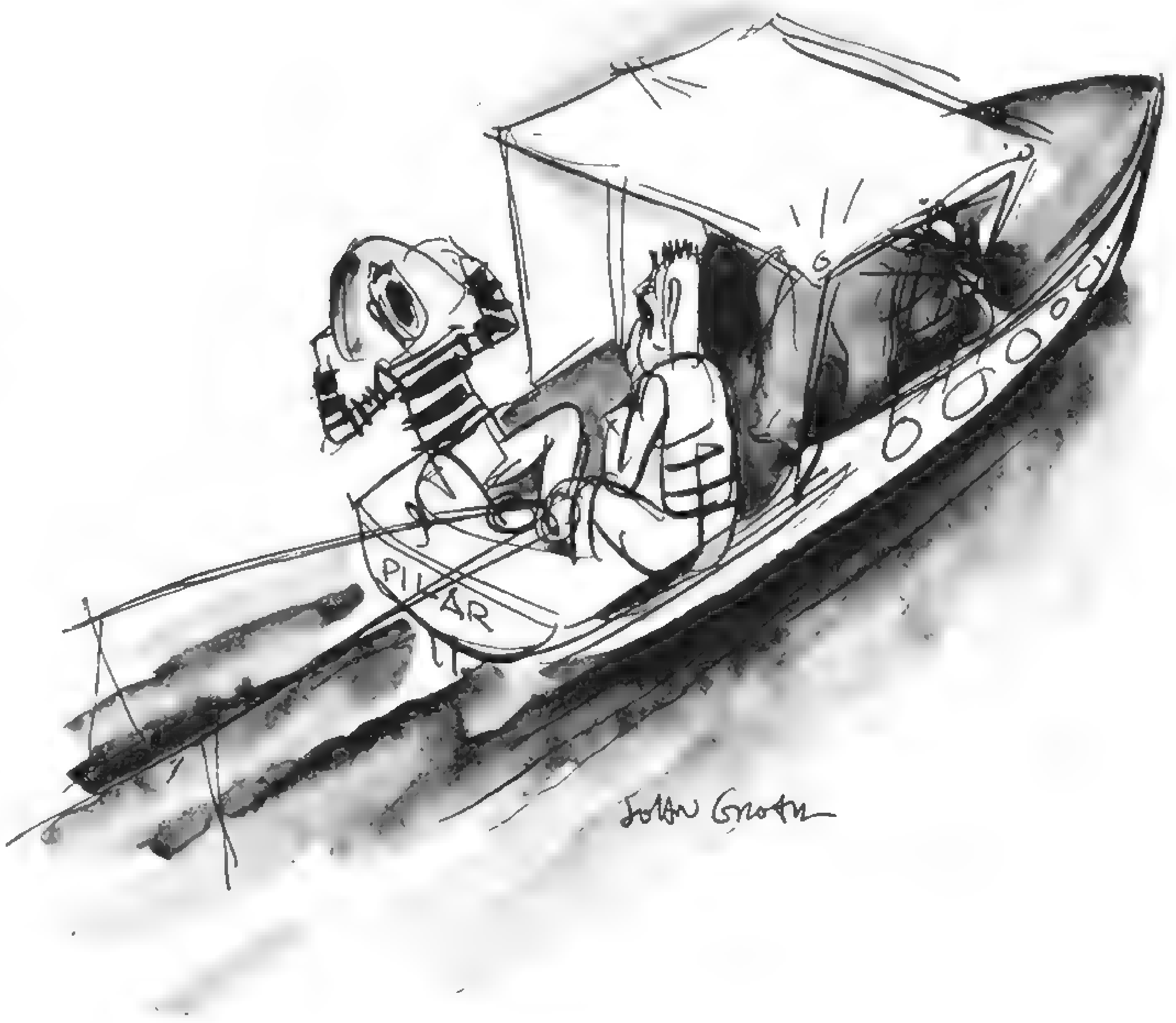
It seemed that all his life he had wanted to be a writer. Brought up on a farm he had gone through high school and the University of Minnesota, had worked as a newspaper man, a rough carpenter, a harvest hand, a day laborer, and had bummed his way across America twice. He wanted to be a writer and he had good stories to write. He told them very badly but you could see that there was something there if he could get it out. He was so entirely serious about writing that it seemed that seriousness would overcome all obstacles. He had lived by himself for a year in a cabin he had built in North Dakota and written all that year. He did not show me anything that he had written then. It was all bad, he said.

I thought, perhaps, that this was modesty until he showed me a piece he had published in one of the Minneapolis papers. It was abominably written. Still, I thought, many other people write badly at the start and this boy is so extremely serious that he must have something; real seriousness in regard to writing being one of the two absolute necessities. The other, unfortunately, is talent.

Beside writing this young man had one other obsession. He had always wanted to go to sea. So, to shorten this account, we gave him a job as night watchman on the boat which furnished him a place to sleep and work and gave him two or three hours work each day at cleaning up and a half of each day free to do his writing. To fulfill his desire to go to sea, we promised to take him to Cuba when we went across.

He was an excellent night watchman and worked hard on the boat and at his writing but at sea he was a calamity; slow where he should be agile, seeming sometimes to have four feet instead of two feet and two hands, nervous under excitement, and with an incurable tendency toward sea-sickness and a peasant reluctance to take orders. Yet he was always willing and hard working if given plenty of time to work in.

We called him the Maestro because he played the violin, this name was eventually shortened to the Mice, and a big breeze would so effectually slow up his co-ordination that your correspondent once remarked to him, "Mice, you certainly must be going to be a hell of a good writer because you certainly aren't worth a damn at anything else."



On the other hand his writing improved steadily. He may yet be a writer. But your correspondent, who sometimes has an evil temper, is never going to ship another hand who is an aspirant writer; nor go through another summer off the Cuban or any other coast accompanied by questions and answers on the practice of letters. If any more aspirant writers come on board the Pilar let them be females, let them be very beautiful, and let them bring champagne.

Your correspondent takes the practice of letters, as distinct from the writing of these monthly letters, very seriously; but dislikes intensely talking about it with almost anyone alive. Having had to mouth about many aspects of it during a period of one hundred and ten days with the good old Maestro, during much of which time your correspondent had to conquer an urge to throw a bottle at the Mice whenever he would open his mouth and pronounce the word writing, he hereby presents some of these mouthings written down.

If they can deter anyone from writing he should be deterred. If they can be of use to anyone your correspondent is pleased. If they bore you there are plenty of pictures in the magazine that you may turn to.

Your correspondent's excuse for presenting them is that some of the information contained would have been worth fifty cents to him when he was twenty-one.

Mice: What do you mean by good writing as opposed to bad writing?

Your correspondent: Good writing is true writing. If a man is making a story up it will be true in proportion to the amount of knowledge of life that he has and how conscientious he is; so that when he makes something up it is as it would truly be. If he doesn't know how many people work in their minds and actions his luck may save him for a while, or he may write fantasy. But if he continues to write about what he does not know about he will find himself faking. After he fakes a few times he cannot write honestly any more.

Mice: Then what about imagination?

Y.C.: Nobody knows a damned thing about it except that it is what we get for nothing. It may be racial experience. I think that is quite possible. It is the one thing beside honesty that a good writer must have. The more he learns from experience the more truly he can imagine. If he gets so he can imagine truly enough people will think that the things he relates all really happened and that he is just reporting.

Mice: Where will it differ from reporting?

Y.C.: If it was reporting they would not remember it. When you describe something that has happened that day the timeliness makes people see it in their own imaginations. A month later that element of time is gone and your account would be flat and they would not see it in their minds nor remember it. But if you make it up instead of describe it you can make it round and whole and solid and give it life. You create it, for good or bad. It is made; not described. It is just as true as the extent of your ability to make it and the knowledge you put into it. Do you follow me?

Mice: Not always.

Y.C. (crabbily): Well for chrisake let's talk about something else then.

Continued in center of page 174A

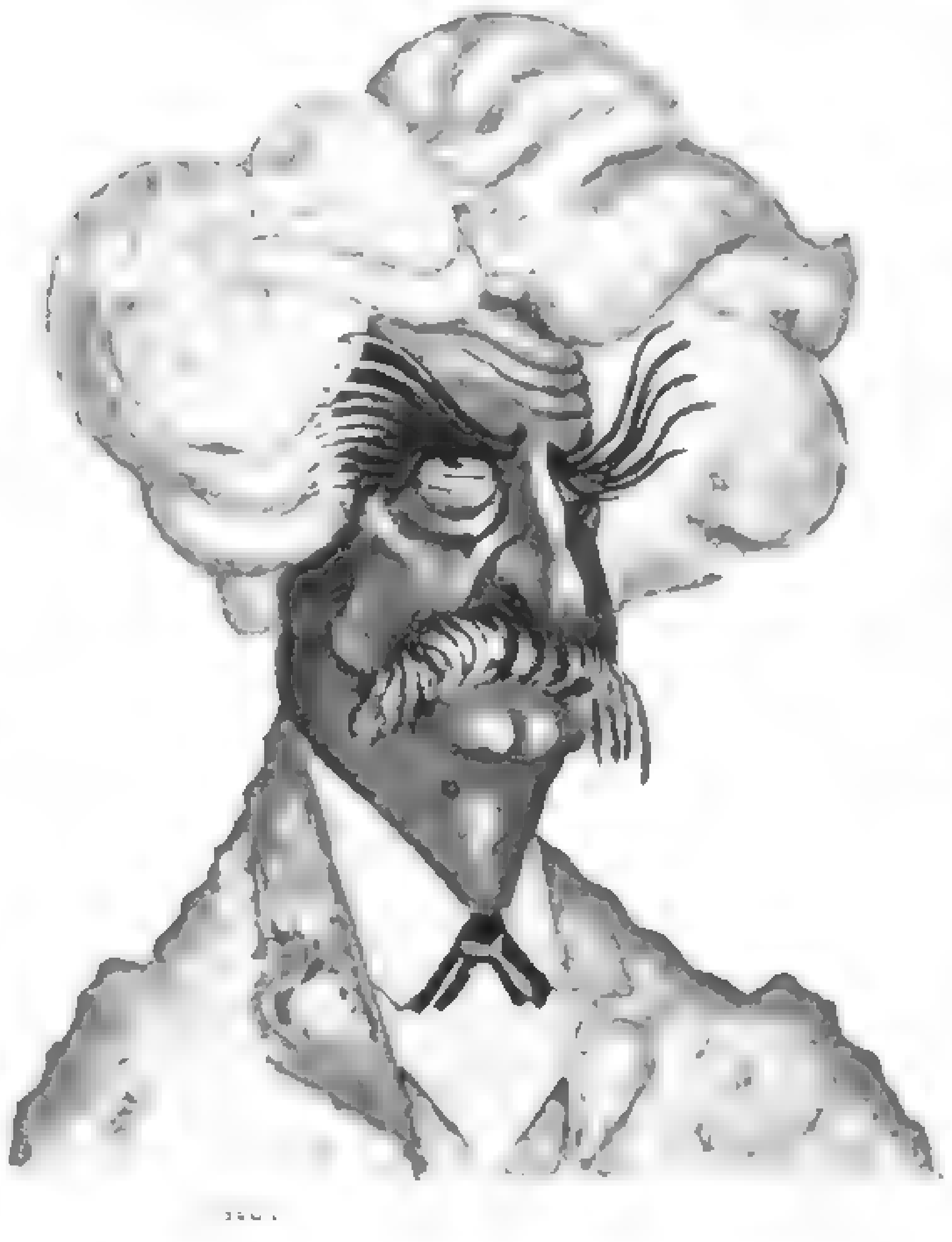
Mark Twain: Three Contacts

Revealing a writer's curiosity about the sentiments another writer leaves out of his books

by THEODORE DREISER

• ARTICLE •

A WINDY gray day in March or April, 1894. I was very new to the city of New York, at the time, and prowling about worrying over a possible connection of almost any news kind with any newspaper that would tolerate me. Incidentally, I was trying to think of some ideas—even one idea—which would persuade a city editor to consider me enough of a news idea breeder to engage me at any salary or on any space rate whatsoever. I needed work—and needed it badly.



Nights and mornings, it was my custom, in preparation for search to examine all the New York papers carefully and prayerfully. The object was to familiarize myself as speedily as possible with such things as were considered local news. And by degrees I had found that a very large variety of things, only moderately impressed on me in the west, were of the very greatest interest to the New York papers—foreign celebrities arriving on boats, individuals of distinction from the west or south or north, who then and there were in the public eye for some reason — often enough no respectable reason; the fantastic and rumouredly "gay" members of the Four Hundred of that period—the Astors, Vanderbilts, Goulds, Fishs, DePeysters, and what not! and their grand houses, yachts, receptions and dances, teas, dog dinners, and coming out parties in New York and Newport! And the battalion of foreign nobles young and old, of all lands and climes, who were there to bag an heiress, and hence the better part of some American fortune!

Quite a galaxy of prospective news items. And very confusing to a raw beginner from the west who had known very little of these sharply accentuated interests of our American capital, still less of the amazing contrasts these presented until he had arrived and stood at gaze.

By way of contrast to this colorful fanfare, I may say here, that I personally found the Bowery and its adjacent streets—that then New World center of has-beens—those who had signally failed in life, and who in these days were to be found by the hundreds and even thousands on the benches of the parks and odd squares of the city, but even more particularly in the lodging houses on ten, fifteen, and twenty-five cent roosts which lined the old Bowery from the City Hall to Cooper Union or Bible House square at Eighth Street and who begged or panhandled their way wherever throughout the city the police would let them. As often as not they ended their lives in the adjacent rivers.

I was accustomed to finding little three and four line items concerning them tucked away in the inside pages of the great Metropolitan papers in some left-over niche of space. Naturally such fantastic poverty and wealth set cheek by jowl in America's newest, wealthiest and most stridently flamboyant of all the world's greatest cities stopped me. And on several occasions on my quests for a job I ventured to suggest to a busy city or Sunday Editor a possible article on the contrast. "Old stuff; Old stuff! Think up something that everybody doesn't know about"—a reply which caused me to shrink back and feel very much of a numbskull and a failure.

Nevertheless, I was never able to get the spectacle out of mind. It caused me to fear for myself—that in due course I might possibly land here—this region of forgotten men. And while I have not—*yet*—and never convinced any New York newspaper editor that it was a worthwhile study, still—my persistent interest in the subject brought me into the first of three direct contacts with *Mark Twain*.

Let me say here though that as a boy of fourteen I had read Mark Twain—*Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *Roughing It*. And laughed and laughed. And discussed the same with John Reid, Harry Croxten, and George Shoup, a cousin of mine, and Jud Morris—the town book-worm—all of Warsaw, Indiana, of 1885-86, which means an Indiana town that doesn't exist anymore. And thus and so there had been evolved in me a most reverent and affectionate feeling for the great giant out of Florida, Missouri and the gold mines of Nevada, and the Barbary coast, of San Francisco, to say nothing of New York and Europe.

Also because of my interest I was drawn to the Bowery and liked to meditate on the men and women there. And then to go up town—into Fifth Avenue where it crosses 57th—58th—59th and 60th Street at Central Park and streets farther north and there to dream over the great hotels, and the clubs and mansions—the grand ones at 57th—60th and 61st Street and on to the Metropolitan Museum of Art at 82nd Street, The Plaza! The Savoy! The Netherlands! The Bolkenheyn! Their flower, jewelry, art shops! And the carriages—a veritable jam of them! The swanky horses! Their footmen and drivers! The silver and gold harnesses. The costumes! The men in top coats, spats, cut-a-ways—canes. The ladies in exact modes of the day for their several ages. And nodding and bowing—or coldly ignoring each other. Jingle! Jingle! Plop! Plop! And so people were seen—bowed to and remembered, or forgotten.

But this is entitled "Three Contacts With Mark Twain": Permit me.

Speaking of him, scanning all of the papers of the day, I had come across his name. But in a new way. For up to this time he had seemed not only great but secure. Yet, behold, here he was and in trouble! A publishing house of which he was a partner (Charles L. Webster and Company) was about to make an assignment or had made one — I forget which. (The exact date, I now learn was April 18, 1894). But I had read in the papers that the firm was in trouble, and Mark Twain was about to be examined in some creditor proceedings. And that interested me. Also that they spoke of him as an "old man" — "the distinguished old author." And although he was only 59, I thought of him as old and felt sorry for him. To think that at such a great age he should have to fail in business! And so become poor! And although I was lacking in a plugged centime myself, I still felt sorry—because I revered and even loved him so much. And I had youth—23 to be exact—and he was 36 years older. Get that! And the universe is deathless—forever and ever.

Well, anyhow, just at this time, in search of a job and an idea, and when Mark Twain was being examined in proceeding, I noted that among other things, these New York papers, in addition to multi-millionaires and chorus cuties, and fortune seekers and young heiresses, paid attention to great authors who were old and about to fail. And I made a note of that.

Who knows, some day, I might meet Mark Twain or even go to him and "get a story" and then sell it to a paper and get a job.

Electric idea! Marvelous! But how did a scrub like me get to see a stupendous giant like Mark Twain? It couldn't be done! He would glare at me. Or walk away without even a glance. And so—

But now see how grand fate is. How contemptuous of great men and how kind to stripling dunces of the purest ray. For walking along the Bowery one noontime, seeking color, and I think understanding of life—before me a little way, and looking in a commonplace pawn-shop window — banjos, revolvers, flutes, diamonds, rugs, pins, a shot-

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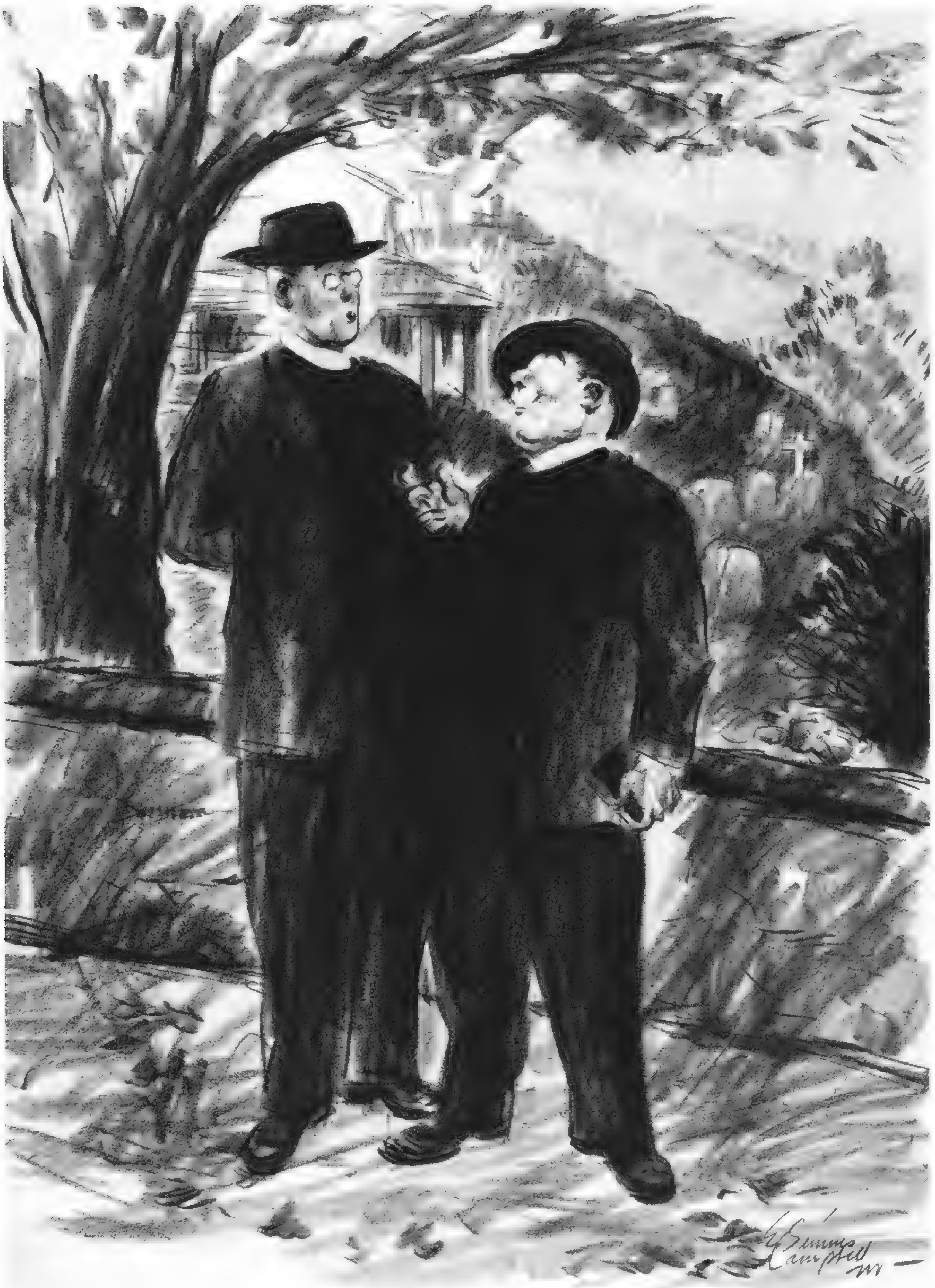

E. Simms Campbell

" . . . so I said, O. K. Toots—get out and walk then"

Why Is a Tenor?

A biased investigation proves that certain singers must have resonance chambers in the head

by CARLETON SMITH

• ARTICLE •

There are three kinds of people: men, women, and tenors. Tenors are bastards (biological "sports"). For Nature intended all men to be baritones or basses. Yet opera couldn't get along without the tenor. If there were no parts for tenors in opera, the impresarios would have to create them. In fact, they have. Many roles originally written for soprano voices are now sung by tenors.

The tenor, along with the coloratura soprano, at whose cackling even taxi-drivers halt, has filled box-office coffers for decades. The tenor's voice may be as worn out and as full of clatter as an old flivver. No matter. He arouses in the ordinary listener a naïve delight in his exhibitionism and, more than that, he puts the sex stimulant in the evening's entertainment for the ladies of both sexes. He is the answer to woman's frustrated desires, the Clark Gable of the opera house.

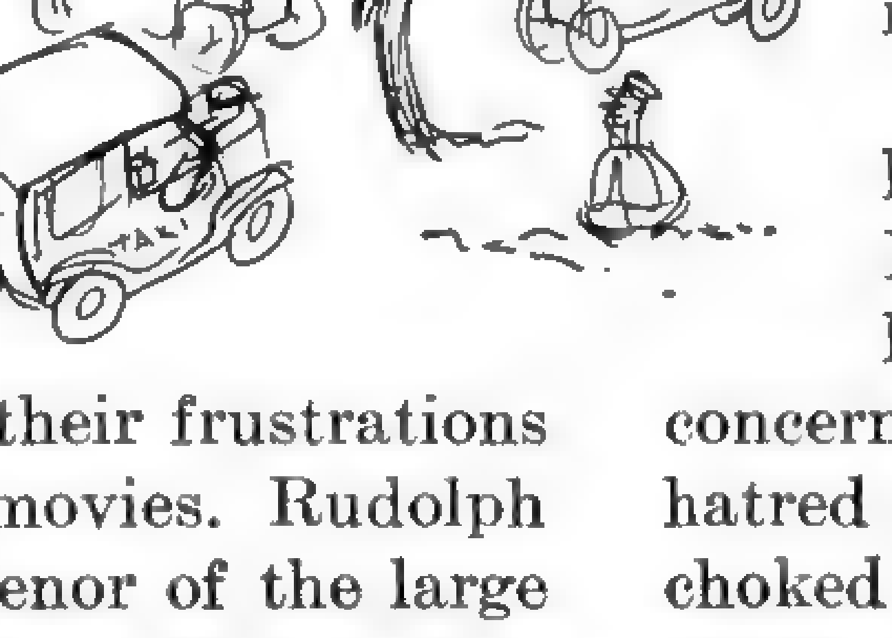
Since the time of the troubadours, the high male voice has exercised a potent influence over women. No baritone, no bass, no fiddler, flutist or fifer, not even a whole symphony orchestra, can cause such a heaving of feminine bosoms.

The hey-day of the tenor was the age of innocence before the war. It began in the giddy nineties. The tenor was the unchallenged matinée idol, and filled every seat in the house. His costume usually called for tights, and he kept well to the front of the stage. When he appeared, every lorgnette and opera-glass was raised. He was ever the over-zealous lover, the symbol of a towering passion. Impetuous, hot-headed, turbulent, forever pursuing and conquering, he swept his audiences into a frenzy of ecstasy. At his high C's, women swooned.

To approach him in public was a dream unrealized. Thousands dropped their handkerchiefs at his feet, and experienced a sensation indescribably exquisite.

The more timid rode in hansom cabs round and round the block of his hotel to glimpse him leaving or entering.

Temporarily, the tenor-idol seems to have been eclipsed. This is, of course, a period of lax morals, a bad time for him. Women apparently find it cheaper to satisfy their frustrations around the corner at the movies. Rudolph Valentino was the *ersatz* tenor of the large cinema audience. And the radio brought a successor, labelled the "crooner," whose mellifluous, slop-oozing sounds stimulated and satisfied a tremendous number of listening women. Indeed, the tenor has descended considerably from his high estate.

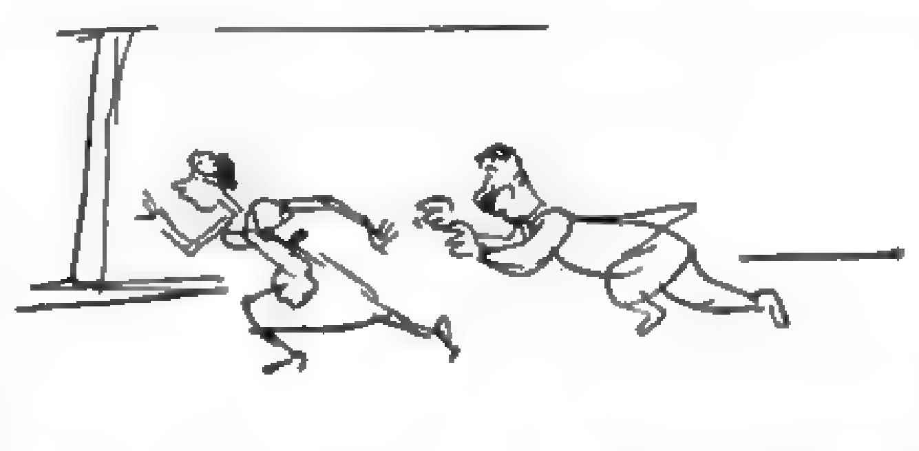


Originally, his was the voice which sang the *cantus firmus*, or chant melody, in church music. He "carried the tune," and other parts grouped themselves around. The name, tenor, is a derivative of "teneo" (I hold). As no women's voices were used, the melody was customarily entrusted to the highest male voice.

These high voices, believe it or not, flower in hot climates. Compare Italy with Russia. Where do the deep, rich basses come from? The Volga, of course. And Italy has had almost a monopoly on tenors. Warm climates nurture emotional and impulsive races, and the blossoming of tenors in the sun is really not remarkable. Even the jackasses in Italy bray in a tenor key.

Being a tenor is a disease. Except in rare cases, the tenor can not conduct himself normally and rationally. Each day he becomes more and more impressed with himself. He swells and struts. On the stage he acts as if he were alone. In an ensemble he stands out like a sore thumb.

He travels with numerous retainers, who occupy carefully selected seats at the theatre to direct the applause. He is the chief supporter of the opera house claque. Because La Scala tenors insist that no untrained gang can be trusted to gather applause for them, the leaders of their claque have to be transported from Milan to South America each season.



In New York one leading tenor always rehearses with claque leaders at his home. He requires exact attention on their part, and for still another reason than his vanity. He is short of breath. He wants the applause of the claque to come at precisely the right moment. For then, with the tone drowned out by the uproar of the audience, he keeps his mouth wide open, catches his breath, and continues with the tone the instant it can be heard again. The public thinks he has done this super-human feat on one breath. It never fails to lay 'em in the aisles!

Nothing of the kind has ever been heard of from a contralto or a basso. But instances of unaccountable behavior are plentiful where tenors are concerned. One early tenor had a mortal hatred of Minnie Hauk, because she once choked his high B-flat with a too comprepensive embrace, and his expression of rage, understood by the audience as a tremendous burst of dramatic enthusiasm, was loudly applauded.

The husband of Adelina Patti was a tenor. It had been agreed that Patti's name was to be in letters half as big again as those used for any other singer. The husband resolutely measured all posters and discovered one day that the name of Nevada, also a singer in the company, was a fraction over the stipulated size. Every poster was re-cut in such a way that a strip was taken out of Nevada's name, and the middle dash of the E and of the A's was amputated.

Tenors, any way you look at them, have screwy ideas. They are in the same class with left-handed pitchers. They go in for loud colored automobiles. They buy too many rugs and tapestries for one room. They select queer neckties. Gigli in London last year sported a red, black and gray tie which he insisted in all seriousness symbolized moonlight on the Adriatic. Another Italian tenor always sings a few bars of *Rigoletto* to every bank-teller when he cashes checks. He claims it identifies him.

Most of them are superstitious. Ten minutes before the curtain, a famous Canio in *Pagliacci* became "indisposed." Truth was that his valet had forgotten to bring a certain gold locket, which the singer wore habitually on a chain under his costume whenever he stepped upon the stage. He refused to go on without this charm. No argument could move him, and the curtain was held half an hour until an attendant returned from the singer's hotel with the charmed necklace. Another Metropolitan tenor would not appear unless his wife was there. He had her spit at him, curse him, and shout, "You are awful! Lousy! Rotten!" Then he could sing better. One successful tenor never sings unless the pockets in his costumes are lined with velvet. He likes the feel of it. Another lyric hero rejected the role of eunuch recently, arguing that it would be a blow to his personal reputation. His substitute was described by a New York critic as "an efficient eunuch," and the singer is still sore.

Certain of the tribe hold that running after women robs the voice of its over-ripe, fruity, sensuous quality. They abstain for the sake of their art, taking their cue from the choir composed of *castrati* in the Roman Churches of the post-Renaissance period. Others put pleasure before business, and frequently chase hotel maids down corri-

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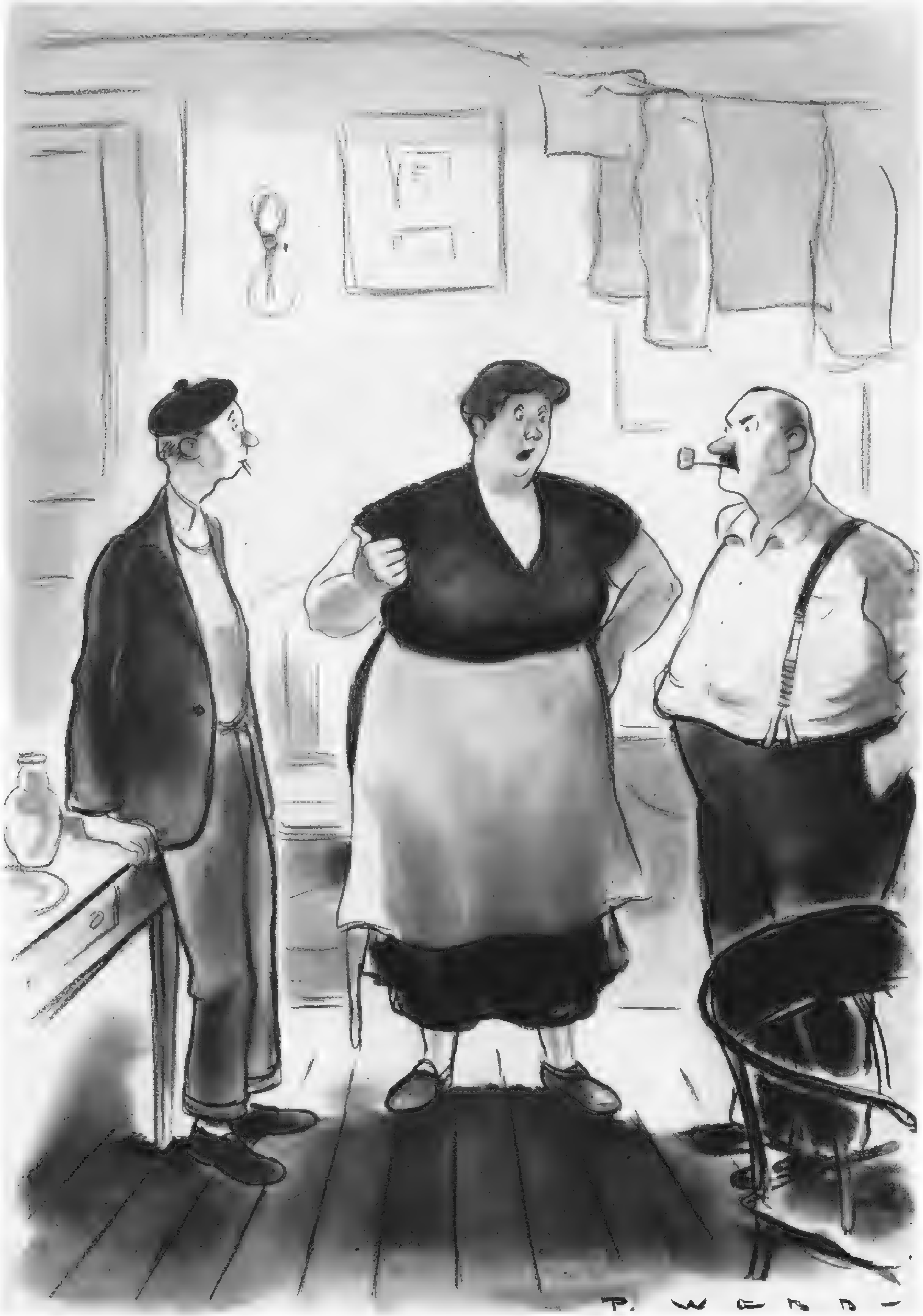
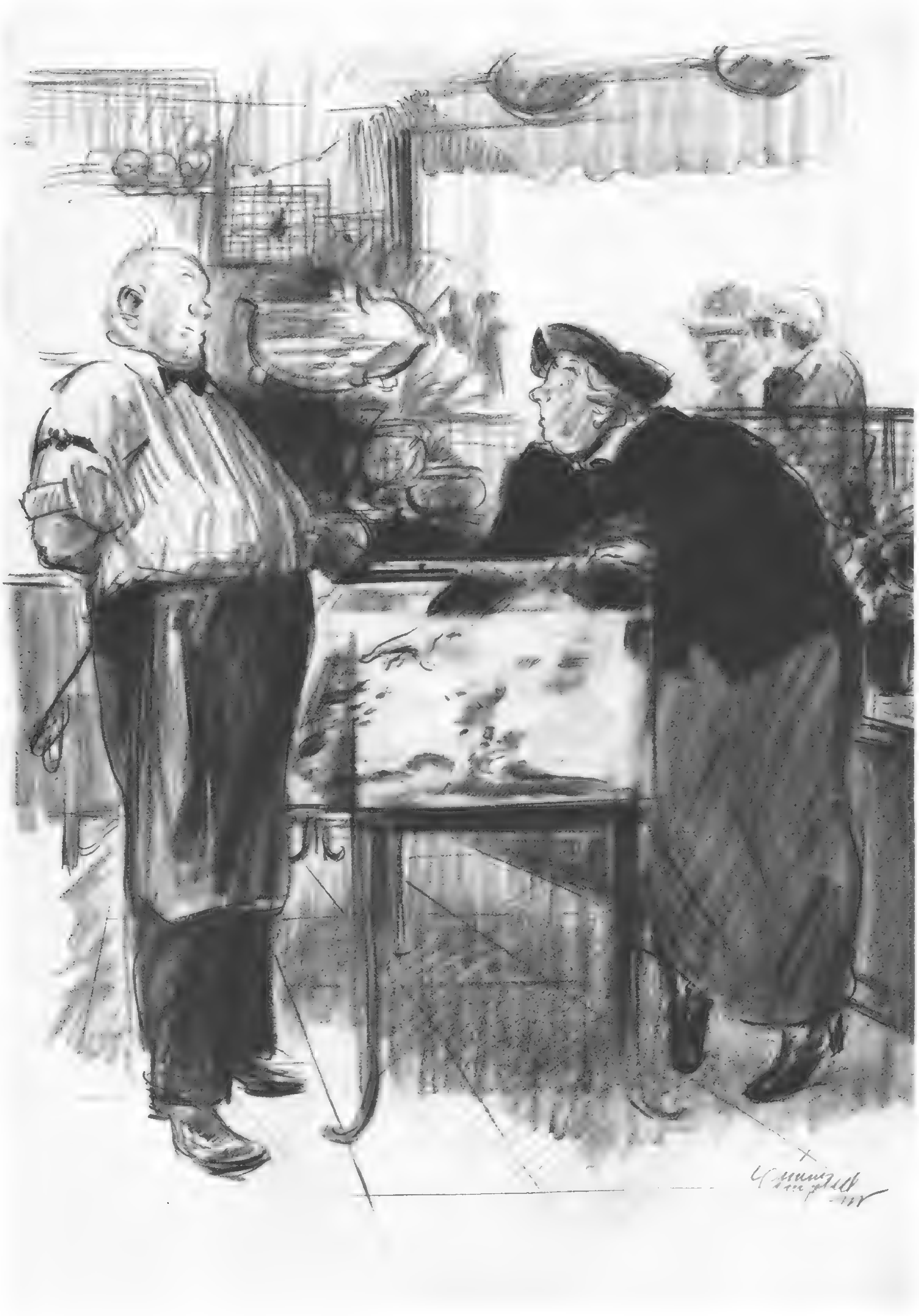


"A buck an' a half I give him fer liquor an' he comes back with a French berry hat!"



"Madam, are you in quest of a kick in the pants?"

Hymn to the Hay-Tosser

A bird in the bush is worth two in the bag when it comes to preservation of wild fowl

by HAROLD TITUS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

MR. CHAIRMAN, may I have the floor? . . . I would like, sir, to offer this assemblage of nimrods a resolution. I would like to put this meeting on record as commending the individual who has been roundly damned here this evening. I would like to crown with the laurel of our approbation the one who tonight has been so stoutly charged with making it necessary for most hunters the country over to speak in the past tense of our revered American system of free hunting.

I have in mind for the subject of this resolution the agriculturalist, the tiller and owner of the soil, the farmer, the hay-tosser, as one present has dubbed him; the culprit, in the opinion of many, on whose shoulders rests the responsibility for the sorry state of affairs in our upland shooting.

I trust this intent does not astound you; I trust you will hear me through with a patience that the subject deserves.

I have listened with sympathy and understanding to all that has been said here. I, too, have watched with heavy heart not only the disappearance of our game but the banishment of our kind from acres which once were happy hunting grounds. I believe I know, then, whereof I speak.

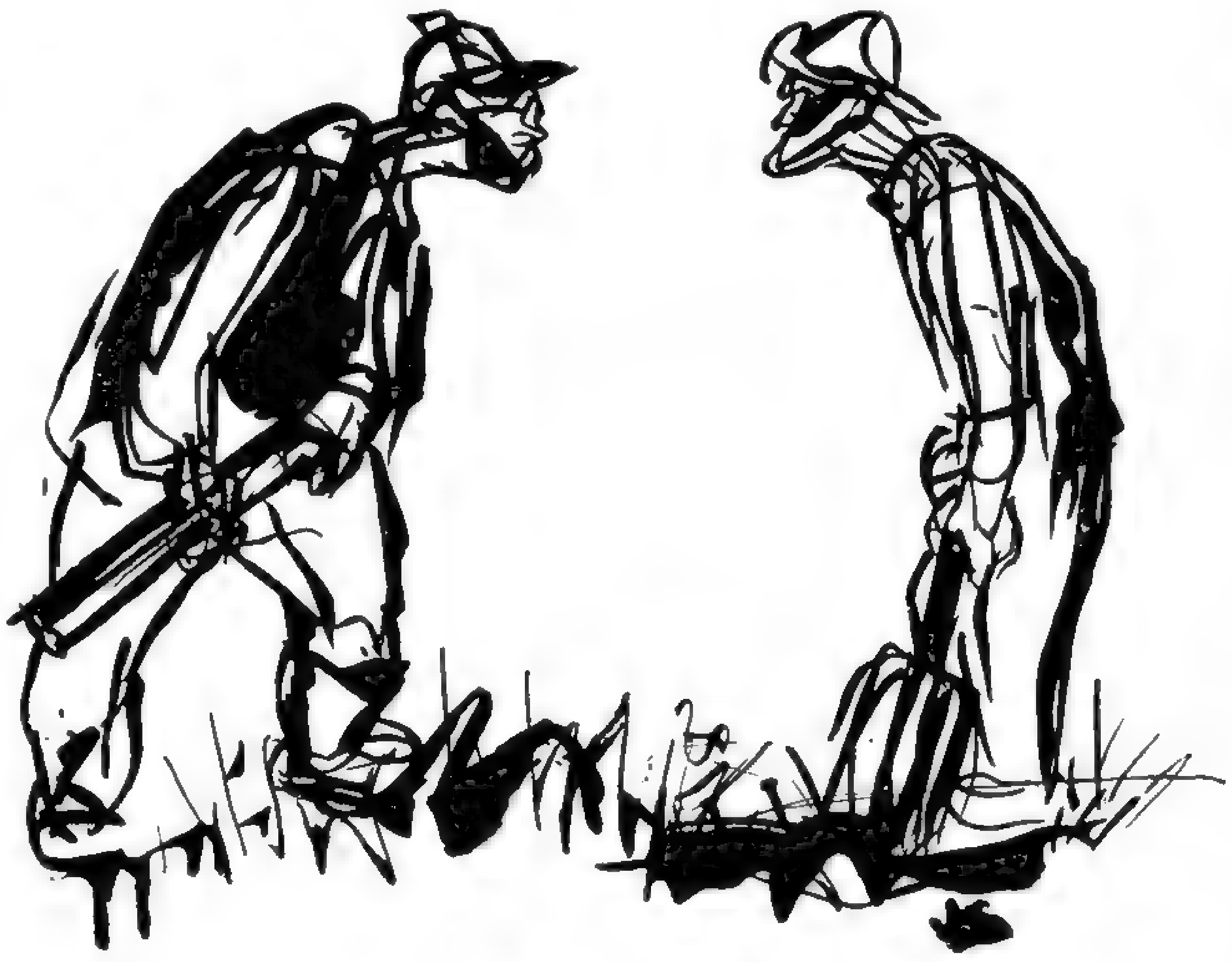
Now in this discussion we have not been concerned with those upland species which inhabit wild areas such as ruffed grouse and woodcock; nor with exotics thriving in remote places such as the Dakotas and the Canadian Northwest. We have been concerned with the problem of the vast majority of hunters, those city dwellers who are forced to look for the bulk of their upland shooting to thickly settled districts adjacent to the location of business and home.

Time was, and not in a past that has dimmed, either, when our kind toiled and lived only an hour or so from a land which, if not overflowing with milk and honey, at least was splendidly stocked with our native farm-type game birds: quail and chicken. Today, what have we? Scattered coveys of protected quail; an occurrence of chicken here and there; and the introduced ring-neck pheasant, in places abundant but difficult indeed to pursue without finding oneself involved in trespass.

Now, the principal cause of the dwindling of stocks of native birds in these areas, it has been agreed in tonight's discussion, was the charge inaugurated in agricultural practice within the last brace of decades. Clean cultivation, wire fences, the tillage of hitherto neglected swales and kettle holes, the general efficiency of husbandry, sounded a knell for our targets. As we now realize, it was not the at-first-suspected over-shooting but the ruining of happy homes for the birds and the consequent impairment of natural reproduction which was responsible for this decline.

(You will be tolerant, Mr. Chairman, if I stray afield historically before specifying the resolution I am to propose? It will clarify my position, I believe . . . I thank you.)

The situation and our state of mind both became desperate. We sought for devices which would replenish supplies and when the importation of quail to bolster existing stocks was suggested we tried it enthusiastically, to say nothing of expensively, and did ourselves no good. Failing there, and not knowing how to approach the chicken problem at all, due to the peculiarities of the bird, we sought new species which might feed our pleasant vice and the search led to an introduction of the ring neck pheasant which has become, for most upland hunters in America, the lone object of pursuit.



At times and in places the ring-neck took hold and promised to thrive but his appearance among us was made just as the up-curves of activity among automotive and highway engineers assumed such an astonishing angle. He took hold just as it became possible for city dwellers to reach rural districts with a speed and in numbers which had never before been dreamed of.

This, my friends, wrote Finish for shooting as we had known it in our younger manhood, and which has been so eloquently mourned this evening.

Trespass laws, to be sure, had stood on statute books for generations, but they were not generally brought to bear upon the hunter. Oh, occasionally a warning sign was posted, but if one was denied that man's acres, his neighbor's were open and game was everywhere. With the influx of such numbers of guns, with the over-running of fields and homesteads by such armies of strangers, the alarmed farmer insisted that these old laws be given teeth and enforcement and his appeals were granted.

This, of course, confronted us with an anomalous situation. The pheasants had almost exclusively been reared and released by public agencies. And the laws solemnly assured us that the game belonged to the people. But when we set out to pursue this gaudy exotic which the law affirmed was ours, we discovered that the land he inhabited was denied our feet!

Thus, the genesis of that ill feeling of sportsman against farmer which has grown to an incredible intensity. He wouldn't leave a hedgerow or a swale hole for our native birds to live in, we said: and now when we rear and liberate pheasants at two-dollars-and-up each he won't let us go get them! What manner of citizen is this? we asked. And what are we going to do? And where are we going to go?

Well, those of us who could afford it had a place to go. We went to our own shooting preserves, which bloomed in many states. We reared and released our own birds and shot them under liberal dispensations.

This, of course, was contrary to the American tradition. This was as exotic as the pheasant himself. But the aggravating factor was this: that only a *part* of the game culture technique of European preserves was imported; only the feature of propagation was brought across, but its success, costly and inefficient though it was, stirred an unrest which has caused all manner of complications.

If the fortunate individual who owned land could thus furnish himself with pen-reared birds, why could not the states furnish them for all? we demanded, disregarding the problem of how to bag them once they were released. We nagged and petitioned for more game farms and larger releases and listened not at all to official protests based on costs, and pheasants are expensive to raise, gentlemen. And when we got at least a part of what we demanded and found that we could not hunt, we clamored for publicly owned or leased shooting areas, not considering the fact that one gun could spoil for each day enough acres of good pheasant territory—which is invariably also good farming land—to run the investment to an alarming total. We complained and cam-

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Survivor from Parnassus

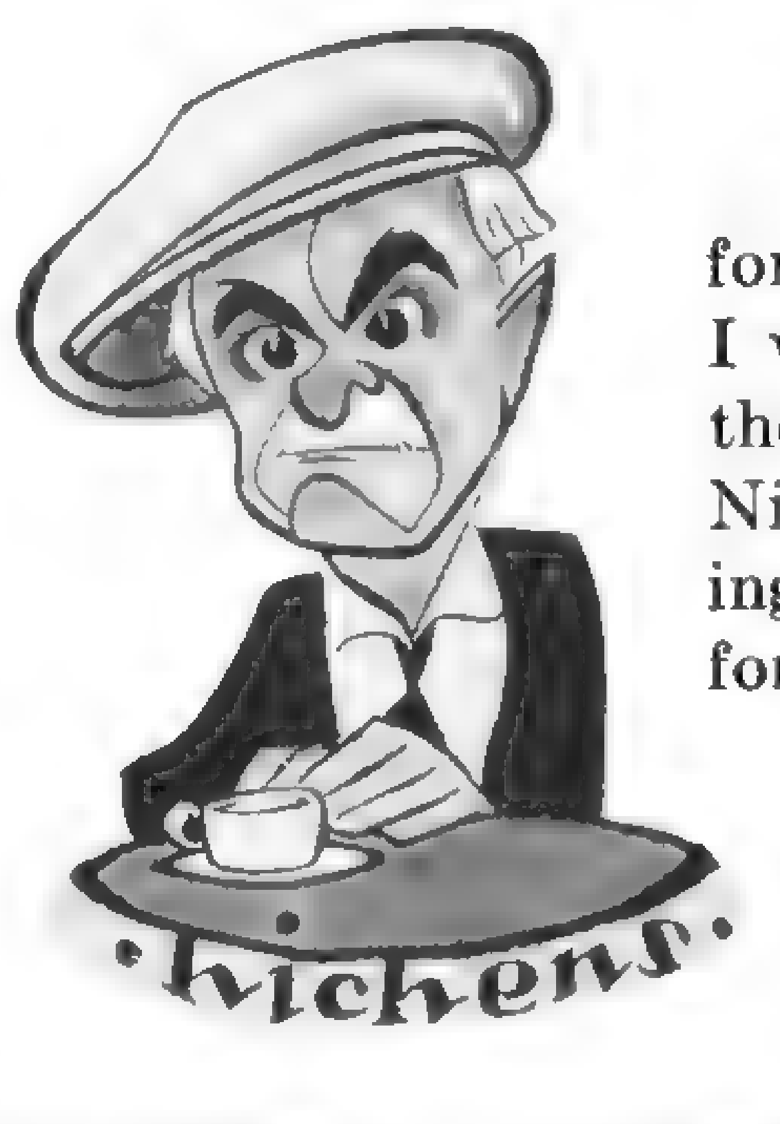
Whistler, Wilde, and the bright crowd of the Nineties are still alive for Richard Le Gallienne

by JOHN WILSTACH

• ARTICLE •

ONE might imagine that the poet of legend, dating from magnificent Lord Tennyson and flaming Algernon Swinburne, is as dead as the dodo bird. Once, indeed, mounted on Pegasus, he scaled the heights of Parnassus, costumed appropriately, with flowing locks, a windsor tie, and a broad-brimmed felt hat. For the Parnassus stables are empty, and the singing bards of the Nineties are embalmed in anthologies and histories of the period. Well, that brilliant gang that clustered about John Lane at The Bodley Head, in Vigo Street, have vanished—Swinburne, Oscar Wilde, Stephen Phillips, John Davidson, Arthur Symons and Francis Thompson, George Moore and George Meredith—but Richard Le Gallienne, their contemporary and friend, still remains, the last of those who launched *The Yellow Book*.

Richard is a bit gray now—the bad gray poet, he calls himself—but he still can be recognized in the famous Max Beerbohm caricature, with high curling hair, wearing two soft hats, one on either side of his head. The incomparable Max exhibited it shortly after Le Gallienne's greatest success, *The Quest of the Golden Girl*. Then came Dick's *If I Were God*, which produced a critical top, for brevity, in a British review: "*If I Were God* by Richard Le Gallienne. If I were Richard Le Gallienne—by God!"

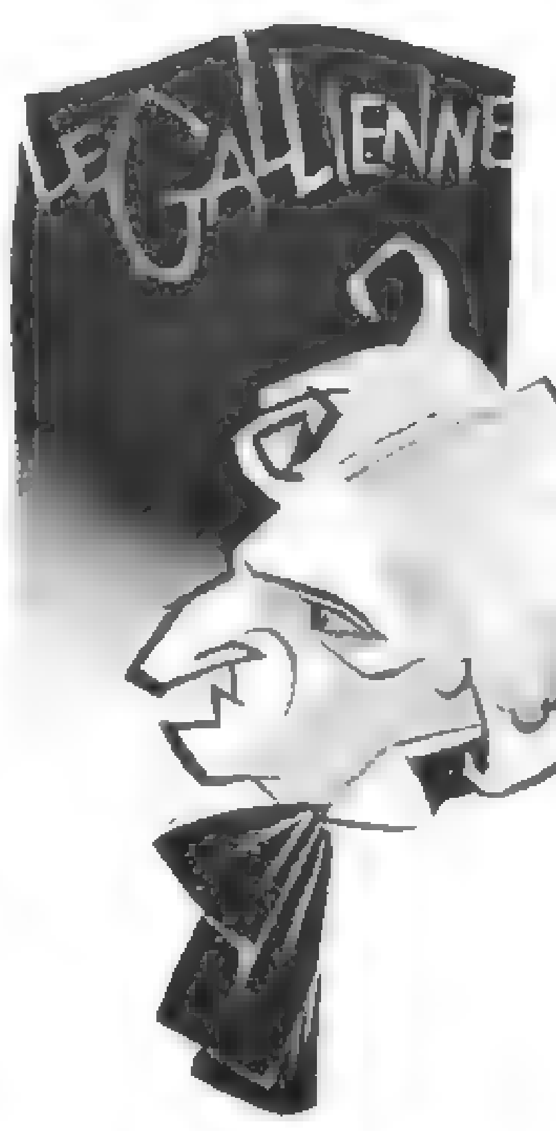


"It is very unlucky to be a poet," he once told me, at a little table in a Morningside bar, "you have only to look at every poet's tragic career to realize that. Stephen Phillips held that a poet was an anachronism. Poor fellow, he was once spoken of in the same breath with Milton and Keats. I can remember when Sir Beerbohm Tree, for whom he wrote such dramas as *Herod*, used to lock him in his study; after writing so many lines of blank verse he would be released, with enough money for a drink ration for the day—and night."

Richard was interested in his recent *Omar Repentant*—Omar in a New York barroom, recanting the jug of wine and the rest of it. He recited:

Night falls, the stars are rising, and full soon
Over New York shall float the simple moon:
How bright the streets are with the women's eyes,
And the false friendship of the smart saloon.

Here is the lie—now listen while I tell
The truth of this vine-trellised path to hell:
Would I could harrow up your soul with it—
You want another whiskey?—ring the bell.



I did ring the bell, for I wasn't sure that the bartender wouldn't think Richard was delivering a tract, even though we were both good customers.

"Brevity and clearness are old fashioned," he said, sadly. "Everything must be tortured and obscure, to be praised. I remember a little stanza of mine, the epitome of a period:

From tavern to tavern
Youth passes along,
With an armful of girl
And a heart full of song.

"That expresses itself too plainly for these days. It was written when I was singing of 'The Iron Lilies of the Strand,' in the days of the Nineties, when there really were living poets, and Oscar Wilde wrote for me in a presentation book:

"Go little book,
To him who, on a lute, with horns of pearl
Sang of the white feet of the Golden Girl. . . .

Ah, Oscar was indeed a lord of language and charmed listeners into delighted silence, whoever they might be. He annoyed many because of his egotism, never unfounded, and so it brought him many enemies. Robert Hichens openly used Oscar and young Lord Alfred Douglas as the principal characters in his anonymously published novel, *The Green Carnation*.

" 'Hichens came one afternoon for luncheon,' I can hear Oscar drawl. 'He was supplied with enough wit for the only brilliant book he ever wrote.'

"Wilde's conceit first displeased the critics at the opening night of *Lady Windermere's Fan*. He was called before the curtain, and appeared, insolently smoking a cigarette. He took a puff, bowed slightly and yawned: 'I'm glad that you had a nice time. I have enjoyed myself immensely.'

"His natural impulse to create a bon mot, whatever the cost, came out at his trial, when he said: 'At least the criminal classes are with me.' But I prefer to remember him in the days of his success, one of the most charming conversationalists who ever lived, which everyone who ever listened to him will testify.

"One afternoon we were returning from a stroll down Piccadilly, going toward his home on Tite street, decorated by Whistler. An important individual stood on the steps, barring our way, holding an official looking document.

" 'My good man, what can I do for you?' asked Wilde.

" 'You are Mr. Wilde?'

" 'Today I happen to be. Some days I am the nobleman known as the Duke of Monmouth.'

"The fellow waved the document, under his nose. 'I am the tax collector. Your taxes are overdue.'

" 'How does this concern me?'

" 'You own this house?'

" 'I can hardly state. The socialistic state is approaching.'

" 'But you sleep here.'

" 'Your insistence will get you nothing, my man. Certainly I sleep here. But, oh, so badly.'

"I remember an instance that is so characteristic of him, when we were walking down the Strand. A beggar plucked at Wilde's gorgeous fur coat.

" 'Sir, will you kindly help a poor man? I have no bed, no work, no bread to eat.' nothing."

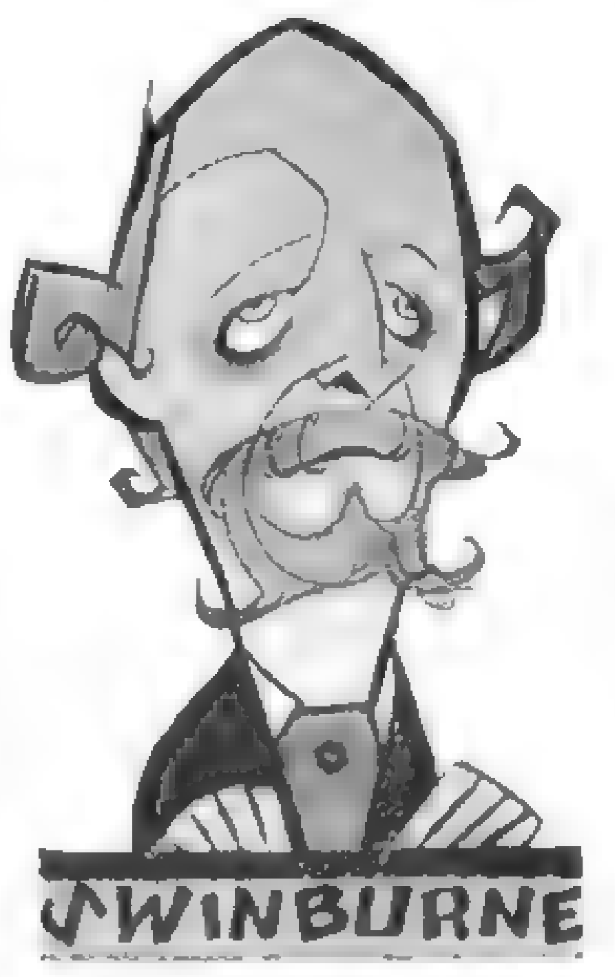
"Wilde shrank away, then gazed at him sternly. 'If you had told me that you had a bed to sleep in, but wouldn't dream of sleeping in it; that you had work to do yet no idea of doing it—bread to eat but disdained it for truffles, I should have given you a five pound note. As it is you are depressingly normal. I shall only give you a shilling.'

"Indeed, he hated sober facts. Once he cross-questioned André Gide, the French writer, as to what he had been doing. The other told him, and Wilde's face grew fretful.

"'You really did that?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then why repeat it? Surely you see that it isn't of the slightest importance. There are two worlds—the real world which there is no need to talk about in order to see it. The other is the world of art: you must talk about that, otherwise it wouldn't exist.'"



"But it all came about through his dislike of exactness. An admirer called upon him one afternoon—found him seated in a monk's outfit—a pretty compliment to Balzac, his quill poised over a blank sheet of parchment.

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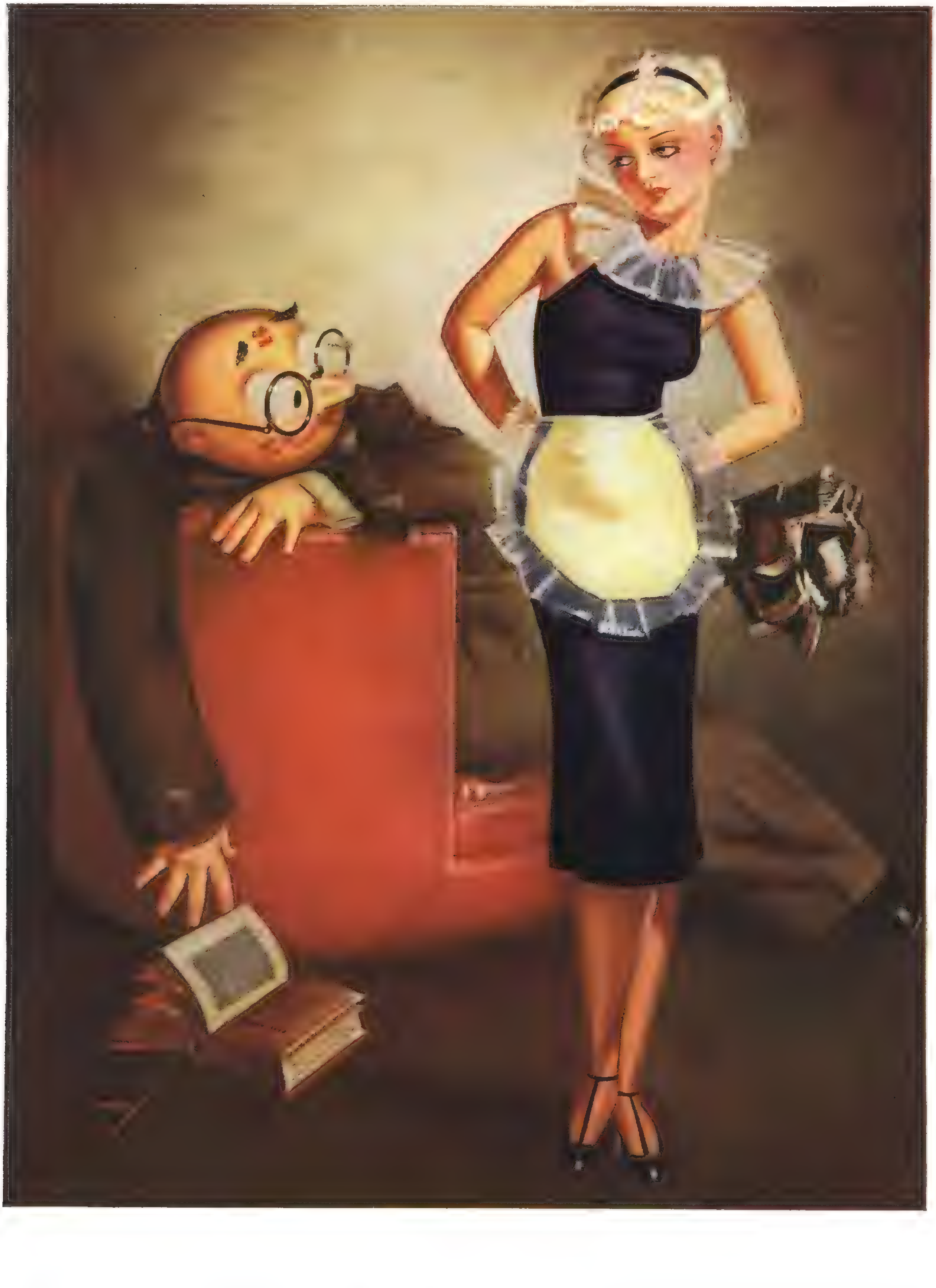


"Will that be all, sir?"

...And Sudden Death

This may be tough to take but it is the actual truth about what happens in auto accidents

by J. C. FURNAS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Extra! Man bites dog as latter is drenched by fire-hydrant!* ESQUIRE *reprints article from Reader's Digest! We got thinking—here's Reader's Digest quoting us month after month for a year and a half and what do we do about it? Nothing. Well, that's hardly polite. So here turns the worm, as it were—the quotee quotes, and the Digest gets digested. We reprint the following article, with permission, from the August, 1935 issue of the Reader's Digest, because, first of all, we would like to see this article as widely read as possible; second, because we certainly would have printed it if it had been offered to us by Mr. Furnas in the first place, and third, because we feel confident that after reading it certain members of* ESQUIRE'S *staff who have been driving two hundred miles in as many minutes won't do it anymore.*

PUBLICIZING the total of motoring injuries—almost a million last year, with 36,000 deaths—never gets to first base in jarring the motorist into a realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

Figures exclude the pain and horror of savage mutilation—which means they leave out the point. They need to be brought closer home. A passing look at a bad smash or the news that a fellow you had lunch with last week is in a hospital with a broken back will make any driver but a born fool slow down at least temporarily. But what is needed is a vivid and *sustained* realization that every time you step on the throttle, death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance. That single horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror. That sort of thing happens every hour of the day, everywhere in the United States. If you really felt *that*, perhaps the stickful of type in Monday's paper recording that a total of 29 local citizens were killed in week-end crashes would rate something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

An enterprising judge now and again sentences reckless drivers to tour the accident end of a city morgue. But even a mangled body on a slab, waxily portraying the consequences of bad motoring judgment, isn't a patch on the scene of the accident itself. No artist working on a safety poster would dare depict that in full detail.

That picture would have to include motion-picture and sound effects, too — the flopping, pointless efforts of the injured to stand up; the queer, grunting noises; the steady, panting groaning of a human being with pain creeping up on him as the shock wears off. It should portray the slack expression on the face of a man, drugged with shock, staring at the Z-twist in his broken leg, the insane crumpled effect of a child's body after its bones are crushed inward, a realistic portrait of an hysterical woman with her screaming mouth opening a hole in the bloody drip that fills her eyes and runs off her chin. Minor details would include the raw ends of bones protruding through flesh in compound fractures, and the dark red, oozing surfaces where clothes and skin were flayed off at once.

Those are all standard, everyday sequels to the modern passion for going places in a hurry and taking a chance or two by the way. If ghosts could be put to a useful purpose, every bad stretch of road in the United States would greet the oncoming motorist with groans and screams and the educational spectacle of ten or a dozen corpses, all sizes, sexes and ages, lying horribly still on the bloody grass.

Last year a state trooper of my acquaintance stopped a big red Hispano for speeding. Papa was obviously a responsible person, obviously set for a pleasant week-end with his family—so the officer cut into papa's well-bred expostulations: "I'll let you off this time, but if you keep on this way, you won't last long. Get going—but take it easier." Later a passing motorist hailed the trooper and asked if the red Hispano had got a ticket. "No," said the trooper, "I hated to spoil their party." "Too bad you didn't," said the motorist, "I saw you stop them—and then I passed that car again 50 miles up the line. It still makes me feel sick at my stomach. The car was all folded up like an accordion—the color was about all there was left. They were all dead but one of the kids—and he wasn't going to live to the hospital."

Maybe it will make you sick at your stomach, too. But unless you're a heavy-footed incurable, a good look at the picture the artist wouldn't dare paint, a first-hand acquaintance with the results of mixing gasoline with speed and bad judgment, ought to be well worth your while. I can't help it if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have the nerve to take the appropriate cure. You can't ride an ambulance or watch the doctor working on the victim in the hospital, but you can read.

The automobile is treacherous, just as a cat is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

Collision, turnover or sideswipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction—and, since the occupant—meaning you—continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you — inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of momentum.

It's like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you—and one of the rarer things—is to be thrown out as the doors spring open, so you have only the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the *Twentieth Century* at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming metal knobs and edges and glass inside the car.

Anything can happen in that split second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People have dived through windshields and come out with only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterward. But death was there just the same—he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic. This spring a wrecking crew pried the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and out stepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast. No blood—no horribly twisted bones—just a gray-haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap as she had clutched it when she felt the car leave the road.

On that same curve a month later, a light touring car crashed a tree. In the middle of the front seat they found a nine-months-old baby surrounded by broken glass and yet absolutely unhurt. A fine practical joke on death—but spoiled by the baby's parents, still sitting on each side of him, instantly killed by shattering their skulls on the dashboard.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers—it's difficult to identify a body with its whole face bashed in or torn off. The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column's plunging through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on curves. The modern death-trap is likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes of traffic—like the notorious Astor Flats on the Albany Post Road where there have been as many as 27 fatalities in one summer month. This sudden vision of broad, straight road tempts many an ordinarily sensible driver into passing the man ahead. Simultaneously a driver coming the other way swings out at high speed. At the last moment each tries to get into line again, but the gaps are closed. As the cars in line are forced into the ditch to capsize or crash fences, the passers meet, almost head on, in a swirling, grinding smash that sends them caroming obliquely into the others.

A trooper described such an accident—five cars in one mess, seven killed on the spot, two dead on the way to the hospital, two more dead in the long run. He remembered it far more vividly than he wanted to—the quick way the doctor turned away from a dead man to check up on a woman with a broken back; the three bodies out of one car so soaked with oil from the crankcase that they looked like wet brown cigars and not human at all; a man, walking around and babbling to himself, oblivious of the dead and dying, even oblivious of the dagger-like sliver of steel that stuck out of his streaming wrist; a pretty girl with her forehead laid open, trying hopelessly to crawl out of a ditch in spite of her smashed hip. A first-class massacre of that sort is only a question of scale and numbers—seven corpses are no deader than one. Each shattered man, woman or child who went to make up the 36,000 corpses chalked up last year had to die a personal death.

A car careening and rolling down a bank, battering and smashing its occupants every inch of the way, can wrap itself so thoroughly around a tree that front and rear bumpers interlock, requiring an acetylene torch to cut them apart. In a recent case of that sort they found the old lady, who had been sitting in back, lying across the lap of her daughter, who was in front, each soaked in her own and the other's blood indistinguishably, each so shattered and broken that there was no point whatever in an autopsy to determine whether it was broken neck or ruptured heart that caused death.

Overturning cars specialize in certain injuries. Cracked pelvis, for instance, guaranteeing agonizing months in bed, motionless, perhaps crippled for life—broken spine resulting from sheer sidewise twist — the minor details of smashed knees and splintered shoulder blades caused by crashing into the side of the car as she goes over with the swirl of an insane roller coaster — and the lethal consequences of broken ribs, which puncture hearts and lungs with their raw ends. The consequent internal hemorrhage is no less dangerous because it is the pleural instead of the abdominal cavity that is filling with blood.

Flying glass—safety glass is by no means universal yet—contributes much more than its share to the spectacular side of accidents. It doesn't merely cut—the fragments are driven in as if a cannon loaded with broken bottles had been fired in your face, and a sliver in the eye, traveling with such force, means certain blindness. A leg or arm stuck through the windshield will cut clean to the bone through vein, artery and muscle like a piece of beef under the butcher's knife, and it takes little time to lose a fatal amount of blood under such circumstances. Even safety glass may not be wholly safe when the car crashes something at high speed. You hear picturesque tales of how a flying human body will make a neat hole in the stuff with its head—the shoulders stick—the glass holds—and the raw, keen edge of the hole decapitates the body as neatly as a guillotine.

Or, to continue with the decapitation motif, going off the road into a post-and-rail fence can put you beyond worrying about other injuries immediately when a rail comes through the windshield and tears off your head with its splintery end—not as neat a job but thoroughly efficient. Bodies are often found with their shoes off and their feet all broken out of shape. The shoes are back on the floor of the car, empty and with their laces still neatly tied. That is the kind of impact produced by modern speeds.

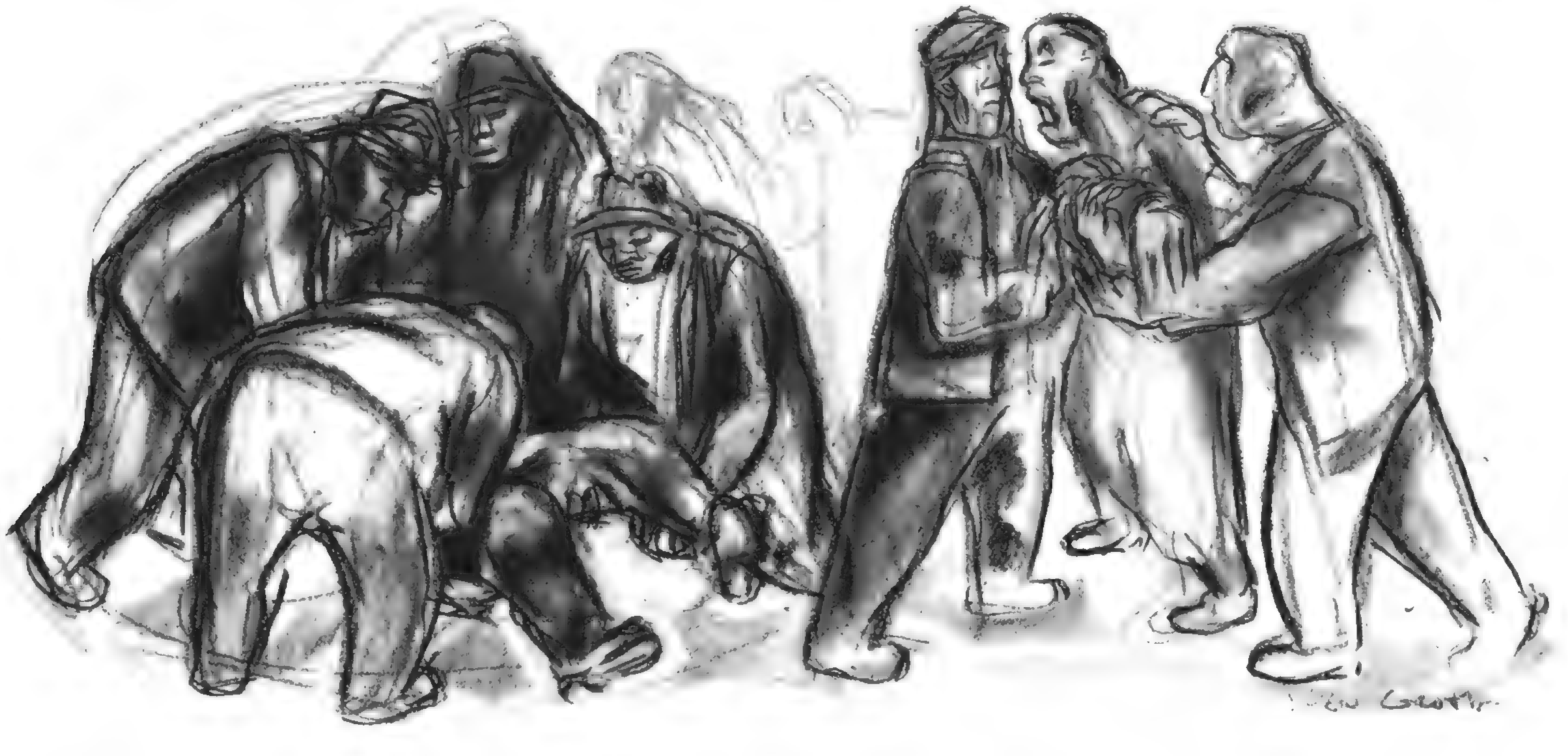
But all that is routine in every American community. To be remembered individually by doctors and policemen, you have to do something as grotesque as the lady who burst the windshield with her head, splashing splinters all over the other occupants of the car, and then, as the car rolled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windshield frame and cut her throat from ear to ear. Or park on the pavement too near a curve at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off the spare tire—which will immortalize you in somebody's memory as the fellow who was mashed three feet broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy duty truck against the rear of his own car. Or be as original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an open roadster this spring—thrown clear—but each broke a windshield post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull, down to the eyebrows, was missing. Or snap off a nine-inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

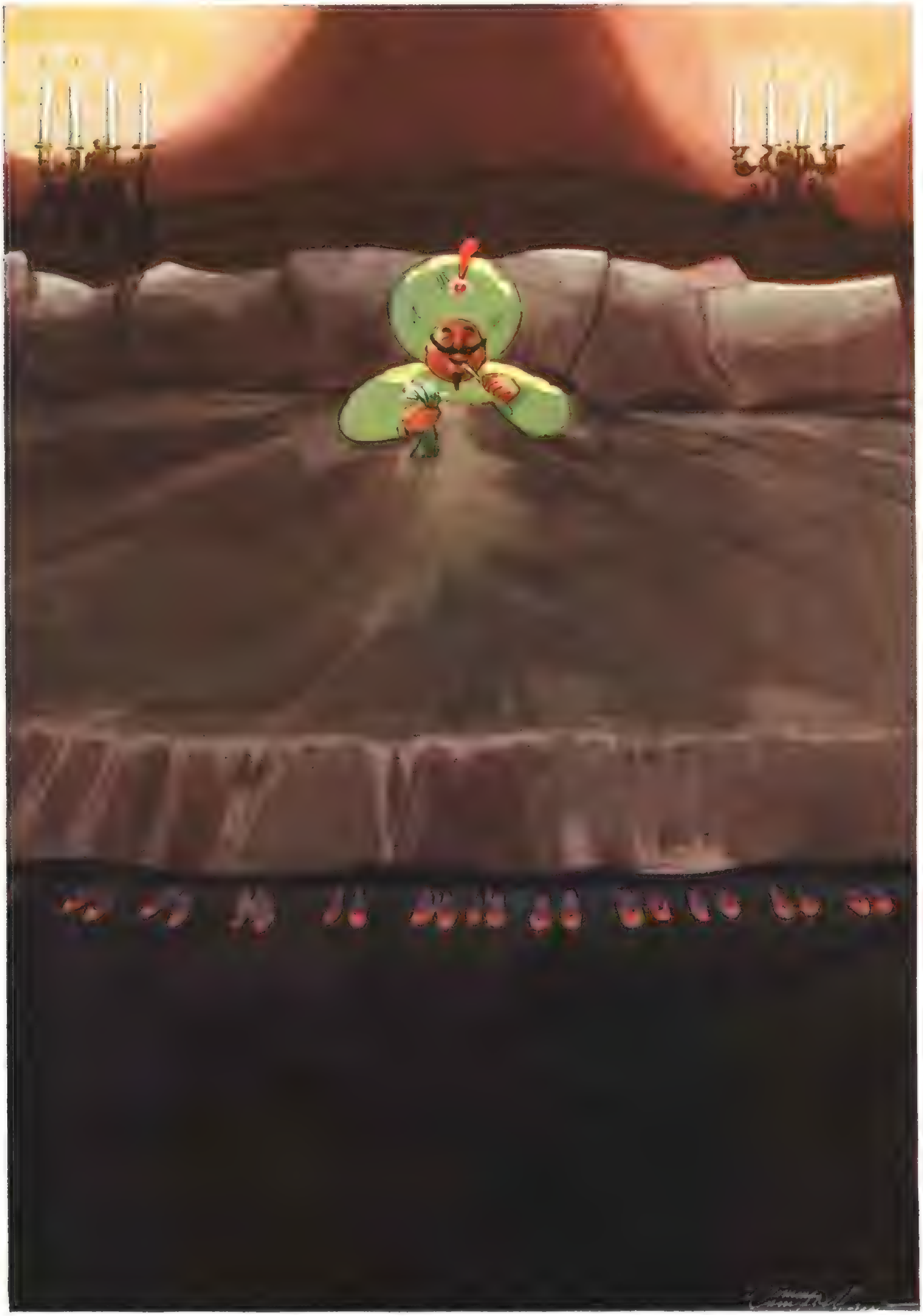
None of all that is scare-fiction; it is just the horrible raw material of the year's statistics as seen in the ordinary course of duty by policemen and doctors, picked at random. The surprising thing is that there is so little dissimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collarbones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you, as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it actually feels like to be one of that 36,000.

And every time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit it up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you drive with your reactions slowed down by a drink or two, every time you follow the man ahead too closely, you're gambling a few seconds against this kind of blood and agony and sudden death.

Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet. And then take it easy. #





"Thank God for onions!"

Father Forgive Me

A modern tragedy, of man forced to sell his private self, even beyond the selling of his blood

by ROBERT BUCKNER

▪ FICTION ▪

Now that the case is closed, I have tried to reason it this way.

No doctor, unless he is a psychiatrist, and a damned good one at that, should ever attend a victim of injured pride; however precious the patient or raw and frightful the wound. Let him once lift the bandage and in that instant his failure is sealed.

Because I have probed deeper than I should, I know now that this pride of human beings is an organ much too delicate for a surgeon's scalpel. Stubborn, fixed and cankerous, it is a maddening riddle, a closed book which only those who profess the salvation of souls have the conceit to open.

So far as I am concerned, and I believe this to be true of many other doctors as well, they are welcome to these cases. We would like to wash our hands of them once and for all. Even when the victims are those we love. *Especially* when they are those we love!

These past five years have brought to light many strange disorders of the mind and body, and often we have been forced to novel cures which are not to be found in our books. For poverty and despair breed death in a thousand subtle ways, the subtlest of which strikes through the pride. Here in this city where I lived during those years and now write this record, I have watched half a million broken, jobless men and women whose veins were filling with the slow virus, and been powerless to help them.

Only once, in ignorance and from a mistaken sense of charity, I tried. From my point of view the story should be told not merely because it weighs heavily upon my conscience, but because it presents a strange new problem for our moral and civil codes.

Both the man and his wife were my patients. They were also my friends. Another doctor, had the case been his, might conceivably be proud of the ingenuity of its solution. On the contrary, I am deeply and profoundly horrified; for though we who see so much of death hold life rather cheaply, murder is something else. And now, to keep my sanity, I have almost convinced myself that any crime which might be implied to the act rests not on my head, but on society's. However, suppose you judge that for yourself.

The early history of this case is important. Perhaps if I had reviewed it myself more carefully from the beginning, I would have prescribed differently. Perhaps. I don't know. Undoubtedly, as you read this you will detect the one glaring error in my diagnosis. This is so easy—afterwards.

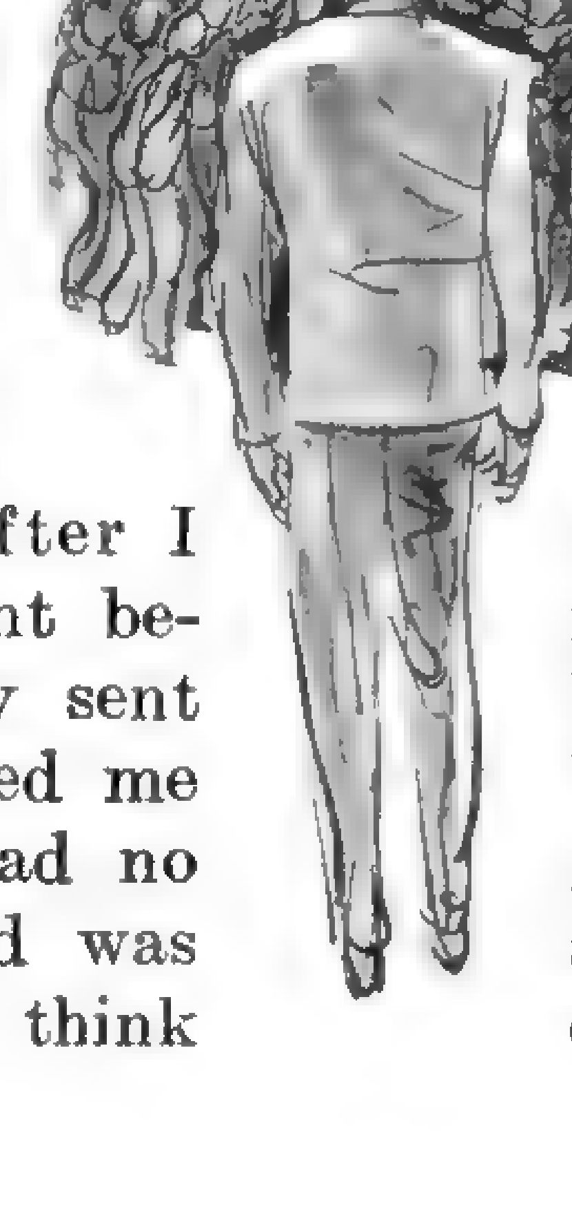
Kenneth Shipley and I were boyhood friends in a city in Tidewater Virginia. We went through the public schools together and later to the State University, where we shared the same room. We were elected to the same club and entered into the same campus activities. As freshmen it was a matter of much youthful pride and amusement to us that we were playing football side by side for our fifth year. During those first two years at Charlottesville we were inseparable.

Then the lines of our lives, so long parallel, began to swerve.

Ken's great ambition was to write. He was elected to the magazine and read avidly all the popular cynics of the day, Mencken and Van Vechten and James Branch Cabell, though now they seem so mild and long ago. Meanwhile, I had become immersed in the deep waters of biology and chemistry, and in the fall of our third year I moved into a medical fraternity house. We saw less and less of each other. In the summer vacations while I worked on Atlantic liners as hospital attendant, Ken reported for our home-town paper. Finally, when I came to New York to begin my interneship, we drifted apart completely.

Two years passed very quickly. Then in the summer of 1930 Ken and Rosemary came to live in New York, and called me from their hotel. Ken said he had landed a fine job in a large advertising agency by bringing along a "fat southern account" in his pocket. Rosemary sent me her love.

I was delighted at the news and found them a small apartment in my building. During the years when we were growing up Ken and I had alternated regularly as little Rosemary Walker's beau. If at Christmas Ken got a shiny new bicycle and rode her on the handlebars he was the favorite for a month and carried her books. Then at a party he stuck taffy candy in her yellow curls, and I fell heir to the honors. But most of the time Rosemary was ours together and we discouraged all outside competition. Soon after I moved away Ken's appointment became permanent for life. They sent me an invitation and Ken asked me to be his best man. But I had no money then for train fare and was unable to attend the wedding. I think I was still paying for the present when they arrived.



We were like children again that first summer.

One of the internes at St. James owned a sailboat which he kept out at Glen Cove on Long Island. On week-ends he and Ken and Rosemary and I would sail across the Sound to Greenwich or Westport, or if becalmed sprawl on the deck and talk. Sometimes, inspired by Ken's contemptuous defiance of the newly rich, we swam from one or another of the private beaches until the guards came and chased us away; and always on Sunday nights we drove back along the North Shore to an inn where the lobster dinners were cheap. We found a great deal to talk and laugh about in Ken's stories of his office and some of the less tragic things that happened at St. James.

That fall we used to dress in evening clothes twice a month and go to a theater, after dining in modest style at a speakeasy. Neither Ken nor I had much money. My small salary barely stretched over the simplest needs, and while Ken made more he sent a part of it home each month for his sister's education. But Rosemary's delight with New York was so contagious that we almost forgot to wish for luxuries. Everything about the city fascinated her, the people in the subways, the skyline at sunset, the deep throaty whistles of the ships at midnight sailings; while something as simple as a bus ride or a tiny pot of flowers left her speechless for hours.

My apartment of two small rooms was forever an untidy jumble of books, papers and clothes. Nor did the home laboratory I had made out of the living room add greatly to the general effect. But Ken's and Rosemary's place was spotless. They had brought with them from Virginia several fine old pieces of furniture which Ken had inherited from the Shipleys of Dinwiddie, a proud and stiff-necked old family of which Ken was occasionally the too-obvious heir. To adopted New Yorkers, wildly scrambling in the city's endless game of dog-eat-dog, this business of family pride seems only a ridiculous feudal relic, and not until I saw the Shipley coat of arms framed in their hallway did I remember with a smile how, when we were children and I had first moved into the neighborhood, Ken's parents had forbidden him to play with me until my background could be properly investigated. I shall never forget my mother's amusement at the incident, or my father's vivid indignation. Father had a

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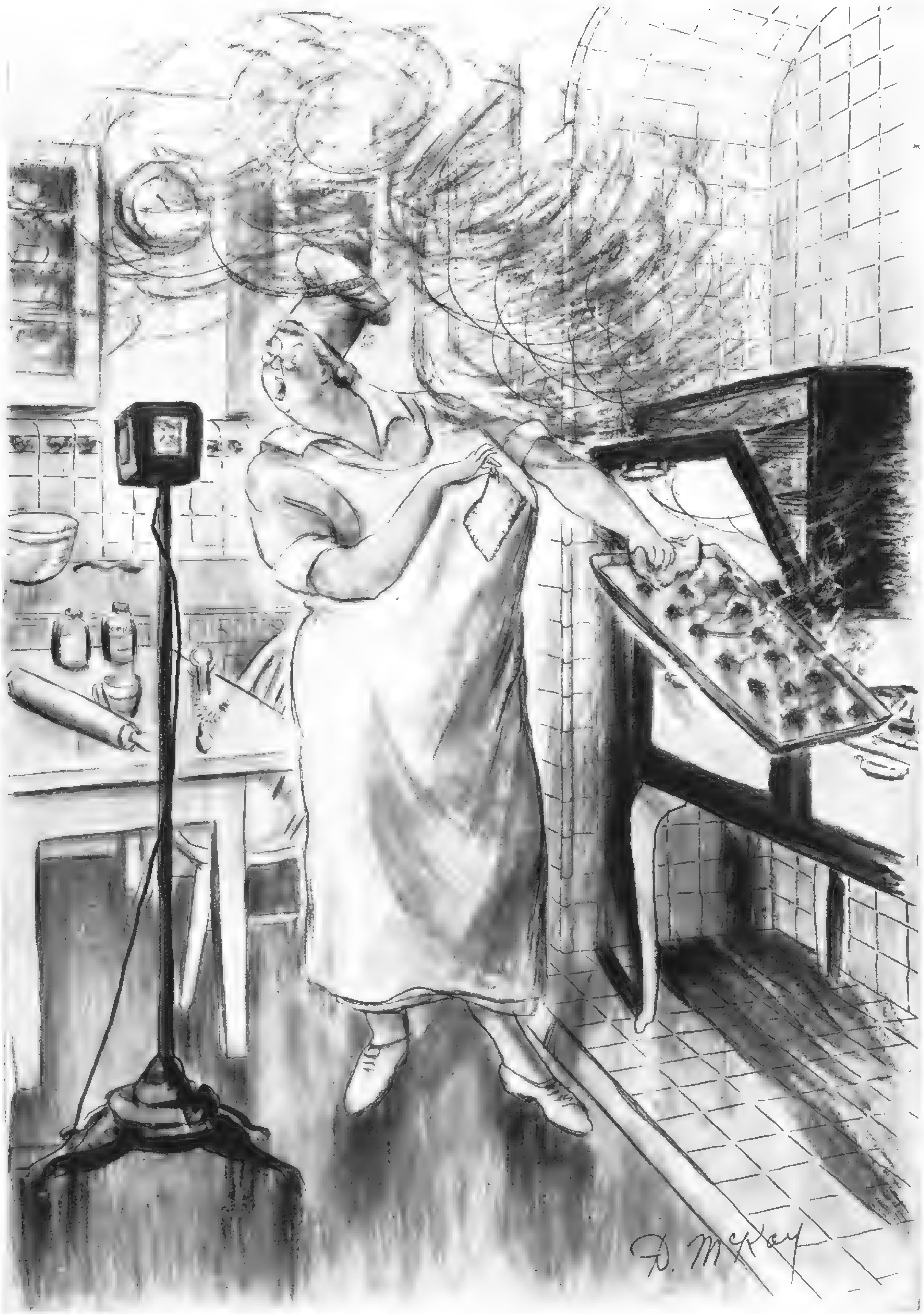

"And now, class, let's all taste one of our delicious golden-brown crunchies"

Monkey Thinking

Analyzing the neural pleasure reponses which are played upon by masters of mob psychology

by WM. MOULTON MARSTON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

"SEE!" cried a small boy at the zoo. "That big monkey copying the little one looks just like Daddy!" Father grunted unhappily and pulled the youngster away from the monkey cage. Mother admonished, "You shouldn't say such things about your father," but there was a smile of amused superiority on her face. There shouldn't have been. Her hideously fashionable clothes gave outward evidence that her mind was far more like the monkey's than her husband's face.

Monkeys can think for themselves, but they prefer not to. If you put a hungry monkey alone into a problem cage where he has to solve the puzzle of a trick door-latch to get his banana, he will show surprising ingenuity in reaching his goal. But if, before he gets the door open, you put a second monkey, who thinks he knows the latch trick, into the cage, the first animal will give up any attempt to solve the problem for himself. He will follow the second monk blindly and imitate everything he does. If the second monkey has been trained in a different type of problem cage, he will go about opening this one in the wrong way and neither he nor his imitator will get the banana. The reason for their failure is monkey thinking. The first monk permits his thoughts to be manufactured for him by the other. The second monk's thoughts follow the grooves of habit—having learned to think one way about door latches he prefers to go on thinking that way rather than invent new ideas. It's the same mental trait in both monkeys—a strong preference for ideas already created, a liking for ready-made instead of made-to-order thoughts.

If you doubt that this same preference is lurking just around the corner in your own mind, try to discard all current ideas in politics, religion and morality and originate a new code of your own. Here's a test for you—answer this question, if you can, without being influenced by present social conventions or any previously formed ideas of what is right or wrong, proper or improper. Why shouldn't a woman, if the weather be suitable, ride naked through the streets of New York? A good-looking girl tried it, recently, but was arrested before she had gone three blocks from her hotel. Aside from custom, was there any justification for her arrest?

I am not saying that the practice of nude riding is admirable—or that it isn't. I'm only pointing out what monkey thinkers most people are on the subject of nudity. Social tabus of past ages prescribe that humans must cover their bodies from one another's sight. Hundreds of millions of people accept this idea so implicitly that they have never once in their whole lives attempted to think the problem out for themselves. To them a self-exhibiting woman is an immoral woman, whether she be a publicity-seeking socialite walking into a Reno divorce court in shorts and bare feet, a young college girl getting her childish thrill out of a nude swimming party in the moonlight, or a prostitute bent on the pursuit of her profession. And the effect of female nudity upon beholders is assumed to be equally depraving whether it drives the spectator into a brothel or into the arms of a long-neglected spouse. The monkey thought is "Nakedness is bad." Nudists are attempting to substitute the converse monkey thought, "Nakedness is good." It's an interesting self-experiment to try to formulate a logically justifiable opinion about nudity without being influenced by either one of these ready-made thinking formulas.

Why do monkeys, and the great mass of humanity, prefer used ideas to new ones? People who like to rationalize their mental foibles argue that old beliefs are best because they are "tried and true." They maintain that a new idea must be tested before it may be safely accepted. But the test implied in this statement is, "How many monkey thinkers have already adopted this idea?" And suppose millions of people do accept an idea as true, does that make it so? Paracelsus, for example, entertained the notion that a magnet would pull diseases out of sick people. This theory, under the subsequent influence of Mesmer and others, came to be generally accepted. Thousands of trusting patients submitted to magnetic treatment which, of course, did none of them any good. Acceptance of this false idea by the civilized world failed to put any more truth into it.

The psychological secret of monkey thinking is that thinking and behaving the way other people think and behave gives strong, primitive pleasures. We think, act and emote in hectic herds—instead of individually using our brains—because there is a positive enjoyment in allying our thoughts with those of our fellow humans. There is a pleasant, underlying feeling of satisfaction in uniting our ideas with someone else's which no other mental experience will supply. That's why humans enjoy gossip. There is nothing that a group of people can agree upon more completely than the shortcomings of another person who is not present. If that person comes in, the group stops gossiping because their harmony is broken up, their fun spoiled. Gossipers are not out to start a fight, they only desire that quite opposite enjoyment, perfect agreement with fellow humans. It isn't the attack upon another person which gives gossip its real kick, as popularly supposed, it's the simple, monkey-thinking pleasure of agreeing mentally with one's friends. The reason that gossip customarily takes the form of attack on someone is merely that people find it far harder to agree wholeheartedly, without envy, in singing someone else's praise.

The same pleasure in mental unity is frequently obtained, however, by joint expressions of sympathy in behalf of someone who is being wronged. In the case of "Alabama" Pitts, former Sing Sing athlete who was denied an opportunity to play professional baseball by minor league officials, people of all ranks and callings joined the hue and cry to give Pitts his chance—judges, convicts, prison officials, business men and even the man Pitts was sent to prison for robbing. In the case of Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, made a week-end mother of her only child by Justice Carew's decision which was based solely upon contradicted testimony of discharged servants, the public united almost as one person in expressing indignation and sympathy for Mrs. Vanderbilt. Sympathizers in such cases derive the same mass thinking pleasure which gossipers feel in joining together to criticize.

The simple pleasure of mass thinking was attributed, in the early days of psychology, to the gratification of two "instincts"—gregariousness and imitation. Animals and humans were said to herd together and to imitate one another "instinctively." Which, after all, is not very illuminating—it is like saying that we eat because we have a tendency to eat. What an instinct is nobody knows. And so the concept of instinct has been abandoned by most psychologists in recent years.

But the pleasure derived from imitative thinking and behavior can be explained without recourse to instincts. Pleasure is generated in the brain by the uniting of several motor impulses in the same nerve path.

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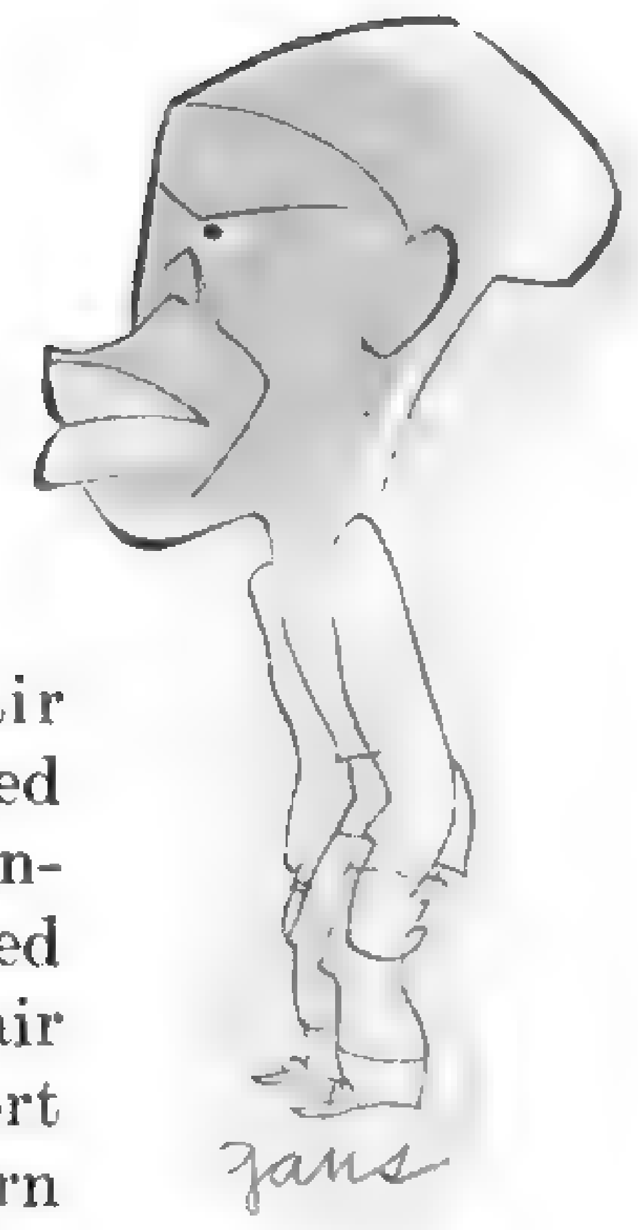
Young Black Joe

The Othello of boxing faces his inexorable destiny with the dignity of the noble Moor

by FRANK SCULLY

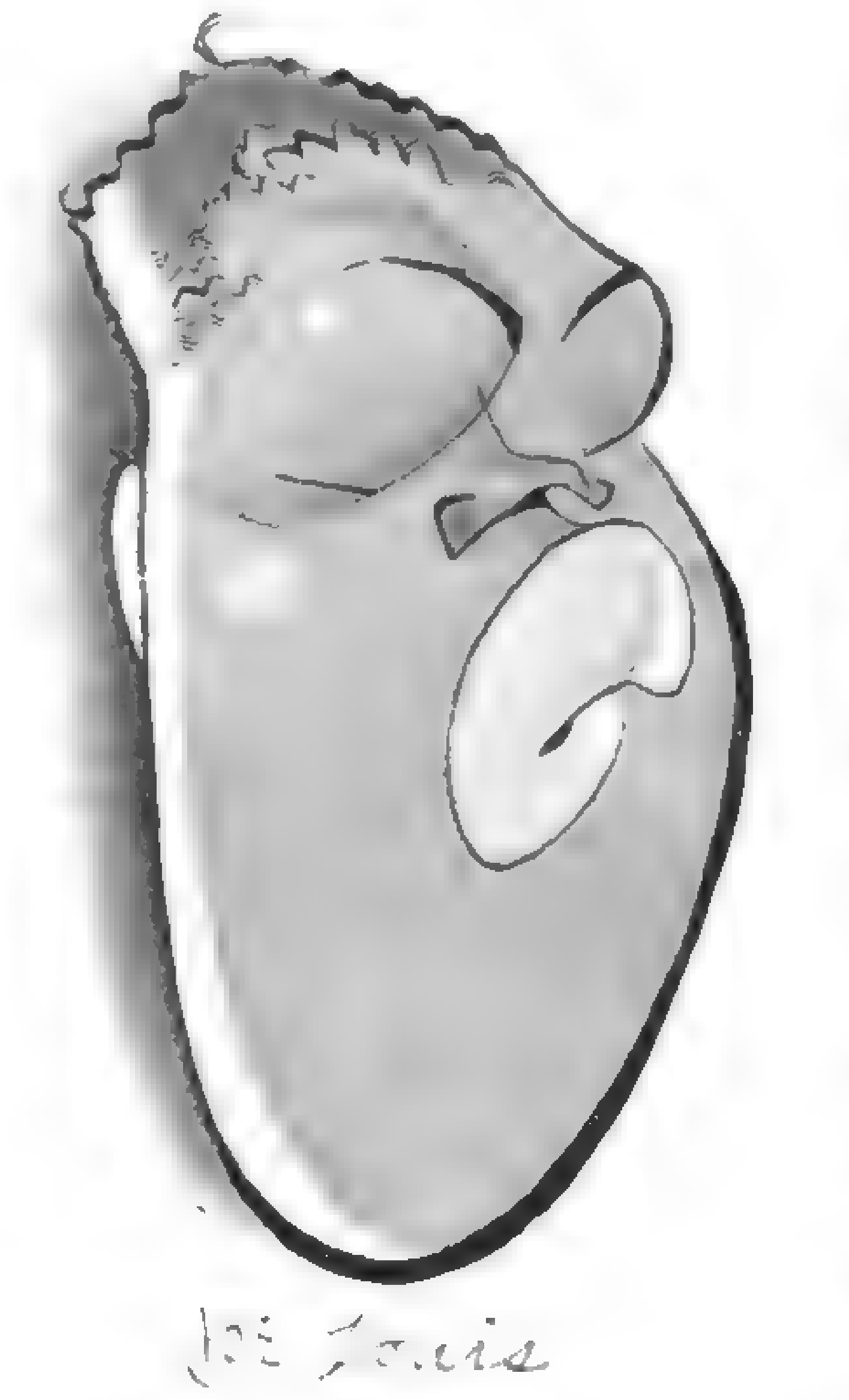
• SPORTS •



WHEN Joe Louis quietly entered a Los Angeles ring and knocked Lee Ramage cold in two rounds several months ago, old timers, knowing Ramage had never been knocked out before, had a hard time getting used to the fact that it wasn't Jack Dempsey in there, with a little heavier coat of tan than usual. After seeing him crack Ramage in two, what the Brown Bomber subsequently did to Carnera and Levinsky was less surprising to them than what Dempsey had done to Willard and Carpentier.

The tendency now is to say he's the greatest Negro fighter since the days of Jack Johnson, or even Peter Jackson. This is plain nonsense. Instead, I would say that he's the greatest fighter of all time, black or white, and if Baer ever gets in a ring with him he will be cracked in half in five rounds.

Note the "I would say" in the previous sentence, brethren. Thus do we spare the editor the necessity of making one of his cautious cracks about all statements herein being the opinions of Mrs. Scully's boy and not necessarily shared by the good old mag. itself. The fact that both polished off Levinsky in a round means nothing in favor of Baer. Just as Dempsey could have beaten Baer ten years ago, so could Louis beat Baer tomorrow. For Louis is just as fast as Dempsey ever was, just as cruel with gloves, and the same sort of six-inch hitter.



In one respect he betters Dempsey. Dempsey believed the best defense was a murderous offense. For that reason he never bothered about protecting himself. But Joe Louis is a great defensive fighter, greater than Jack Johnson, as great even as Joe Gans, the kind that can maintain a title for ten years after they've lost their punch.

Like Black Bill Richmond who in 1815 when he was fifty-three years old beat Tom Shelton in twenty-three rounds and even knocked out a less prominent pugilist in three rounds when he was fifty-six, Joe Louis can go on for years if he wants to. He won't lose any eyes like Sam Langford, or teeth like Jack Johnson, or lungs like Joe Gans, or his life like Battling Siki.

In a long line of colored clouters he is the one least likely to give the race a black eye. Not since Othello, the Noble Moor in the service of Venice, has there been a black warrior with half his quiet power. There's none of the comic coon in him. That dead pan isn't there for any reason but business. He isn't out to make friends, he's out to make dough for himself and those near to him.

He was trained by one of the greatest Negro fighters, one who had learned his lesson in discipline behind prison bars, for the most understandable of crimes—killing a man who had run off with his wife. The trainer had spent fourteen years in prison for the homicide. For any man to come back after such a sentence and repair the threads of his life so effectively as to produce a heavyweight contender like Joe Louis is a great tribute to the man and the heavyweight.

This tragedy hidden behind all the glamor of the ring explains why Louis is so business-like, so restrained, so different from any Negro fighter before him in the history of the ring. He will stay that way because his trainer has taught him not to let himself go anywhere but in the ring, and then only for the kill.

You can't imagine him edging a palooka around the ring so as to be able to drop him in the lap of a sports writer (who thought the palooka a world-beater) with the tag line, "There's your champ" as did Sam Langford. All the things crazy niggers do Baer does. Baer's prototype was Siki; Louis's, Jim Corbett. Because of this, when Louis wins the heavyweight championship there will be no race riots, no sets of gold teeth, no champagne dinners in Paris. If anything he will be a more prosaic champion than Tunney ever was, and there is nothing to stop him except the Dempsey of 1925 and he has been dead ten years.

That tragic quality of Othello is in him quite as much as the Moor's quiet power—and both these features are rare in any human being and rarest in fighters. Daniel Mendoza, the Moor, who was the Bob Fitzsimmons of the Eighteenth Century bruisers, didn't have it and he was nearer in point of time to Othello than Joe Louis. Mendoza was supposed to be a Spanish Jew, but there is a suspicion that he was part black, though some refute this on the grounds that when he fought John Johnson under London Prize Ring rules Johnson grabbed Mendoza's hair with one hand and cracked him with the other. If Mendoza had been a full-blooded Negro, critics argue, his hair would have been too short to pull. Mendoza was born in Spain in 1764, a year before Bill Richmond, the Black Terror, about whose Negro blood there was no doubt, was born in America. Up to that time the foremost fighters were either Irish or English. Indeed, one of them Tom Cribb continued to be the killer of all black hopes. Cribb beat Richmond (incidentally, the only man who ever did) after ninety minutes of cruel fighting. He also beat Tom Molineaux, a black slave from Georgetown, who was taken from America to England in 1809. In fact, Cribb beat Molineaux twice, breaking the slave's jaw and beating him up so badly that Molineaux died when only thirty-eight. What Cribb could do with a Louis is all a matter of guess. The chances are not much, since you can't hurt what you can't hit.

Just how Louis would have looked against Negro wonders of the past isn't hard to appraise. Fortunately most of the great black boys have boxed in our time—Jack Johnson, Joe Jeannette, Jack Blackburn, Sam Langford, Sam McVey, Battling Siki, Harry Wills, George Godfrey, and smaller men like Joe Wolcott, Tiger Flowers, George Dixon and Joe Gans; and there are some fans still living who even remember the original Peter Jackson.

Of all these fighters only Jackson, Johnson, Dixon and Gans had any skill comparable to Louis and only Langford could approach him as a puncher. Peter Jackson in all around effectiveness was the only one who could compare with him. John L. Sullivan wisely drew the color line when Jackson began pounding his way to the top of the heavyweights. But Jackson had none of the cruel skill of Louis. He had Frank Slavin helpless in London and pulled his punches. In the end he helped to carry Slavin to his corner. He did the same thing with Patsy Cardiff, even with Jim Corbett egging Cardiff on.

Nothing could get Sullivan near Jackson after that. Sullivan had broken a hand on Cardiff's head with less success than Jackson had gained in keeping his intact.

Corbett had more courage. He fought Jackson, by then a shell of his once great self, and managed to earn a draw after sixty-one rounds. This was shortly before Corbett knocked out Sullivan in twenty-one rounds. Jackson died young. Death for Negro fighters often begins at forty. Most of them as broke as when they began.

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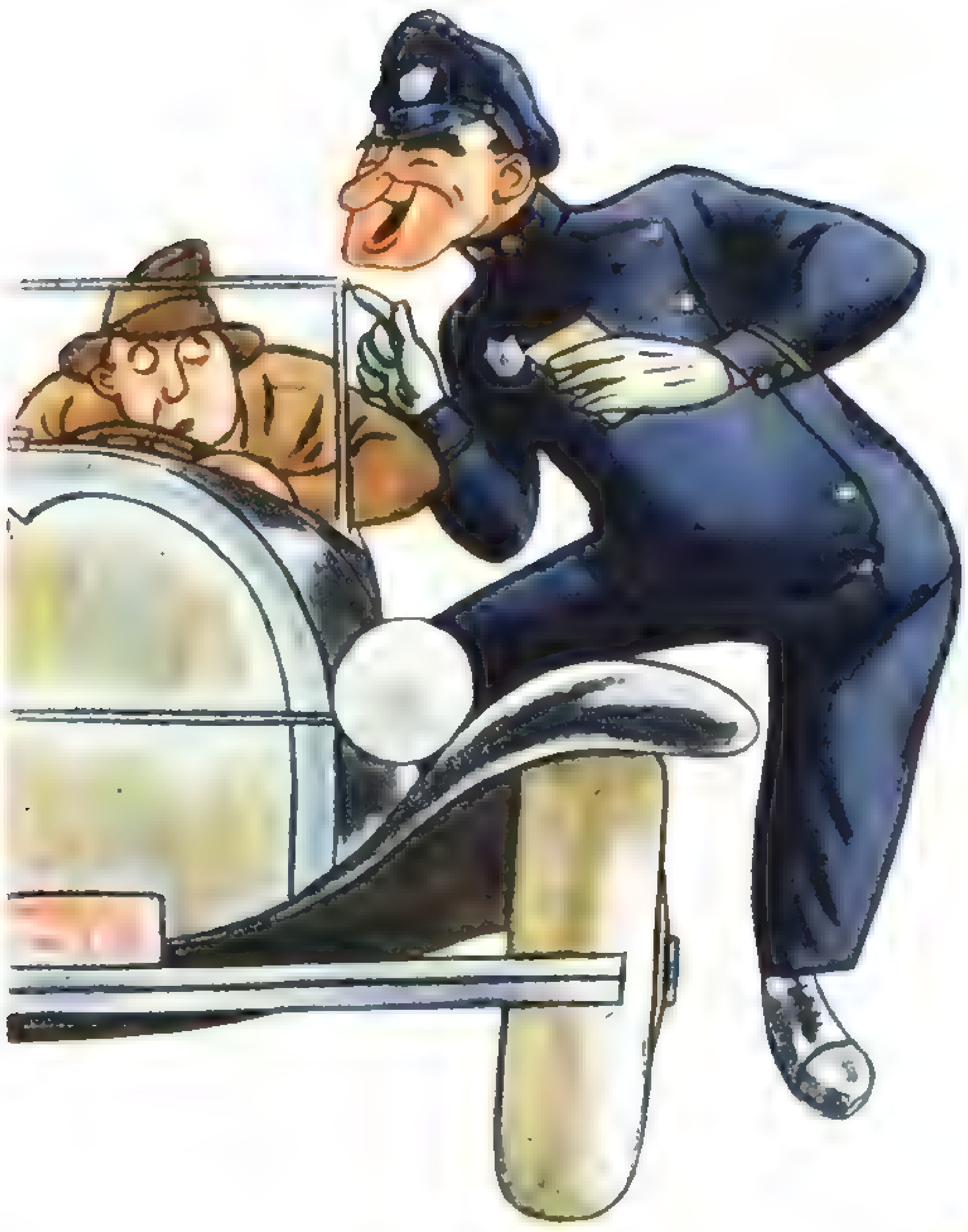
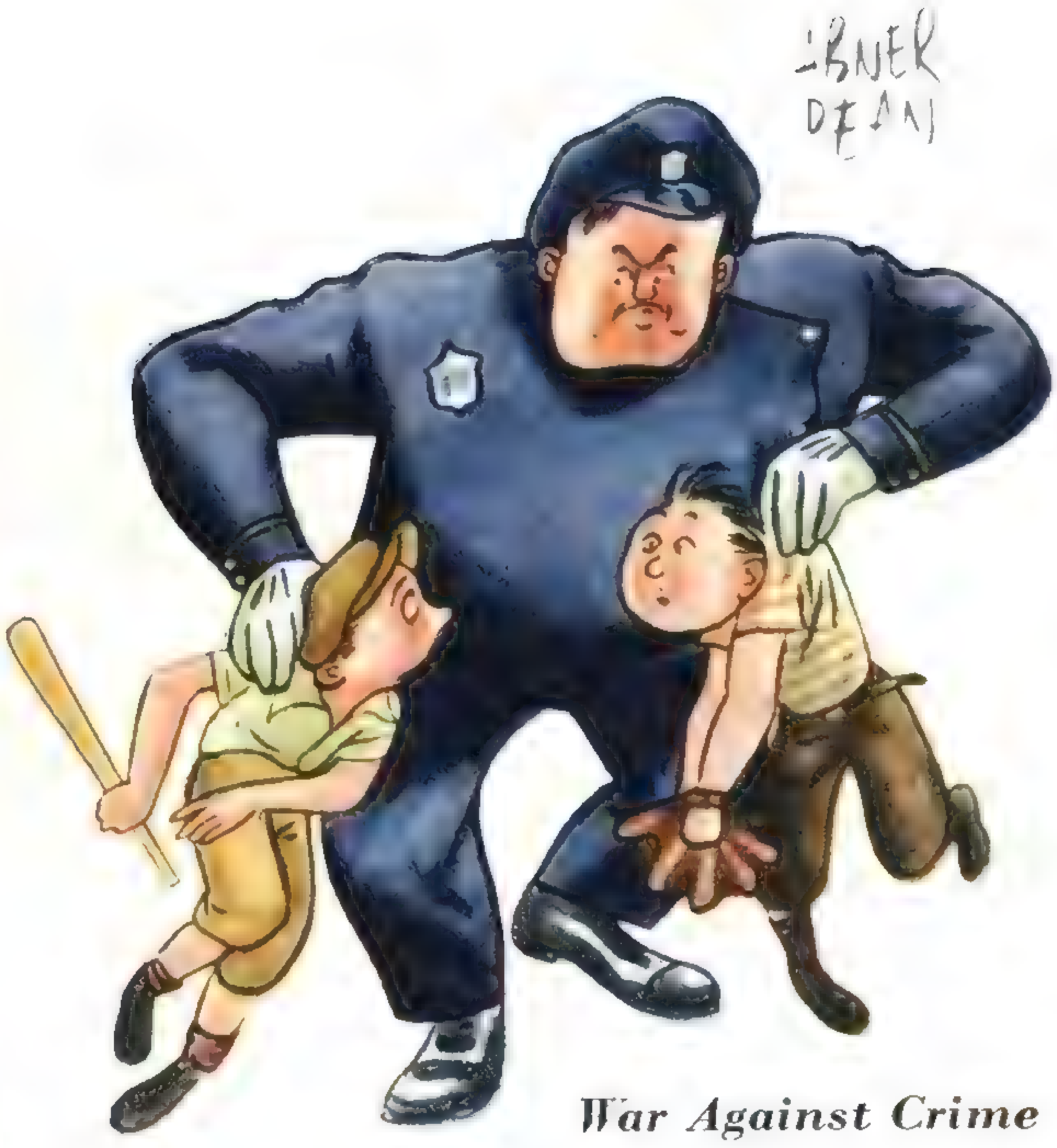
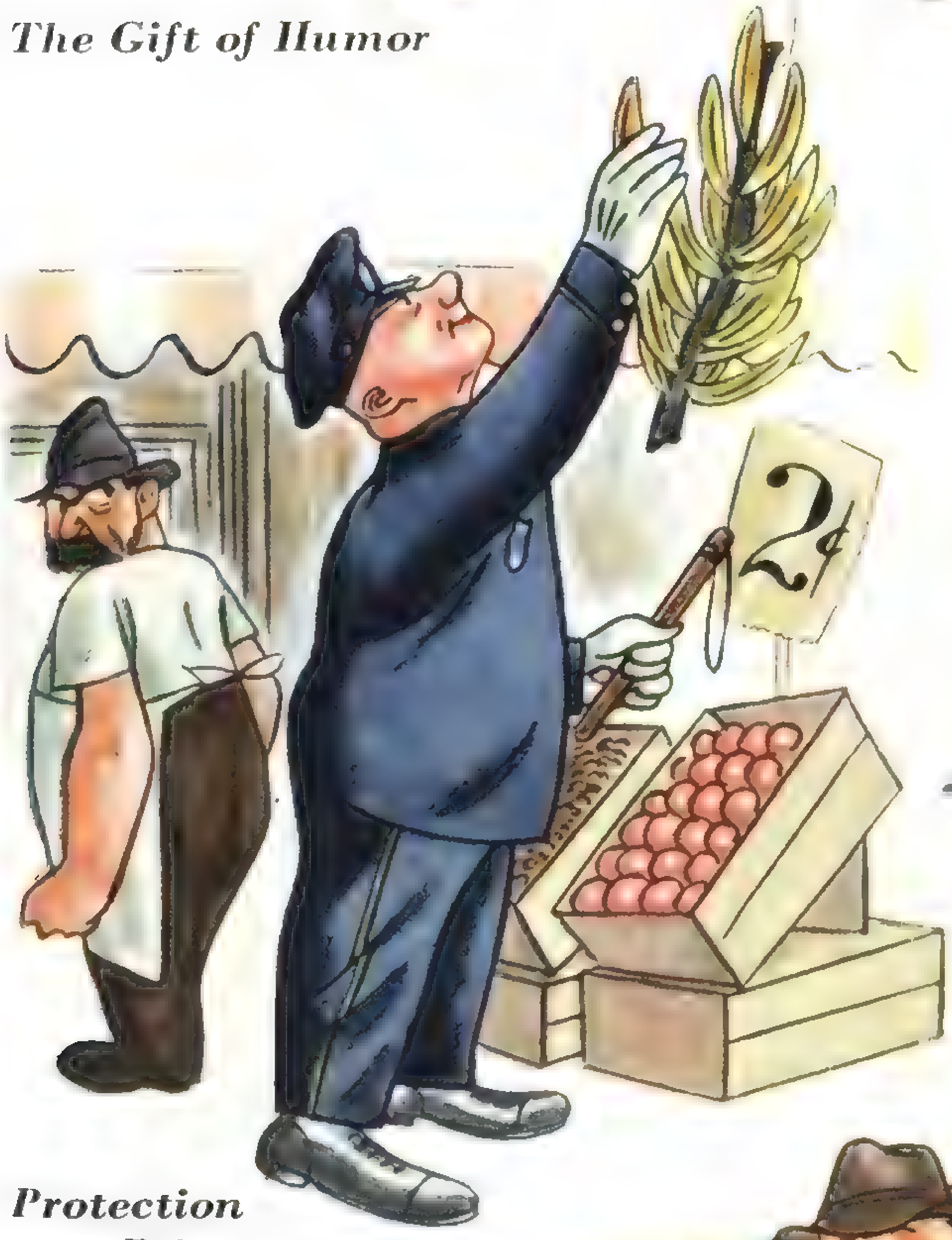


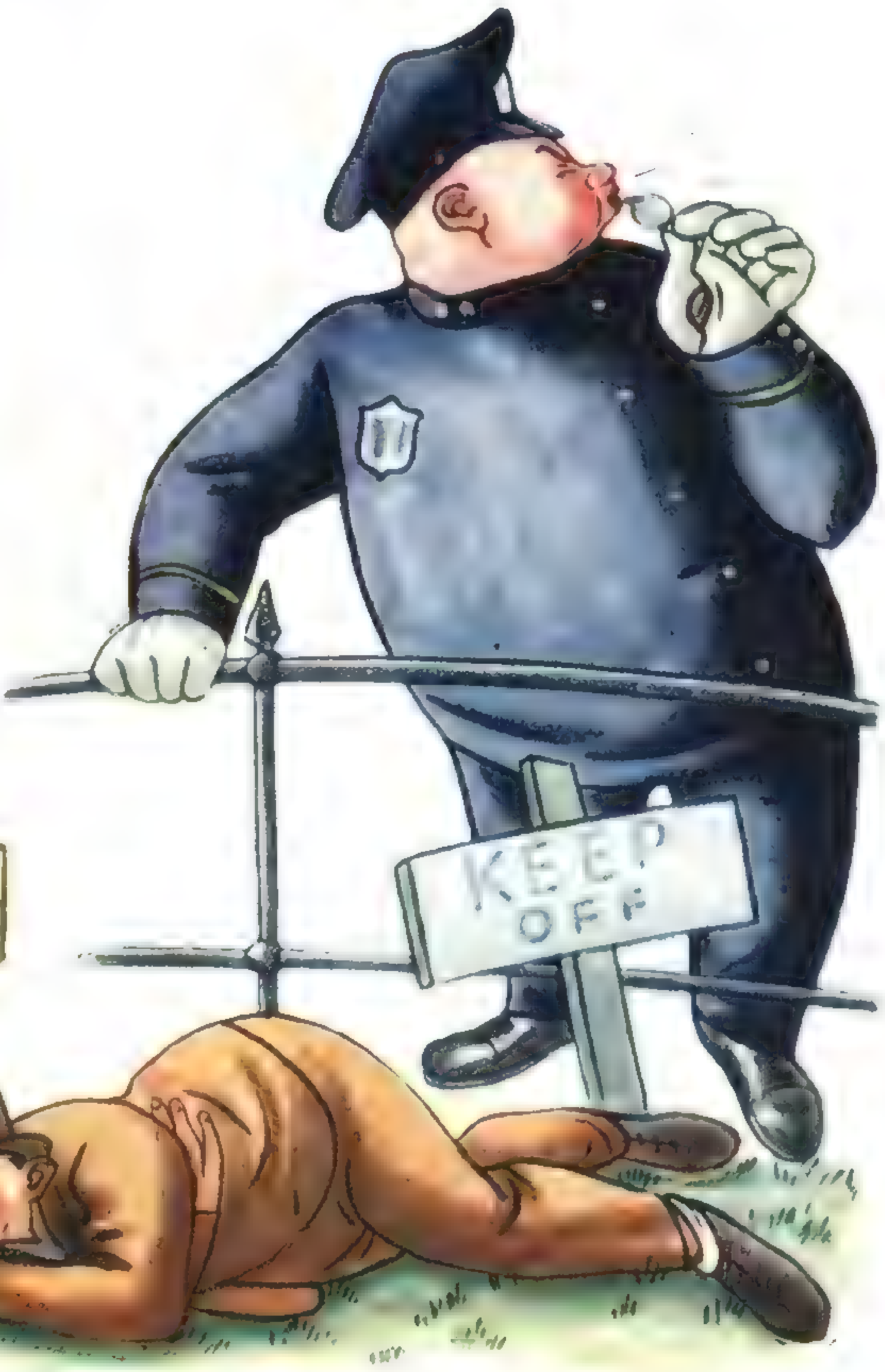
The Gift of Humor



War Against Crime

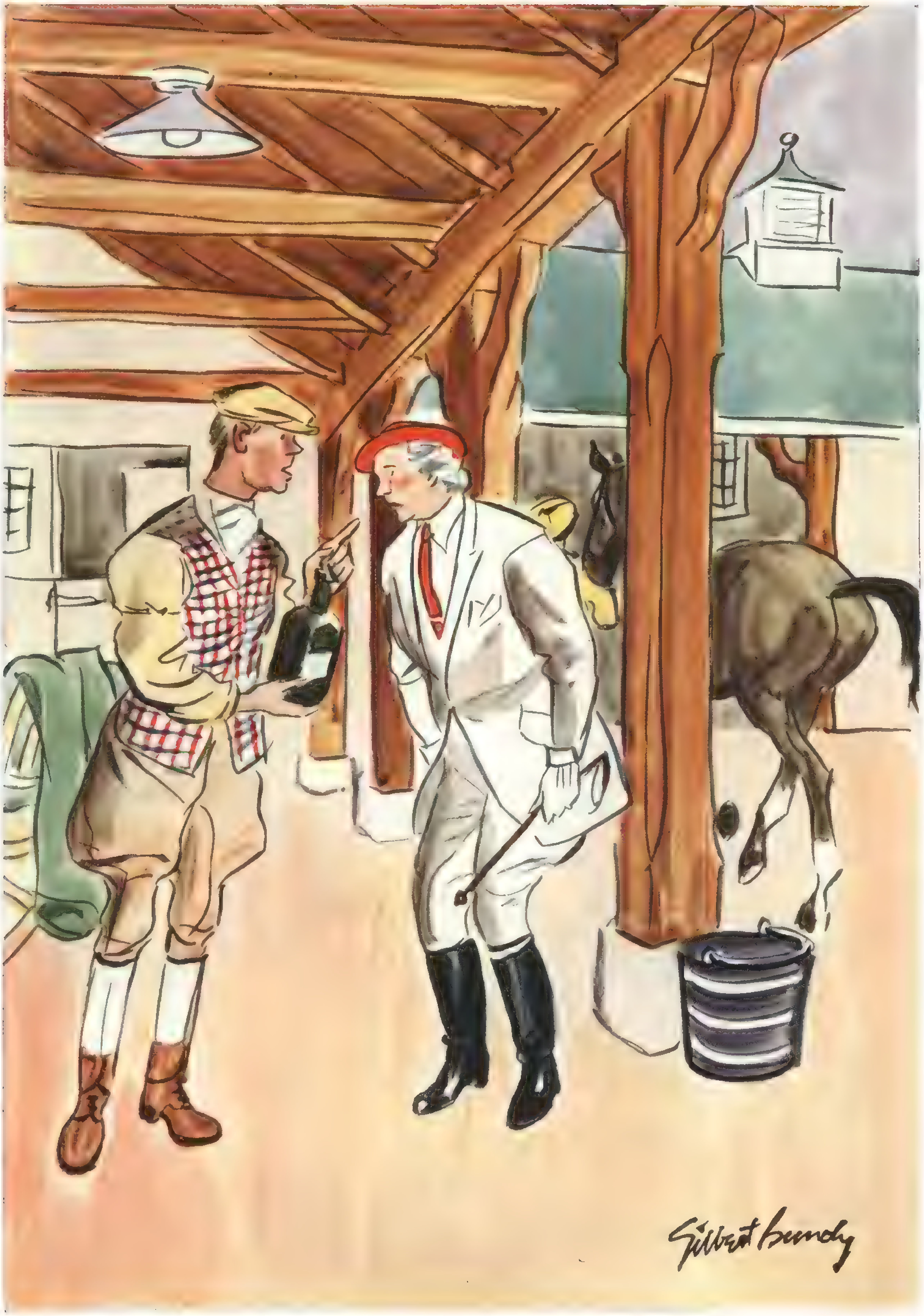


Protection
at a Price



Situation Well in Hand

"THE CITY'S FINEST"


Gilbert Bundy

"It says 'For Horses' but you take it and rub it in and you'll be riding again in a day or two!"

Don't Send Your Boy to . . .

Presenting that little miracle of magazine-writing, a football piece without a score or a date

by CLARK SHAUGHNESSY

▪ SPORTS ▪

A VERY wise old time football coach, given to wise-cracking, once was asked for advice by his star player who had just landed a coaching job and who was worried about how to make good. He was told to "talk football" while he was winning, but to "build character" while he was losing. Unfortunately this rather facetious advice is good advice too much of the time. While "building character" should be the objective of football all the time, when winning and when losing, it does not seem to be of paramount importance to the coach's tenure while his teams are victorious.

There comes a time in every coach's life when he finds himself in a losing streak. All the old tricks, ideas and methods that have won for him—just don't seem to work—and he just can't seem to get his team going. It isn't long before many people wiser in football lore than he begin puckering their eyebrows and involving explanations and reasons, satisfactory to themselves, no matter how incorrect, for their team's defeats.

No such explanations ever would be complete without the coach's shortcomings getting a good airing. If he isn't too old, he's too young. If he isn't too tough on the boys, he is too easy, a poor disciplinarian and no leader. If he doesn't put enough fight into the team, he is too cold, unfriendly and the boys don't like him and won't play for him. If he is a good fighter and tries desperately to win, he is too emotional and excitable, and how can a person so highly strung and who does not have control of himself be expected to have control of the boys under him. It seems that no matter what fault one clique finds with a losing coach, another clique finds just exactly the opposite fault. They don't stop with picking flaws in his football knowledge or tactics, but go right on down the line. He may part his hair in the middle and look like a "sissie." He may be guilty of occasional lapses in grammar, and therefore he's absolutely illiterate, and how can college boys respect a coach with such a poor education? Of course, there are other more serious things too that suddenly come to life. It seems that a coach may stay for years at an institution and as long as he is winning, his personal deficiencies are unnoticed, but just let him start losing and for some reason, all the personal shortcomings that have been true all along and were never even noticed become of paramount importance. In other words, this famous old figure in the intercollegiate athletic world knew whereof he spoke. As long as he is winning—he is safe and he has nothing to worry about. He can enjoy himself and entertain his constituents by "talking football." He might be too old, and then again, he might be too young, or too tough or too easy, too excitable or too emotional, too much of a he-man or a "sissie." He might speak incorrectly, grammatically and otherwise, and there might be a lot of other things wrong, but as long as he is winning, everything is all right. In fact, the publicity departments build a sort of halo around such a winning coach and all his foibles, trivial and otherwise, get to be looked upon as just the idiosyncrasies of a genius.

It isn't very long, however, after the inevitable losing streak starts, before the coach finds out that he is far from a genius—he is a bum—he never knew anything about football and never will. The wise coach is the one who then can prove to the world that he is a "character builder." It won't help a bit to try to reason and prove that he just hasn't had the material to cope with his up-and-coming rivals, that he has had the worst kind of luck with the weather and injuries and bad decisions by officials. No matter how true these things may be, they are looked upon as just plain alibis and soon to his other weaknesses is added the charge of poor sportsmanship. This is just about the last straw. Isn't good sportsmanship one of the main goals of athletics? Surely—and no college or university can afford to have a poor sport teach their boys. The parents of these boys (although now-a-days the parents of a great many of the best football players are not quite sure just what football or good sportsmanship is all about—football is not played beyond the Atlantic) wouldn't stand for that sort of thing. Such a coach who fails to offset the situation he finds himself in by "building character" soon is on his way out—frequently he finds himself on that road anyway. Is it any wonder that coaches, particularly young football coaches, with all these inconsistencies assailing them from all angles, are pretty much at sea about the obligations and responsibilities of their jobs?

The first obligation of a football coach, at least in the order of progression, is to hold his job. If he doesn't hold his job, he won't have any other coaching obligations to worry about. His responsibilities to the college that employs him, to the public, and to the game itself, are all important; but even more vital than these obligations are those that a football coach owes to his players. Here is where a coach meets his gravest problem. Here is where his own innermost thoughts and feelings find expression in his actions. "Building character" might be sneered at as an objective accomplishment of football coaches by some pedagogues and cynical writers who have never played football, who have never had the experience of tackling a big full back out in the open in front of thousands of spectators, or of dropping a forward pass over the goal line that meant defeat; but if the training of boys to meet such issues on the football field without flinching and to not let any one, two, or three dropped passes destroy self-confidence, isn't "building character," then the Ten Commandments don't belong in the Bible.

Football players and coaches get to really know each other on the gridiron. On and off the field situations arise that test their mettle, their physical and moral courage, honesty, sense of fairness, unselfishness, loyalty and the other virtues we associate with the heroic. These situations are seldom known to the college heads, the student bodies or to the public. Many times even the rest of the football squad does not know what has transpired between the coach and some player.

Not long ago at one of the prominent universities of the country a star player was unfortunate enough to contract, during vacation time, a disease that made his participation the following fall dangerous to his life. This player was exceedingly popular with the students, the alumni, the public and the press. His condition did not develop until after practice had started. Wisely or

Continued on page 177

The Unpardonable

Of the army that came to redeem sinful New Yorkers and actually got the soul of a newspaper man

by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION

You can mark it down that there isn't much chance for New York to surrender. Neither the body nor the soul.

It would be difficult to know exactly when the last military invasion was attempted, but some years ago you may recall an evangelist who came to grips with the metropolitan soul, and for a short week wrestled for this spiritual prize in Madison Square Garden. He was a hymn-shouting, fire-eating, Bible-pounding crusader. And he lost. But whatever might be said about him, he proved in the end, to be a man of fine character.

The Reverend Andrew Churchill and his army were sweeping the country. They were riding on the crest of a wave of religious fervor—three thousand of them came out of Temple City, Nevada. St. Louis fell; it felt its conscience badly. Chicago was sympathetic, and that also counted for victory. And in Detroit the wheels of industry were stopped to listen to the eloquence of the Reverend Andrew Churchill. With this record behind them the army embarked in special trains for New York, the great city of sin.

According to the account in *The World*, eight special trains, attached to the private car of the Reverend Churchill, arrived at Grand Central. Three thousand men, women and children, loaded down with rolls of blankets, suitcases, and each with a gilt-edged Bible in his hand, marched through the streets of New York with banners, flags and a military band. When they arrived at the doors of Madison Square Garden this army from the West halted. Then the drums rolled and the Reverend Churchill, tall and lanky, with a friendly homeliness of face, came forward, stood on the steps and raising his arms high, cried out with a voice clear and penetrating, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

The band struck up the Temple hymn, and three thousand voices sang out loud with the spirit of conquerors.

As soon as the song was ended the evangelist called out, "Are you prepared to undertake the task before you?"

Three thousand throats cried, "Yes."

"Are you prepared to descend into the lake of fire?"

High and shrill came the reply, "Yes!"

"Are you prepared to undergo hardship?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Now the evangelist clenched his fist and shouted as loud as he could. "Every building here is a tooth in the jaws of hell. Can we slay the monster?"

"We can! Yes!"

And then the band struck up a military march, and the army tramped into the arena of the hall; the arena famous for its circus, its prize-fights, conventions and six-day bicycle race. But now the contest was a spiritual one.

The account of the arrival of this strange army was written for *The World* by a young reporter called Peter Bass. It is strange that he was selected for this type of story, for he was borrowed from the Sports Department. He was a good sports writer and was certain to describe every point of the encounter. And if the language that he used was not quite as dignified as the Reverend Churchill should have liked, still it was certain that Peter Bass would report every point scored. And this he did.

The city editor thought that the army from the West would make a good story which might run double column the first day on page one, and then single column the next day, and then later perhaps a stick or two, in the inside. But he had underestimated the news value of three thousand invaders, and he underestimated the crowds that were eager to break down the doors and get into Madison Square Garden to join the hymn-singing and see these people from Temple City, Nevada.

As it happened, the army had the front page of every paper in New York City for the entire week of the revival. For not one day passed that something new and startling did not occur. All this kept the reporters working day and night.

On the first evening, which was Monday, the meeting started with a half-hour singing of songs. Then the Reverend Andrew Churchill in a long satin gown came to the front of the platform, and raising his small delicate hands called out, "Behold! We have arrived, and we stand knocking at the doors of a great city. Will the people of the great city hear us? Will they answer?"

That same evening it was announced from the platform that the Temple Host while in New York only a few hours, had already visited 40,000 homes, and they were ready to testify to the deplorable conditions that they found. The army would continue their survey and in a day or two it would be known exactly how much sin and wickedness was contained in this deep lake of hell.

The reporters at the press table made a note of these figures for it seemed to them a slight exaggeration and several of them winked at each other and made note of the satin gown which the Reverend was wearing.

Later a collection was taken up. But in all fairness to this crusader it must be mentioned that he announced, and Peter Bass recorded his words in *The World*, "If you wish to give, you may give freely, but there is no charge here for anything."

Some of the other papers did not quote these words, but merely said that a collection was taken up, and this of course led you to believe that money was an important feature in this crusade. This was untrue. In fact, the Temple City crusaders did so many strange things; their very dress—the officers had swords and a leather compartment in their belts for a small gilt-edged Bible—opened them to ridicule.

And it was very easy for the press, while sticking closely to the facts, to bring forward the little things that were not really part of the character of the whole. But this trick is done every day and is nothing new.

On the second day the crowds were larger than ever, and not an empty seat remained in the whole Madison Square Garden. On this night the evangelist announced that 40,000 more homes had been visited and "found to be rampant with vice." He and his crusaders were now determined to clean the city. He also promised he would do this regardless of the "saloon keepers and real estate dealers and free masonry politicians, and regardless of the other forces pitted against them."

As soon as he had spoken these words he turned suddenly to the reporters at their table and pointing with an accusing finger cried out, "And even regardless of you, the press of this city of hell. You who are sent here on ill-gotten wealth, supported by faking advertisers, tricksters and schemers!" His voice grew high and shrill. "You smudgers of ink and besmudgers of reputations, you are the dirty birds of our society! Go back to your dens of iniquity and write your filth and falsehoods. But we will go on, and we will march triumphantly, for we are aided by a power high and mighty, a power that is greater than all. Praised be the Lord!"

If you think the public did not like this kind of oratory, you are greatly mistaken. There was a shower of applause, and a Temple City chorus of six hundred stood up and sang out their hymn with great defiance. Thus ended the second day of the revival.

It is an odd trick of mob psychology that

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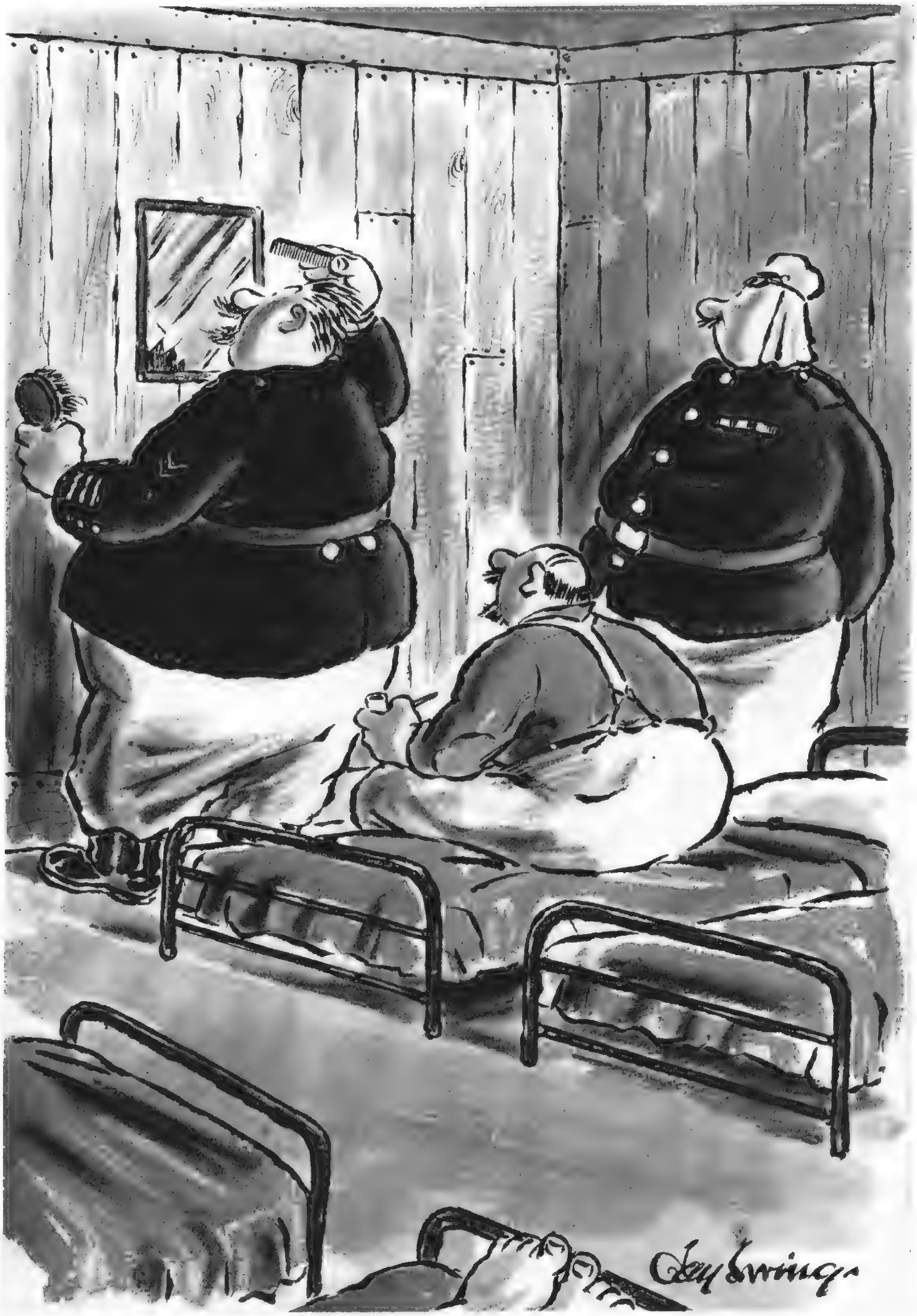


"He's expecting a letter from one o' those 'Lonely-Hearts' correspondence bureaus"

The Enchanted Slippers

An up-to-date fairy tale not designed for the delectation of very inquisitive children

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

• SATIRE •

THERE once was a young lady named Margot who had a pair of enchanted slippers; and how she happened to have them is a strange story.

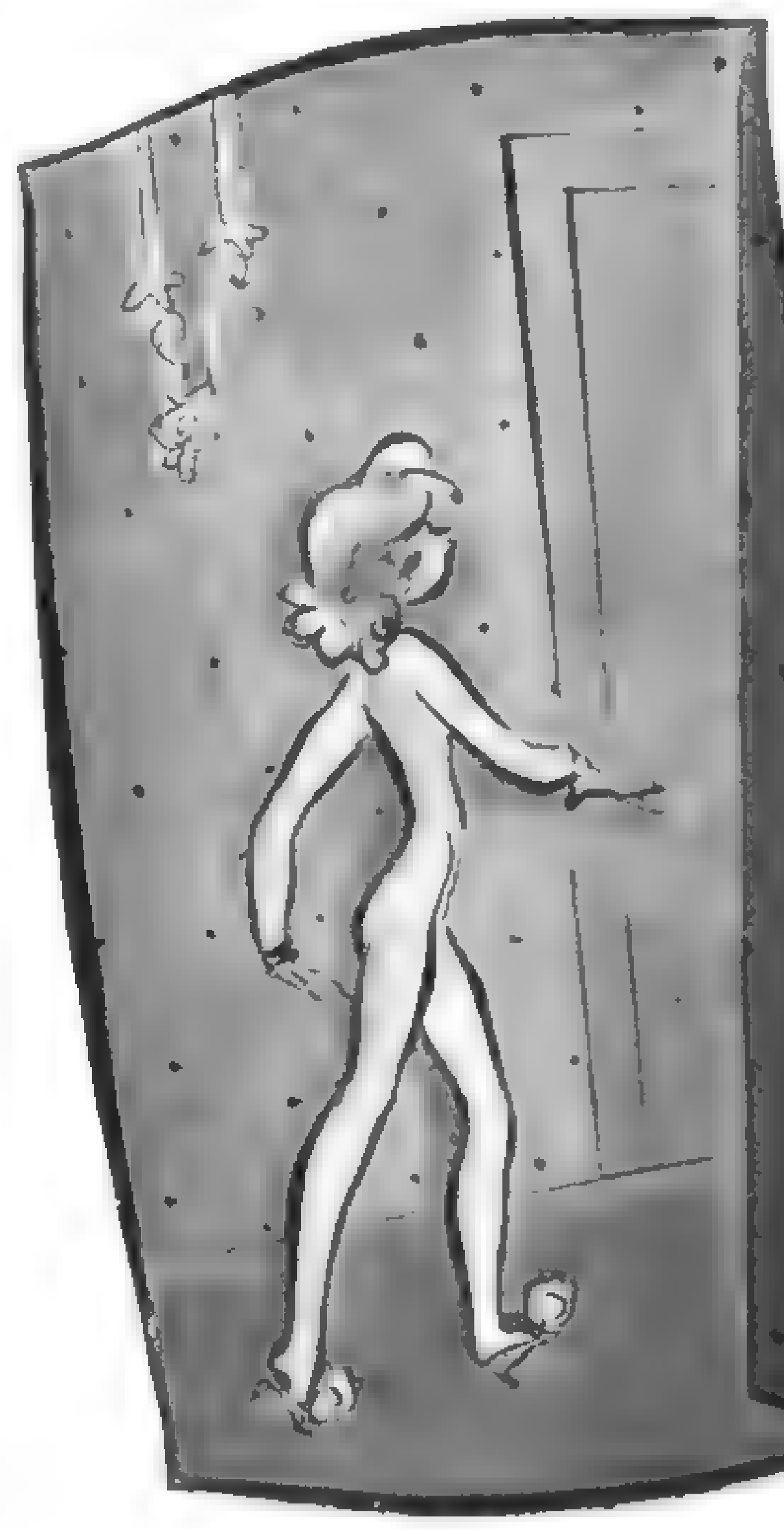
It seems that at the time Margot was born, there was a certain very powerful witch living next door to Margot's parents, in Passaic, New Jersey. Margot's parents did not like the witch; so after some consultation they decided not to invite her to the christening-party. It was a very splendid party, with lots of caviare and lobster and champagne; and since people laughed a good deal, and got nice and tight, the witch next door could not escape hearing the merriment of the celebration. And it made her pretty darn mad when she realized what was going on, and that she had not been invited. So, making a straight line of her wicked thin lips and wrinkling her brows, she said to herself: "Oh, so they will, will they! Never mind! Just let them wait until Margot grows up and is a young lady—and then let them see how I'll fix her!"

Margot grew up, and was a very pretty young lady indeed. She was slender, and had beautiful long legs and an affectionate nature; and it was not hard to see that she was going to make a very nice sweetheart for some young man some day.

One day she was invited to a week-end house-party at the country place of Mr. Broughton Thompson, the famous poet. Margot consulted her mother. "Do you think, mother, that I ought to go to stay at the house of a bachelor, even if there are other people there?"

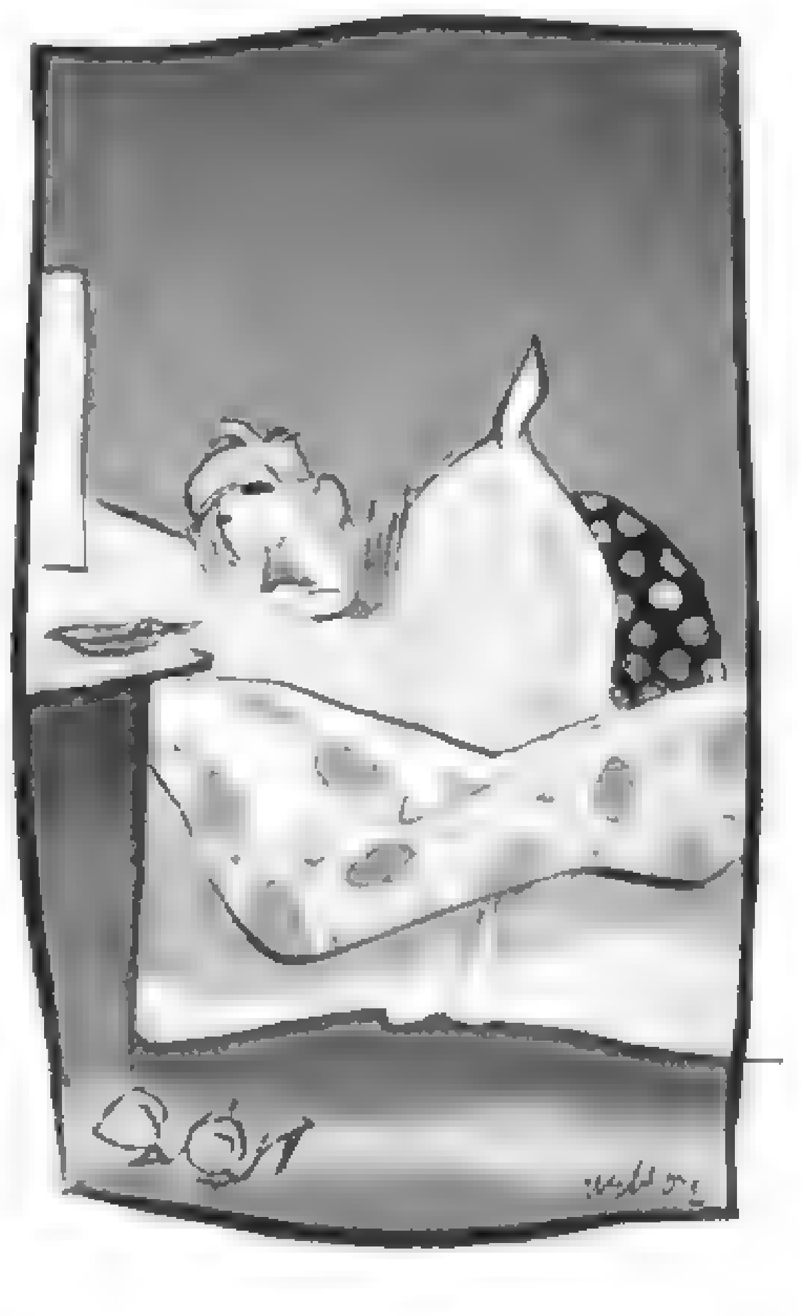
"Certainly, my dear," said her wise mother. "Mr. Broughton Thompson is so well known for his moral virtue and for the idealistic nature of his poetry that I can see no reason for your not going." So Margot went.

When she arrived at Mr. Broughton Thompson's house, she found several other guests already there. Mr. Broughton Thompson gave one look at her beautiful long legs and her brown eyes, and proceeded to embrace her in a dignified but most hospitable manner. And she had a very pleasant time that afternoon and evening; for Mr. Broughton Thompson was a very gracious host, and all his guests were charming people, interesting and witty; and not one of them told the story about the two Irishmen.



When Margot went to bed, she found the maid waiting for her. "Miss," the maid said, "I'm sorry, but when I unpacked your bag, I found that you had forgotten to bring any night-gown. I wonder if you would mind using one of mine? Or will you borrow one from one of the other guests?"

"Oh, thank you," said Margot, "but I never wear a night-gown. I think it's more comfortable to sleep without one."



"Oh," said the maid, who had obviously never heard of such a thing before. "Well, at least you have some pretty bedroom-slippers."

Margot glanced at them. "But those aren't mine!" she said. "These are very pretty new ones; those I brought in my bag were rather old."

"But I found these in your bag, and they were the only ones that were there," said the maid.

"Well, did you ever!" said Margot laughing. "Now, wasn't that sweet of my mother to play this little trick on me, and surprise me with the present of these pretty new slippers!"

"A very pleasant trick indeed to have played on one," the maid agreed, as she said good-night to Margot. Little did the maid's simple and honest heart know the truth about those fatal slippers.

The truth was that while Margot was buying her ticket in the Grand Central Station, the powerful witch from Passaic, New Jersey, had crept up to where Margot's bag was reposing, swiftly opened it, and substituted these slippers for those which Margot had brought from home. And they were enchanted slippers, that boded ill for any young lady who wore them.

But of course Margot knew nothing of this, and she put them on and pattered cheerfully about the room making her toilet for the night, and looking very nice and long-legged without any nightie, if only there had been anyone there to see her. And at last she went to bed, and slept the sleep of those whose hearts are young and pure.

In the morning when she arose, she could not find her new slippers. She looked under the bed and under the chairs, but they were nowhere to be seen. Puzzled, she got dressed, planning to ask the maid to make a search for them later in the morning.

At breakfast, Mr. Broughton Thompson greeted her very pleasantly, but there was a queer expression on his face. After breakfast, he asked her to walk with him in the garden; for, he said, there was something he wanted to talk with her about.

"My dear," he began when they were out of earshot of the house, "I enjoy a little joke as much as anyone does—but we should keep our jokes among ourselves and not let them get talked of among the servants. Now, it was very amusing of you to steal into my room last night while I was sound asleep and leave those slippers beside my bed; and of course if one of the men-guests had come in to see me this morning before I noticed them, he could have had a good laugh at me. But suppose I had not noticed them at all, and the maid had found them? Don't you see what a rash and thoughtless thing it was for you to do?"

Margot stared at Mr. Broughton Thompson in astonishment. "Whatever are you talking about? You mean, my slippers were in your room?"

"Yes. Didn't you put them there?"

Margot shook her head. She was too surprised and embarrassed to speak.

Mr. Broughton Thompson flushed angrily. "Then somebody has been playing a very vulgar joke on you—the kind of joke which I do not permit to be played on my guests. Of course it is inconceivable that a servant did it—and yet I cannot for the life of me imagine who among the guests could possibly be guilty of such bad taste. My dear, I beg you to accept my apologies that this annoying trifle should have happened. Pray give it not another thought. But I shall eventually find out who did it, and that person will never be invited to my house again."

"And my slippers?" asked the poor perplexed Margot.

"I took the liberty of putting them just inside your door, when I heard you go down to breakfast. Now come, let us all go swimming! It is a lovely day for a swim."

"But how did you know they were mine?" Margot asked.

"Because you are the only one of the guests who has such slender beautiful feet," Mr. Broughton Thompson replied not unpleasingly.

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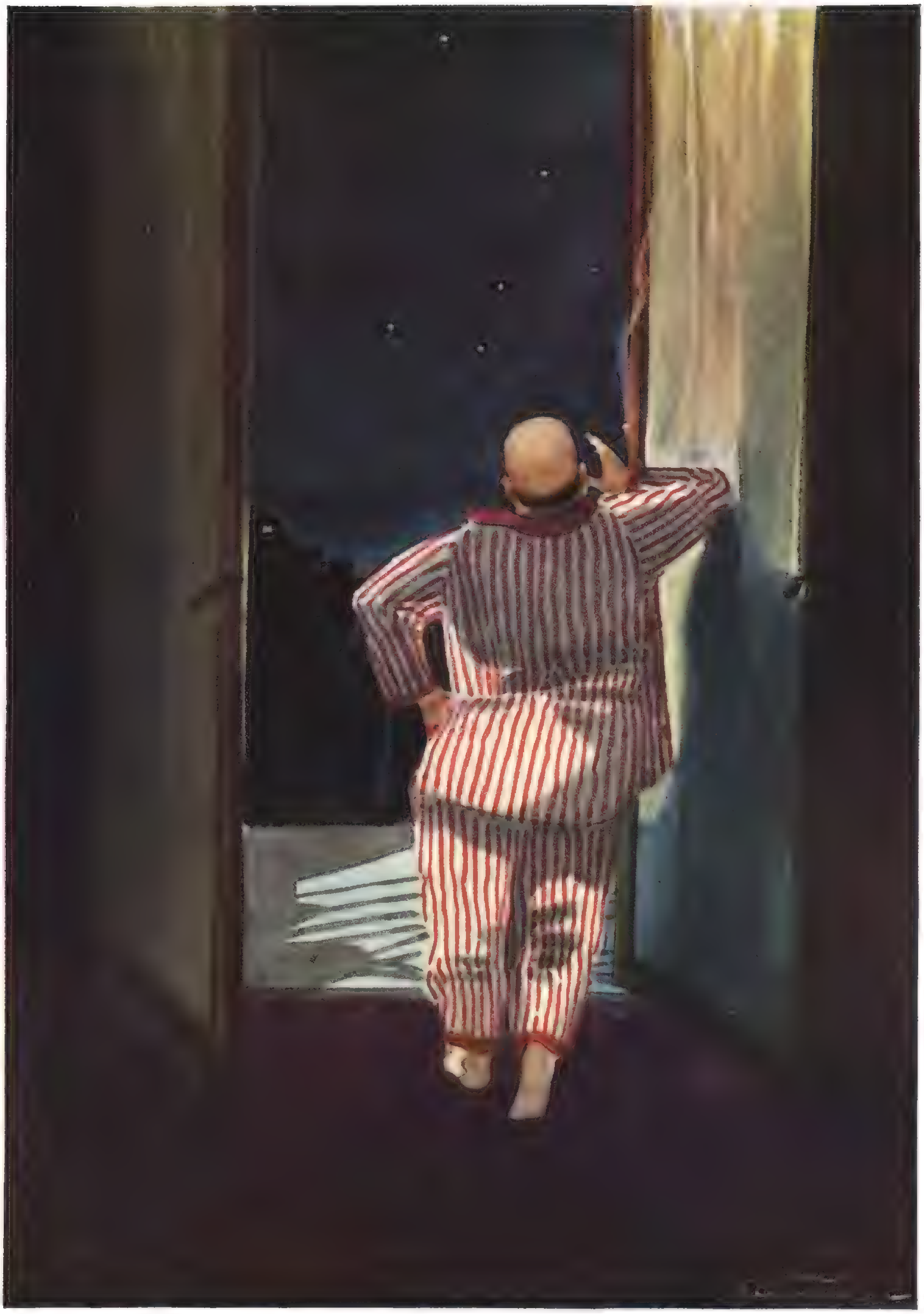
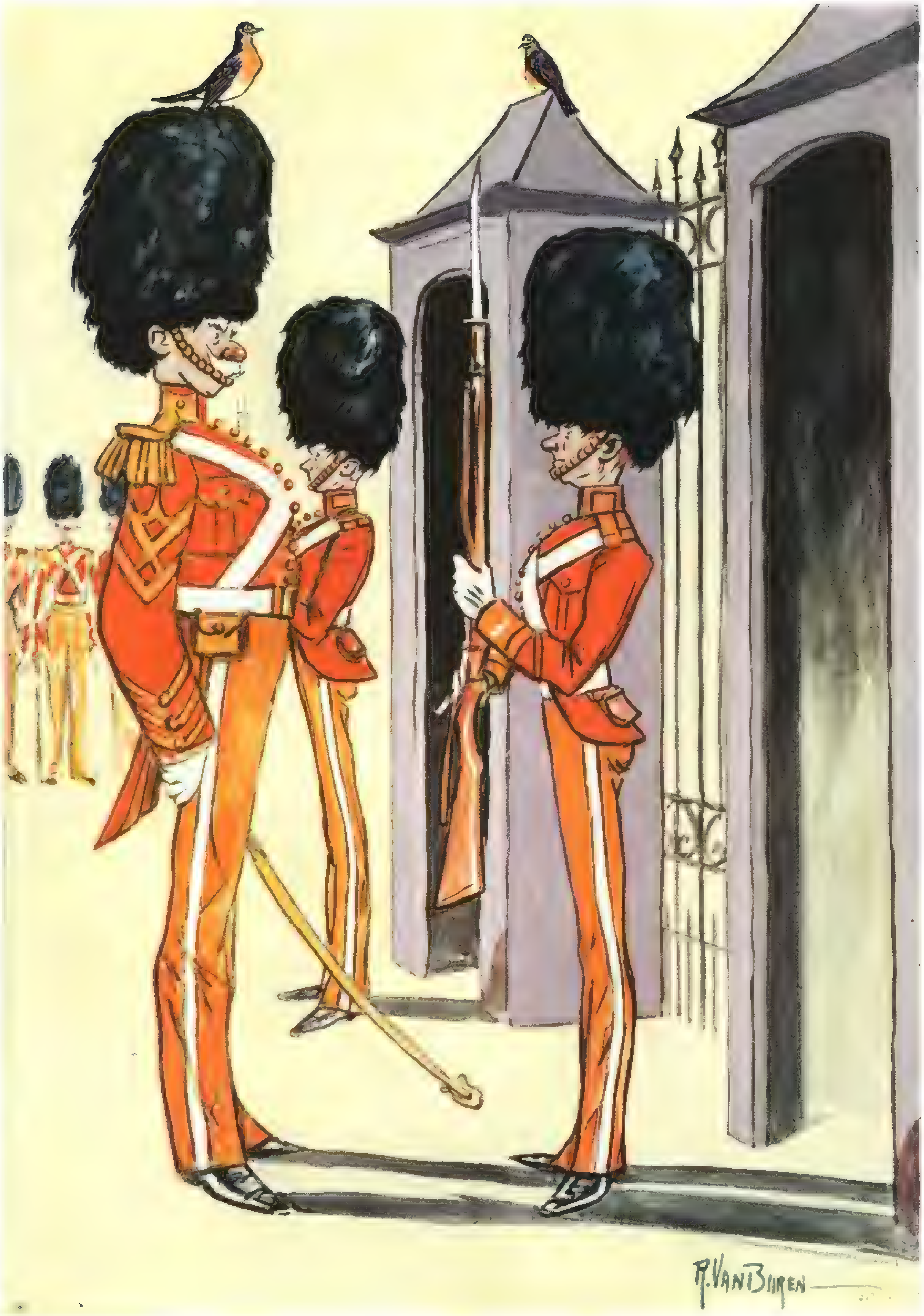


"Well, one thing—she's a damn good secretary"



"Looks like our housing problem is solved, Mabel"

Backwoods of Mexico

The questing archeologist finds two instances, one happy, one brutal, of man's gradual decay

by OLIVER LA FARGE

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

El Deseo

El Deseo—The Longed-For; it looked well named when one came in, after the long trek across the Cojolite Mountains. The main house was in the best tropical bungalow style, with wide screened porches all around, commanding a view across meadowland to the river, and over the soft-edged, blue-green ridge upon ridge of jungle enclosing this spot of civilization. There were large rooms, real beds, servants to take one's horse, bring coffee in the morning. The manager, Rechtes, was a former German army officer and somewhat of a gentleman. He spoke fair English, was an amateur entomologist, and like most Germans, had an intelligent general knowledge of ruins and other matters of scientific interest in the neighborhood. The instant a traveller turned down the wide avenue between two lines of rubber trees, he knew that comfort was at hand. The workmen's huts and ranch store were picturesque; the Bachajón Indians moving about were appropriate to the scene.

We stayed about three weeks, and during that time my perception changed as I watched, grew to like and dislike the people—Rechtes himself, the Mexican foremen, the Bachajones. I don't know which of these was the key, or if it was a combination of all of them. I didn't finally realize till later, some time after the last incident when everything had been digested and fitted together, how much I hated the place, feeling that El Deseo was accursed.

You can take it through Rechtes; certainly everything centered around him. He put the forces in action, was the catalyzer, and I suppose he himself was the main victim of what he started. He'd commanded native troops and run a plantation in the Cameroons, in the Kaiser's time. From there he came to a new world, similar apparently, and yet strange, bringing with him the military shoulders and good looks—he was a big man—the obsession of caste and national superiority, the methods of handling men, acquired from the German army and the German colonies. He had the common habit of his kind, of confusing insolent condescension with good nature.

I suppose I shouldn't be too hard on him. He made efforts to be polite to me, despite my French name, and was steadily cordial to Blom who was a Dane and spoke fluent German. His trouble was that he was up against something he never figured out.

The Germans invaded this part of Mexico when the old régime was selling out to foreigners all along the line, and they could buy up enormous tracts of land. They claimed that rubber could be raised here, but the only rubber to be found was the double line of trees in front of El Deseo, and it was commercially worthless. It was good coffee country, and the jungle was full of mahogany trees so big that if I gave their measurements I'd be set down for a liar. But you couldn't take anything out by water, and the trail ran over the Cojolite Range—four days of the hardest travel, your pack animals falling down two or three times a day each, the trail needing to be cleared again every month or so. When you were out, you still hadn't got anywhere. Mahogany couldn't travel that way, coffee and sugar wouldn't pay. Many *fincas* were closed, a few stayed under caretakers. El Deseo, the biggest of all, was maintained in the hope of unloading it on North Americans. Once a year or so a party of prospects would be brought out.

So Rechtes was stuck in the middle of nowhere with a distorted job. He raised sugar and coffee because it looked well, not for the market, kept the home ranch in beautiful condition, maintained trails. He didn't understand the Indians—"Not like my niggers, these Indianer"—and since in his view Mexicans were automatically inferior to Germans, he got on badly with his foremen and his assistant, Don Miguel Gavarrete. Don Miguel lived at a dependent ranch some leagues away, but had lunch with Rechtes daily. I used to watch them at meals, the Mexican full of cat-like, murderous Spanish politeness, the German alternately indifferent, ignoring him, or insolently good-natured, both full of hate which had been accumulating for some two years. They would get up a regular campaign of insults, all hidden, over a matter such as the preference of one for sauce Maggi, the other for chiles. Don Miguel was an aristocrat, educated, moderately traveled, forced by the new order of things to take and hold this job. He could hardly give it up, having a wife and children; he was certainly a galled horse.

The German was at odds with his assistant, then; a likable man in actual fact, whom we found excellent company. With his foremen it was worse. I saw it so that it hurt, when one of them got drowned on a Sunday. The foremen and Indians mostly got drunk Sundays, there being little else to do, and the ranch encouraged it as it helped keep them in debt. This time one of the Mexicans fell into the river, and when he was fished out he was slightly swollen and blue-green all over. Much of the time Blom and I worked separately here, he going out to scout ruins, I concentrating on the Indians, but this day we were together. We pumped the man for about two hours, at high, hot noon. Lunch was ready, and we kept at it. Our persistence annoyed Rechtes, and he showed it, then covered himself by cuffing a man who was helping us, telling him to work harder. He was short with us afterwards. We made him late for lunch, we put ourselves over on the other side from him, with his opponents. Caste should have made us stand aloof; the possibility of saving a man was no consideration. He took it out on me afterwards, when Blom was away and I had been to an Indian funeral, building up a comedy about my fondness for the dead, and going out of his way to address me in French. One saw all that, and also the Mexicans' appreciation of our efforts, their silence towards the Manager while we worked.

This kind of thing left him a lonely man. His house servants lost no love on him. Some, the younger and prettier, were or

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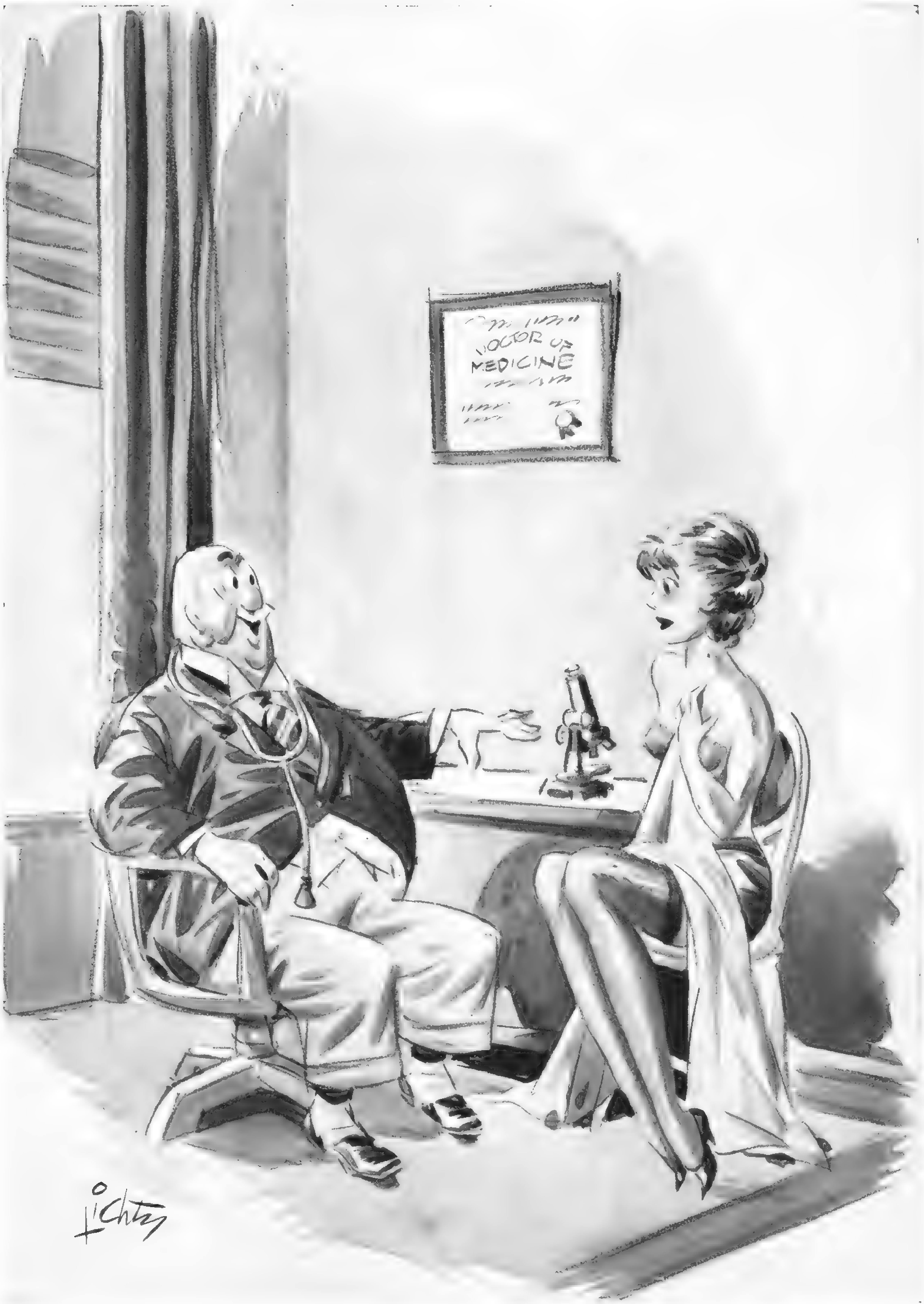
DOCTOR OF
MEDICINE
Lichty

"Oh boy! Just feel my pulse!"

How Will We Behave?

Cashing in on knowing what the average man who does the average thing at the usual time will do

by FRED C. KELLY

ARTICLE

NEARLY every mail lately brings me circulars from statistical organizations of bright lads who, for a consideration, will tell me what the stock market is going to do, thus enabling me to buy cheap and sell dear. The joke of it is, this thing of predicting the market *might* be done; that is, theoretically, it might be. If it were possible to find out every possible influence making people desire to buy or sell stocks, then almost any journeyman statistician could compile these *causes* and actually predict their *effects* with reasonable accuracy.

The great flaw in the scheme is that subtle causes must number at least a million, and no one knows what all these causes are. A humble unknown inventor, in an obscure laboratory, may be on the right track toward perfecting a new device which will make obsolete an article now profitably sold by an important corporation. Then, at least one stock would not go up. A nagging wife may bedevil a man until he has a nervous breakdown, and while in that state he may shoot a ruler whose death is the indirect cause of a war. One could never keep tab on *all* the influences controlling movements of stocks. I never heard of a statistician who honestly professed to have his finger on more than a few causes out of a million or more with which he would have to be familiar. Hence we cannot take his estimates and predictions too seriously.

I myself used to have fair success in guessing which direction stocks would go, by the simple plan of assuming that most people are easily fooled and the majority must be wrong most of the time. All I had to do, in a general way, was to find out, as well as I could, what most people were doing, in regard to stocks, and then do the opposite. This scheme worked well for a number of years. But after 1929, I found myself in a different kind of world. Not only the majority were mistaken; *everybody* was being fooled. If one bought stocks when everybody was discouraged, once a sound procedure, the plan no longer was successful. Thousands of new influences were at work, and stocks went down even when a great mass of people, less wise than a few, *thought* they would go down. After several annoying little experiments indicated that my once profitable theory was no longer workable, I retired to the sidelines, leaving the whole field to other promising boys who were willing to back their judgment. Most of these, I find, haven't been doing any too well. They have been operating with knowledge of too few of the causes, and consequently can't foresee the total effects.

Yet the fact remains that, within certain limits, it *is* possible to predict various phases of human behavior and make important use of human probabilities. If this were not true, all insurance companies would soon be busted. There does exist a kind of law of averages. Every insurance company knows with amazing accuracy how many men of a given age will die next year, in comparison with the number of women of the same age. Women live a little longer than men do, just as men live longer in certain occupations than in others. While it is usually impossible to foretell how long one man will live, it is not difficult to predict the average age at death of all men in a large group. Likewise, it is always safe to predict, based on past observation, that the largest group of people who are killed by accident will not be on the high seas, or in automobiles, but in their own homes—killed, maybe, in such common-place manner as falling off stepladders. More accidents occur in homes than anywhere else for the simple reason that most people spend more time at home than elsewhere. Here is cause and effect. Insurance people have learned that when they agree to pay a man a comfortable annuity, for the rest of his life, he is likely to be on their hands longer than if he were an average man without an annuity. His freedom from financial worry prolongs his life. This may not be true of every man, but it is certainly true of the average of a group—the law of averages.

The first man, I believe, to make scientific use of this term, *average man*, was Adolphe Quetelet, a Belgian statistician, who died in 1874. He stressed the fact that most human behavior, no matter how much seemingly controlled by chance, always follows *causes.* He said:

"Chance, that mysterious, much abused word, should be considered only a veil for our ignorance; it is a phantom which exercises the most absolute empire over the common mind, accustomed to consider events only as isolated, but which is reduced to naught before the philosopher, whose eye embraces a long series of events and whose penetration is not led astray by variations, which disappear when he gives himself sufficient perspective to seize the laws of nature."

One of his studies was of crimes. He compared the sexes as to different kind of crimes, presented the relative number of crimes against persons and against property, as well as the relative degree of tendency to crime at different ages. Then he noted the "astounding exactitude with which crimes are reproduced." Insisting that all crimes proceed from definite causes, many of them economic, he lamented the lack of effort to get at causes rather than merely dealing with effects. "We pass from one year to another with the sad perspective of seeing the same crimes reproduced in the same order and calling down the same punishments in the same proportion. Sad condition of humanity!"

He sought to know of moral qualities of the average man in the study of suicides and marriages. His studies of mental trials were forerunners of more modern studies in experimental psychology.

Since the time of Quetelet, of whom we now hear little (though there is a statue in his honor in Brussels) we have gone a long distance in applying knowledge regarding the Average Man. Without such applied knowledge, many lines of business would feel almost sunk—whether a chain of cigar stores counting pedestrian traffic in front of a proposed location, to estimate how many men will come in to buy, or a mail order house determining the average value of a day's orders simply by weighing the mail.

These mail order people know, for example, exactly how much more effectively a pink slip, in an envelope containing printed matter, will move a customer to action than if it were a blue, green or yellow slip. They know from experience that of all customers who report shortages in shipments, exactly 98 per cent will report that they have found the missing articles if the company writes them a certain kind of form letter. All the company has to do is to suggest that a postal inspector will soon be calling upon the customer to learn of the situation, with a view to finding out if the trouble can lie in the local post-office. Usually the difficulty is not in the post-office

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The Will to Live

A young lawyer learns how the indomitable force operates in a man, against his conscious will

by TIM PRIDGEN

• FICTION •

The first I knew of him my rear office door cracked open an inch and someone peered in at me. I was not alarmed. Cautious back countrymen did that sometimes. I had been looking out the front window at the sunset across the courthouse square and he couldn't have entered that way without my seeing him. The only other way was at the rear through a little vine tangled ravine which led to the woods. I wondered why he came so furtively.

The door opened and he stood framed in it. He was strikingly hard and powerful looking. His dusty slouch hat, his unkempt black hair and beard framed a strong, hooked nose which seemed to give direction to piercing dark eyes. These were deep set under heavy, bristling brows.

His voice bore out his rugged appearance—solid and resonant. Even his low tones vibrated.

"Shet thet window curtain, bud. I don't want to be seen."

I knew the type. As he strode into the office gingerly my mind readily classified him. His kind was strong-willed, unalterably honest and self reliant. I knew that whatever he came for I should have to deal with those qualities.

He sat down and faced me across the desk. He paused, eyeing me doubtfully. He scratched beneath his black beard, hesitating.

"You reckon you, maybe, could draw a will? I mean—arn-bound?"

"Iron-bound? Surely!" It was an affront to a very young lawyer, that frank doubt, but the need for fees was great.

"Well—ain't nothin' else to do," he said resignedly. "I want a will."

"Very well, Mr.—"

"Burmer's the name. Silas Burmer. I live in Lakehill township, on a farm. Cudahey Dallan's my lawyer, but he's gone to Europe. I can't wait for him."

"I'm glad to serve you," I suggested, "but perhaps you'd prefer to wait."

He looked at me grimly. I swear there was no flicker of fear in his dark eyes.

"Wait, hell!" he rumbled. "They'll be fryin' me in the electric chair before Cudahey gets through Egypt!"

It sounded ominous—too ominous. I thought he was ribbing me, and smiled.

"You wouldn't think it was a joke if you seed Mack Marley's carcass sprawled out on my wood pile. I shot his heart clean out—not an hour ago."

I leaned forward. My skin went prickly. I felt sick.

"You mean—you've—killed a man?"

"Bud, I shore have," he assured me solemnly. "I told the dam' scoundrel that if he didn't quit turnin' his bull into my corn I'd kill him. Five times straight on. I told him and I put the word out among the neighbors that I'd kill him. And I did!"

"But, man—what you need is a murder defense—not a will! They'll try you for your life!"

"Thet's whut!" he said with satisfaction. "They've got to have a trial before they execute me. That'll give me time to get ready. I want a will—everything to my wife and chaps. Then I'm goin' to give up to the Sheriff and confess."

"But, Mr. Burmer! You mustn't—"

He placed a heavy gnarled finger on the desk. The man's personal power was terrific.

"Don't say no more buts, bud. You don't understand it. I laid for him and I killed him in cold blood. I'd do it again. A common skunk like him didn't have no right to live. But it was first degree murder, and the law says I got to die. Well—I ain't tryin' to cheat out of it. I pay what I owe. That's me."

Silas Burmer's gaze seemed to burn into my eyes as he told me:

"I seed him a-comin' up to my wood lot. I put down my work and went and got my gun. I had just come back from chasin' his bull out of my corn. I says to him: 'I told you about thet bull.' He says: 'Aw, shet up.' I blazed away. He fell over on the wood pile. He was tore up powerful. . . . Now, about thet will. . . ."

I walked around to where he was sitting and shook my finger at the point of his nose. I said with all my strength:

"I'll not let you voluntarily put your neck in the noose! If you're guilty, they've got to prove it. You'd be a fool to give up!"

"The law says, bud, thet when you kill a man in cold blood, you got to die."

He spoke as one presenting an unanswerable statement and with surprise that I did not comprehend.

"I know—but you did not kill him in cold blood."

"I was as ca'm as I am now."

"Well then—you were mentally unbalanced—you went suddenly insane—"

"Crazy? Me crazy?" Silas Burmer snorted. "I'd like to see you tell Tom Cossitt and Jack Bridley and them jury fellers that Silas Burmer's crazy. They'd laugh in your face!"

I was disconcerted, but a lawyer's instinct is to persist.

"Well, for God's sake!" I demanded. "Don't surrender yet." Hide out tonight, and I'll come to you in the morning. Don't talk."

He sat silently, his hands on his knees, thinking. He arose and towered over me. He placed a hand on my shoulder. There was a heavy kindliness in his voice.

"It won't do no good," he said, shaking his head. "Cudahey Dallan couldn't get me out of this—much less you. But you're jest a yearlin' lawyer, and a big murder case to plead would help your reputation. You can try your hand at it if you want. It can't hurt me. But—understand this—I don't pay you a dam' cent and I don't swear no lies. I ain't a-goin' to die with no lies on my conscience."

"Well, at least don't talk until I say."

"Well."

He turned to go. I was trembling at the responsibility suddenly thrust upon me, but he was calm. I opened the rear door. The twilight crept in, grey and gloomy. He looked up at the dim stars.

"I hate to die," he said simply. "But I swear to God I don't see no way out of it."

He went down the steps and into the ravine.

* * *

An hour later I was frenzied. Deer hunters who know the delirium which sometimes comes with the first shot call it buck fever. A dozen effervescent lines of defense surged up, each with its moment of iridescent hope, only to fizz out by their own ephemeralities. Always I came back to the old standby, insanity, and came back trembling. It was a last resort. Even juries knew that.

By now Silas Burmer's life was weighing on me like a gravestone. My imagination pictured him as a drowning man with me on the bank neither able to swim nor to cast him a line. I sought help, as many a better lawyer has done.

My old friend and mentor, Attorney Jeremiah Gull, was sitting alone on his front

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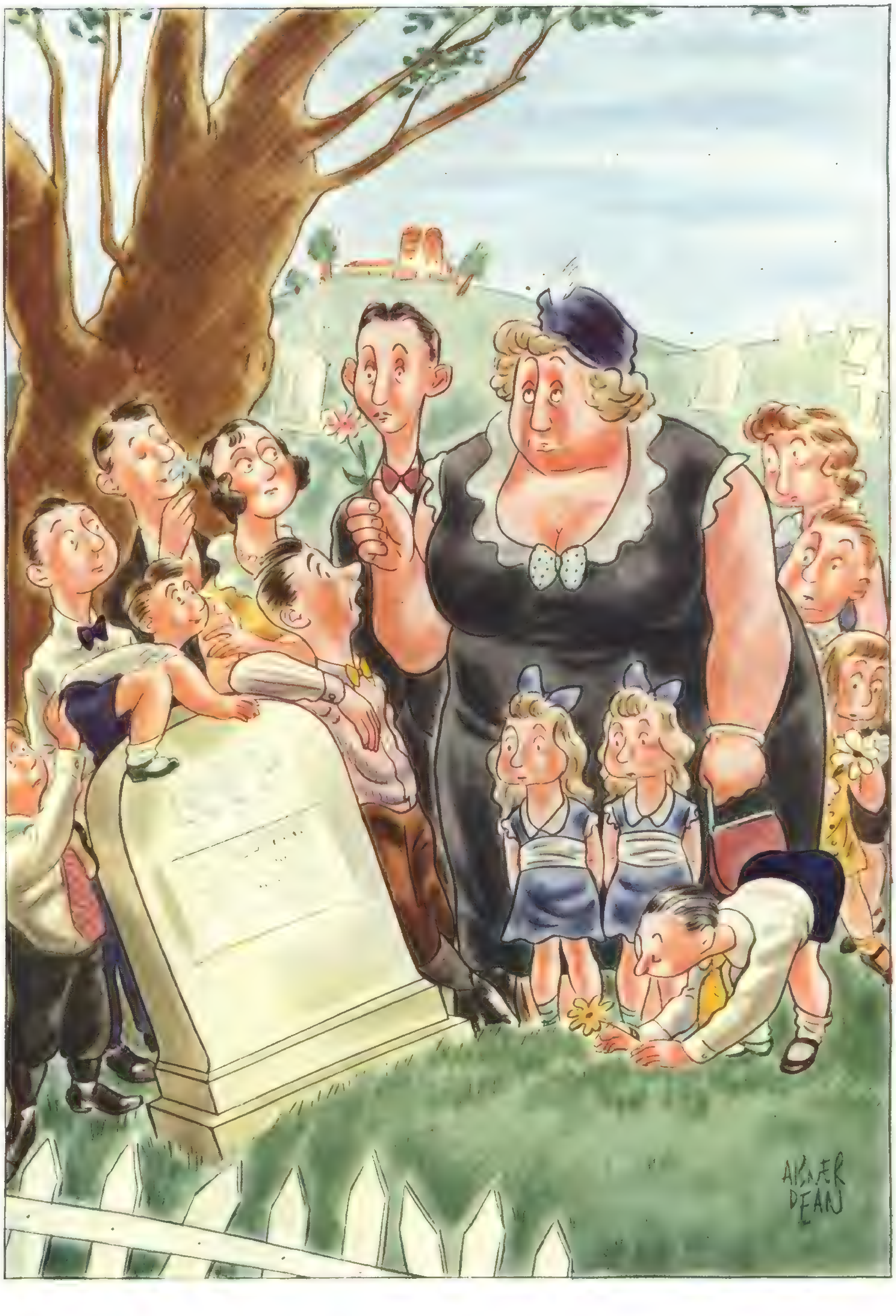
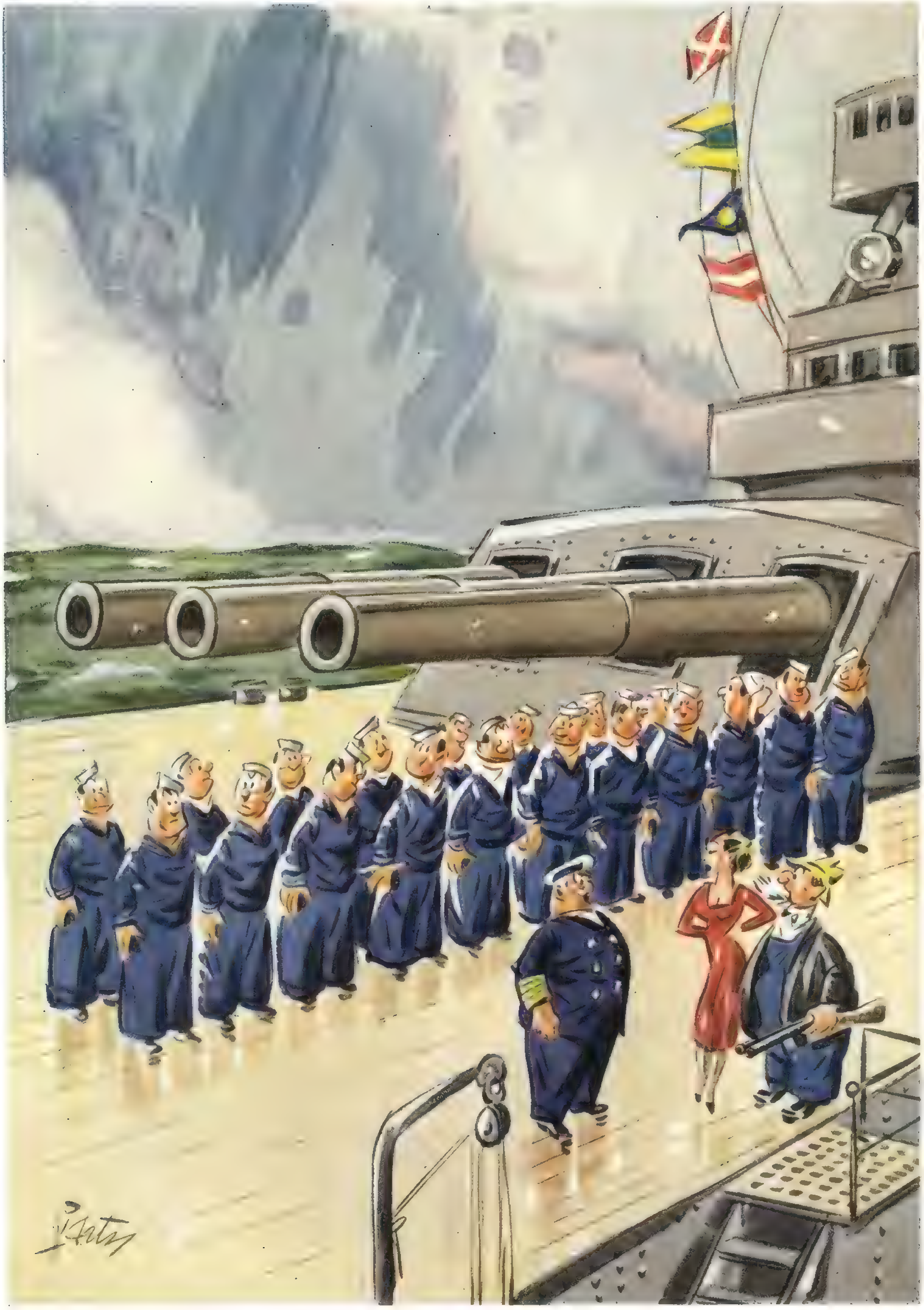


"*Mama, what kind of a man was Daddy?*"



B Flat Riley

At last dawns the great day in the life and career of the tug-boat whistle-tooter

by JOSEPH ALGER

▪ SATIRE ▪

We scuffed in the sawdust of a West Street bar with its smell of stale beer and its framed Roosevelt. The focal point of my interest was the grizzled head of a man almost lost in a mug of beer. He wore a tattered sea captain's hat, and such an expression of utter defeat that I could not take my gaze from him.

My companion seemed to sense my deep-rooted curiosity.

"Don't say Elsa Maxwell to him," he said. I had no intention of saying *anything* to the man, and out of a million possible speeches I suppose "Elsa Maxwell" would have been the last.

"That's B Flat Riley," my friend went on. "And of all the men who ever piloted a tug, he's sunk the lowest."

"So he's a tug captain," I said.

"*Was* a tug captain. Worked his way up—owned his own ship and everything. Today they wouldn't sign him as a stevedore over on the leather docks. Two more darks, Charley."

It was obvious that I would have no prompting to do to hear the sad story.

"If you were invited to a party in Grant's Tomb two Christmas eve's ago, stop me. No? Well it seems that this woman Maxwell is always trumping up some new wrinkle of entertainment for the people who have money and long evenings on their hands. And this time the scheme was a very exclusive little group at Grant's Tomb. There was some connection with the 'Let Us Have Peace' sign over the door, but God knows Mr. and Mrs. U. S. couldn't have had much of it that evening.

"The plan was to have a bunch of tugs play 'God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen' on their whistles out in the Hudson, while refreshments were being served in the rotunda. A neat trick, you've got to admit.

"Miss Maxwell and some long-haired fellow from the Philharmonic went the rounds from dock to dock, and it wasn't long before they had most of the notes they needed for their little act. Of course, the gruff men of the tug business were a bit leary of the whole thing, and suspected the long-haired guy more than they did Miss Maxwell, especially when she said she brought him because he had perfect pitch. But the price seemed reasonable.

"So every boat, or rather note, down to D natural was signed up, all that was missing was B flat. The Salvation Army Santa Clauses were getting mangier by the minute, the papers were saying, 'only four more shopping days', and it looked as though the whole thing might fall through.

"Jeb Riley had a regular barge job on the East River, but it just happened that he was on a special haul on the Jersey side. He could shave ferries with the best of them, poor Jeb, and he must have come too close to a Weehawken flat nose, because he let out a toot that could have been heard in Jackson Heights.

"It *was* heard by the long-haired guy at the French Line dock. He and Miss Maxwell happened to be there because one of the smaller whistles on the *Ile de France* proved to be B flat, and the skipper was having a hard time explaining to Miss Maxwell why he couldn't get up as far as 125th Street, and besides he was due at Havre on Christmas day.

"When the perfect pitch fellow told her he'd spotted the precious note, he was all for swimming the river. But Miss Maxwell said she'd never been to Weehawken, and wasn't going.

"So they got a Jersey directory and called up every dock and tug company they could find. Eventually Riley came to the phone.

"'Leave the receiver off the hook and go and blow your whistle', said the pitch man, and, of course, Riley said, 'Say, what is this', and a lot of other things. But the upshot of it is that Riley was signed up for B flat, and a prouder man you never saw.

"Riley always had a hankering to hobnob with higher ups. Sometimes when he was passing the private landings on the East side he used to put on a necktie.

"Now he had his chance. And he put his heart into it. The rehearsals were held up off Nyack, and Riley's part was important. He came in twenty-one times. The next nearest was fourteen. And while the long-haired man waved his flashlight from the wheelhouse of the flagship *Peter Wollendorf*, Riley leaned on that cord with perfect tempo.

"Early on the 24th Riley got an awful case of stage fright. He had stayed up all night with a phonograph record and a string attached to a doorknob. He was as nervous as a cat, and nothing would do but steam up the river out of hearing and rehearse.

"Riley was so sensitive about it that it wasn't till West Point that he dared let loose. Oh, I know you think he didn't arrive at the performance. He arrived all right, just in the nick of time, because he'd struck ice floes this side of Garrison and the craft had a terrible time making headway. It was dusk when she swung groaning into her B flat place in line.

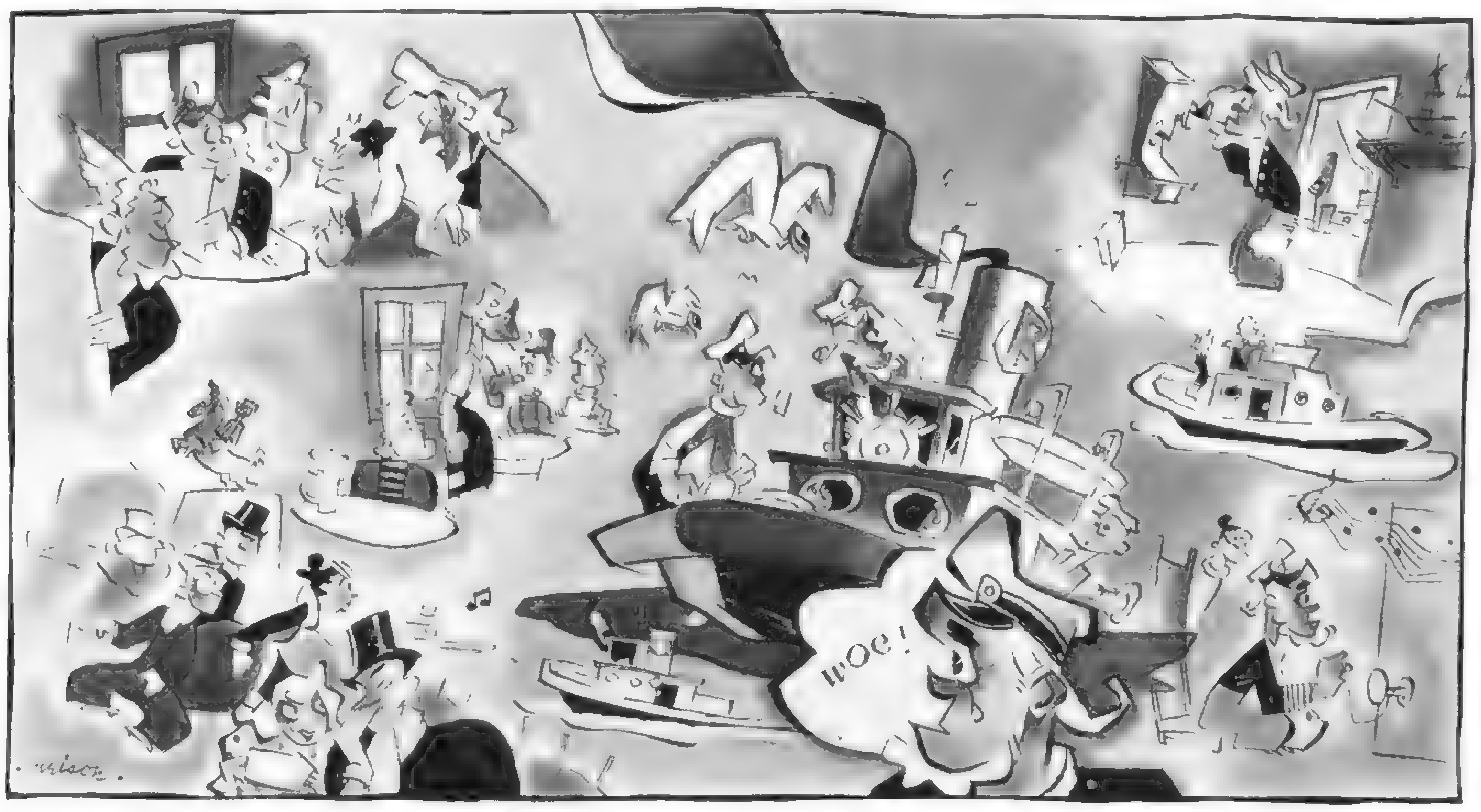
"The long-haired man on the flagship had raised his flashlight. All the people were at Grant's Tomb. The deep throated strains of 'God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen' started.

"Riley, pale with terror, waited for the signal for the third note. But only a faint fizzle of spent steam came out of that whistle. *After that run through the ice there wasn't a pound on the gauge!*

"'More fire!' yells Riley, forgetting he had a signal rope. But it was no use. The tune went on . . . 'let nothing you dis-whoosh'. That was Riley's note. And there was just nothing he could do about it.

"'Full speed astern,' shouts Riley, but it takes steam to push a tug. He had to stay and take the worst kidding a seaman ever took.

"And as the weeks rolled by everybody called him B flat Riley and just plain shamed him out of business. Some say he's gone crazy and is dangerous. I don't believe it. He's just a broken man. But whatever you do, don't say Elsa Maxwell to *him*."



The Flight of Nonc

If faith could make a man fly then voodoo and Le Bon Dieu were all the wings he needed

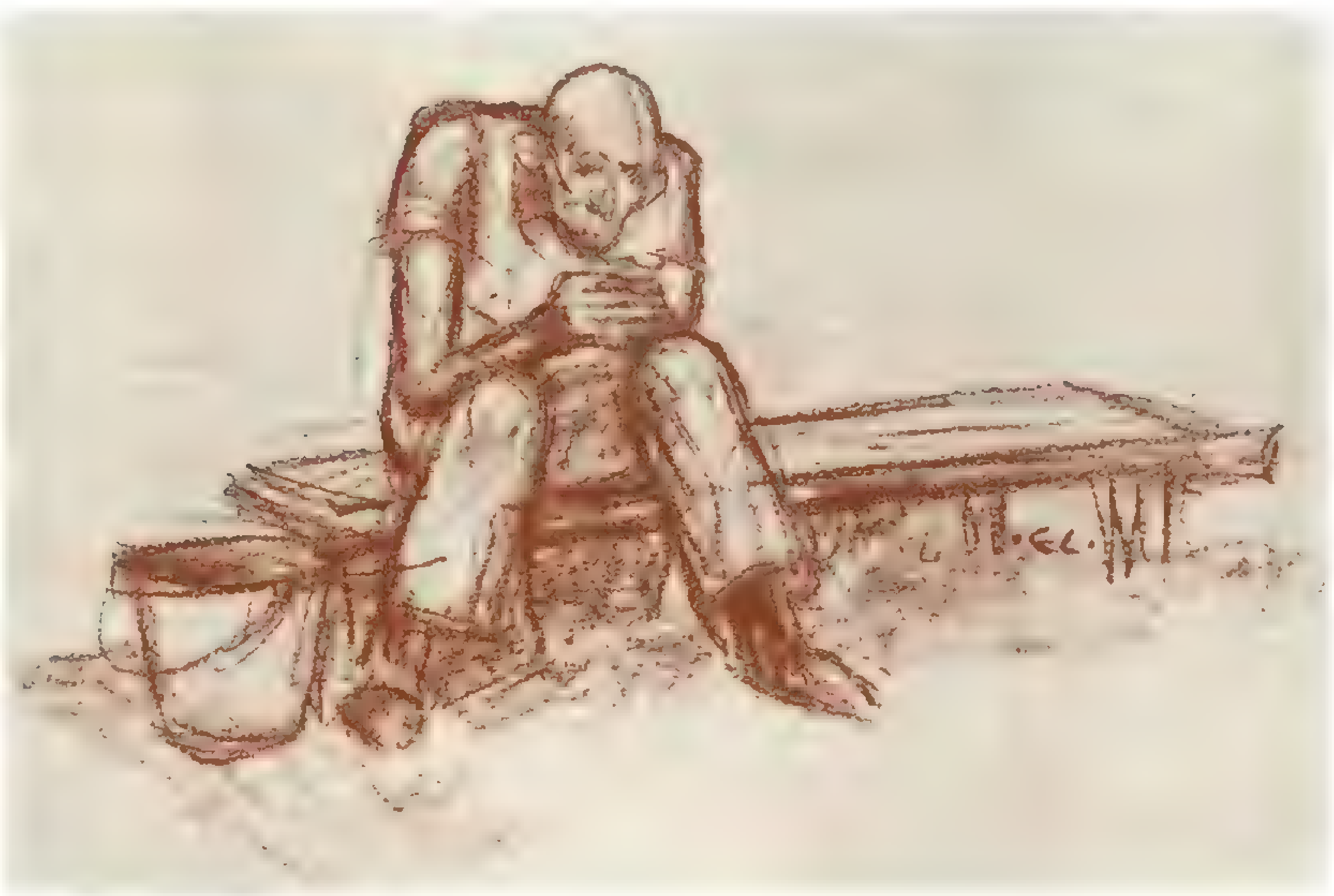
by HEWITT LEONARD BALLOWE

FICTION

Voodooism has not ceased to exist in Creole Louisiana. The passing years have swept away abhorrent rites of a vile cult but the glamour of its magic persists. Cures for ills and hurts, charms that ward off evil and bring good fortune, still appeal to natures thoroughly mystical and minds steeped in superstition. Child-like men and women believe in these as children of the enlightened do in fairies. They have nothing in common with the conjure men that one still hears of on the plantations and the *vieilles sorcières*, casters of spells and workers of evil.

Nonc's fame was great in the sparse settlements along the River as a maker of *remèdes* and a preparer of potent charms. Gentle, kindly old soul with sincerest belief in his power he would have indignantly denied that he was a voodoo at all.

"*Non, monsieur*. You have mek one erreur. Voodoo pray to Snake, dam. I go to church, me. I mek my jooty befo' de Curé. Look *mon scapulaire, ma médaille*."



"And that little bag that hangs between them? Surely that is a voodoo ounga bag."

"I'm don' know dat nem, me. It is fou *la bonne chance*. Hol' pipple show me to mek heem."

If Nonc was a charlatan he was his own most credulous victim. When he determined to fly possibility of failure never entered his mind.

He lived in a latanier hut on the coteau behind Mimille's camp on Pass à l'Outre where the River branches into three streams to empty its silt-laden water into the Gulf. To him came the afflicted and troubled. They went to others for simpler remedies such as for sun pains, sprains, teething of babies, but he was the court of final appeal where one was bleeding to death, where 'Rysipele was creeping to a vital spot on one's body, or where a child seemed doomed to Wasting Sickness.

He was very happy there. Mimille and his wife, Tante Sara, were devoted to him. Little Bizoune, nine, and Bedeau, a year older, grandchildren of the couple, worshipped him. Tambour, loud mouthed, another brother, was the one skeptic of all the dwellers of the marshes. His gibes started the affair.

One day Nonc was seated in the only chair at the camp in the shade of a mespilus tree. He had muted the strings of Marie Jeanne, his fiddle, with his pocket knife and was swaying with enjoyment as he drew the bow across them. The three children were sprawled on the edge of the Pass playing pigeon vole.

Each held a finger on the ground. One called a name and raised his finger. If the object named flew the others raised their fingers, too. Otherwise they were not moved. A slap was the penalty for a mistake.

"*Crapaud vole . . . Trouloulou vole . . . Cha'oui vole . . . Dada vole . . . Nonc vole.*"

There was a scuffle. Slaps resounded. Voices were raised in argument.

"*Couillons!*" jeered Tambour. "Wat you got, you? Nonc don' fly."

"Mais he kin if he wan' to," cried Bizoune.

"Sho he kin fly," added Bedeau.

"*Comme ça*. Like dat," said Tambour making a nasty gesture. "You folla tink because Nonc look like hol' bozzid he kin fly, hein? You believe he is de mo' fine man in de worl', hein? *Ta nannaine*. He is hol' bloffer an' fool de pipple."

There was but one answer to such heresy. "*Fou' li, Bed*," screamed Bizoune, and threw himself upon the scoffer.

Nonc dropped Marie Jeanne. His body grew numb at the shock of Tambour's words. As he stared beyond the fighting children his gaze rested upon clouds in the western sky. Against the fleecy background the darker bodies of soaring birds caught his eyes and held them fascinated.

"*C'est ça, hein?*" he muttered. "He call me bozzid, hein? Hol' bloffer, hein?"

On the following morning he calmly appropriated a roll of canvas that Mimille had bought to cover the cabin of his boat. Gentle Tante Sara sighed when he unnailed a deer skin from the side of the camp. She had prepared it for use at the accouchement of her daughter. In dismay the boys saw him take their fishing poles, strong reeds that they had picked up in the drift.

"Wat you gon do, Nonc?" asked Bizoune, the only one privileged to take such a liberty with him.

"Mek weeng to fly lak hol' bozzid."

A few days later he brought two kite-like objects from his hut and carefully loaded them in his pirogue. The boys got a glimpse of canvas stretched taut over reed frames, and of dangling thongs. When the old man had paddled out of sight they threw themselves into another pirogue and stealthily followed. They came upon him on a narrow beach at the end of the Pass. Hauling their boat ashore they crept to a point of vantage behind a clump of mangroves and watched him tie on his wings.

A strong offshore wind was blowing in sharp puffs that more than once threw his slight body to the ground as he struggled to fasten the thongs. When everything was arranged to his satisfaction he extended his arms, leaped into the air with remarkable agility, and flapped his wings. A sudden gust caught in the sails and carried him over the water.

"Nonc fly! Nonc fly!" screamed Bizoune excitedly. "Wat I tol' you?"

"Mais look how he fly—behime-biffo," laughed Tambour. "*Crois bein* he don' go far, no."

Nonc sailed through the air backwards, kicking frantically in an effort to right himself. The puff died out and he fell heavily on a sand bar. The boys rushed through the shallows to where he lay.

"You hurt, Nonc?" they gasped.

"You *espionner* on me, hein?" he demanded furiously, paying no attention to the query.

They extricated him from the wreckage of broken reeds and crumpled canvas and helped him home to his pirogue. Bedeau paddled him home.

"I kin fly," the old man muttered.

"Yass, Nonc," agreed Bedeau.

"You see fou you'se'f, hein?"

"Yass, Nonc."

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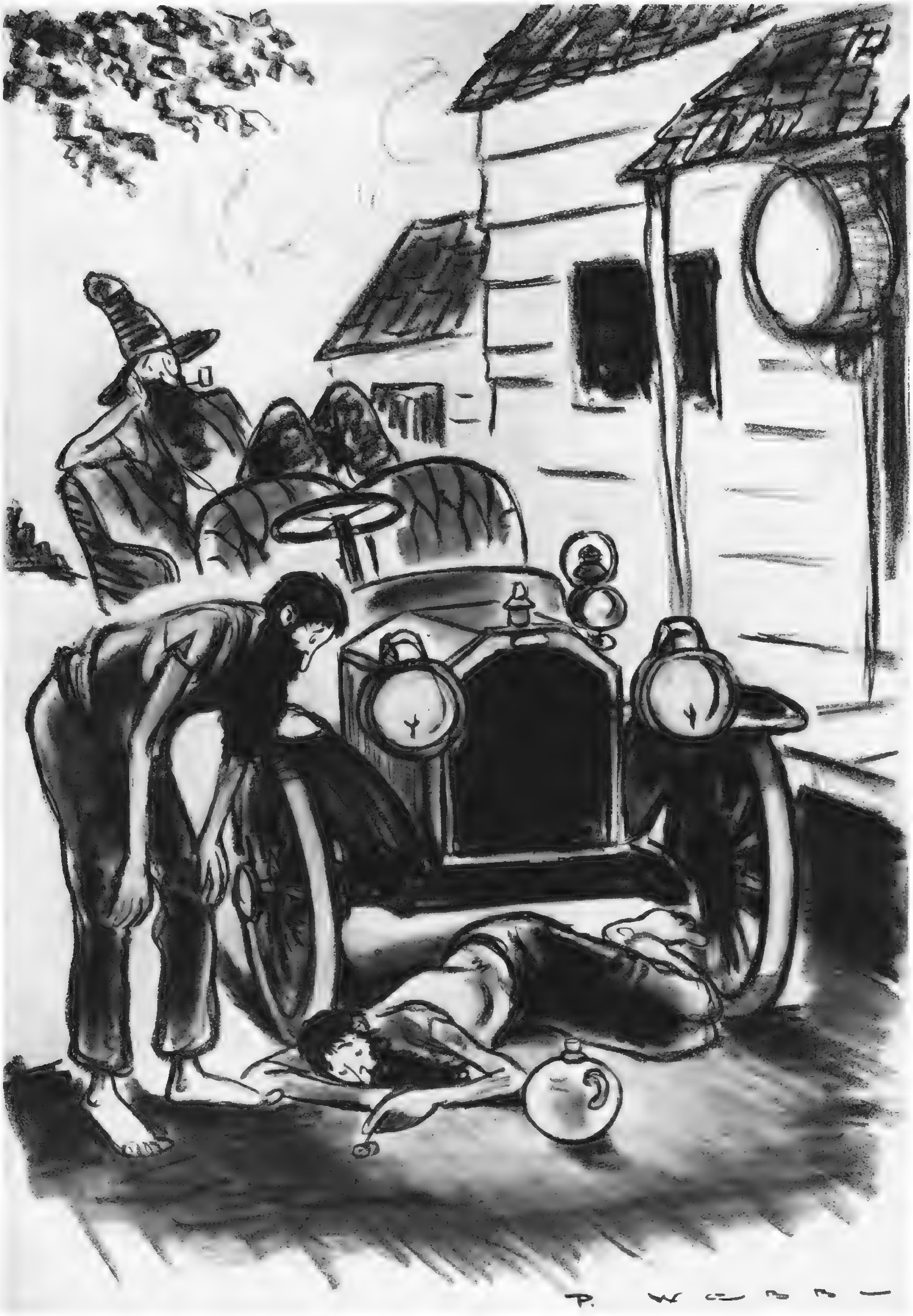


"Move yer head over a little, Willy—me'n Jake's goin' fer a spin"

Crazy Over Dogs

A wild appreciation of the playful, sagacious beasts by a former friend of dog-lovers

by WALTER DE STEIGUER

• ARTICLE •

Last Saturday evening Mrs. Rodgers telephoned my wife and suggested a session of contract. I was pleased. It happens that Rodgers buys enough pasteboard cartons every year to reach from here to there. Lately he has been buying them from me. I finally got him switched over from the Excelsior people, even though our product runs a bit higher in price.

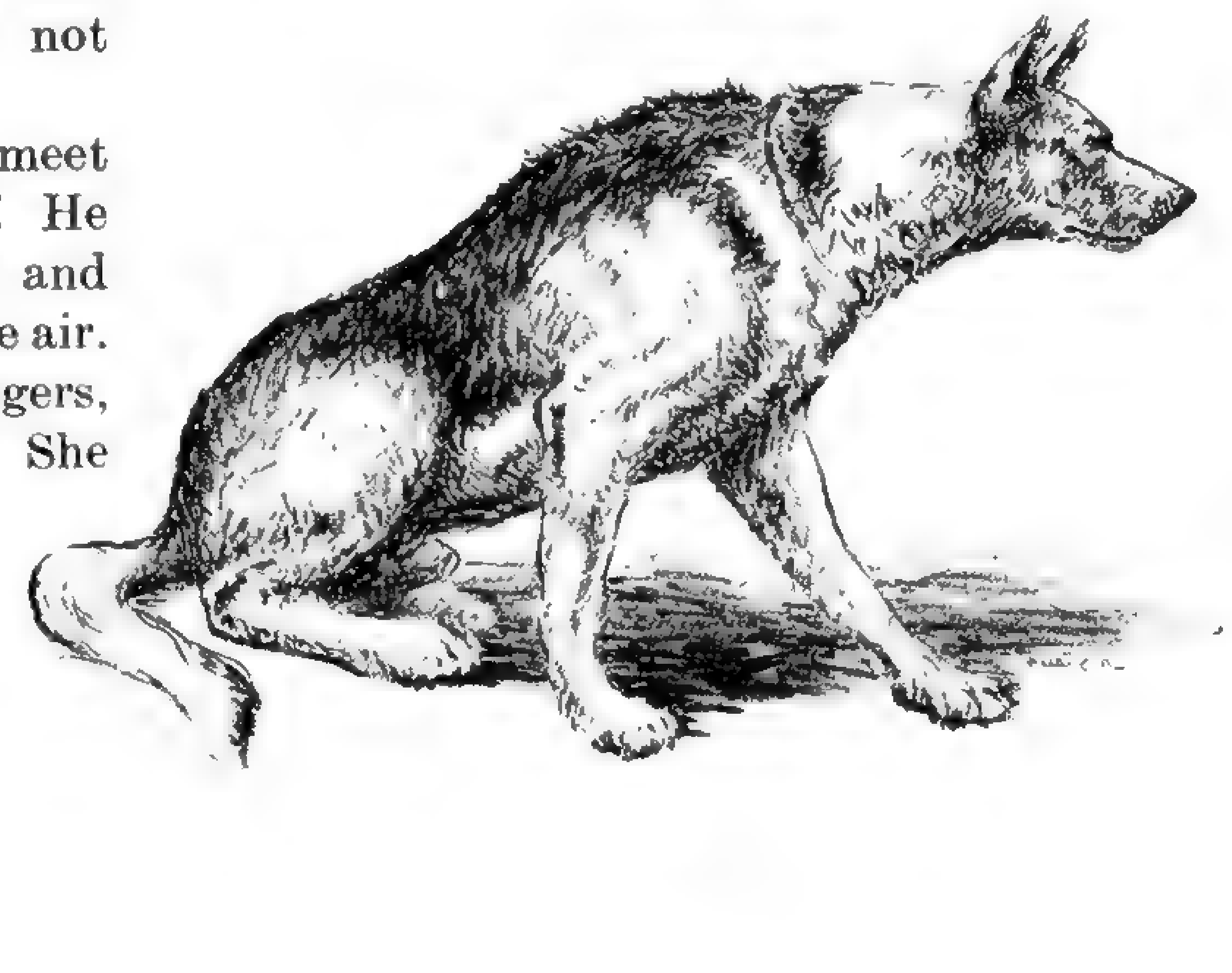
It was the first time I had been in their house, and I was feeling rather cheerful and contented as we exchanged the usual preliminary chatter, what with sales picking up so well in the last month and no special grief developing. But suddenly Mrs. Rodgers said, archly: "Oh, and here's a member of the family you haven't met yet! Come here, Sandy, and say hello to the visitors!"

It has been my experience that when a woman uses this bright, playful tone of voice it invariably means trouble of some sort in the offing. I always pull in my horns and cover up when I hear it. I wheeled around to look.

Sandy turned out to be one of these reversible or double-ended dogs that you can't tell which way they are headed, until they make a move—the kind with straggly yellow hair falling over their eyes in front and the same on their tails behind. I felt at once that I would never get really sentimental about him, and from his expression I could see that he did not put it past me to lift the family silver and set fire to the house. However, being strong for courtesy and good-fellowship, I stepped out toward him and snapped my fingers and got off a few of the idiot ejaculations you are supposed to greet a dog with—"How's the boy?" and "Good old fellow!" and suchlike drivel. I had him spotted for one of these Suspicious Dogs—I've had plenty experience with all sorts, and have them pretty well classified. Still, I was ready and anxious to coöperate with him in making everything seem smooth and easy on the surface, even if privately we were not exactly frantic about each other.

But would Sandy act clubby and meet me half way? You know he wouldn't! He gave me a cold stare and backed off, and left me standing with my hand out in the air.

"Why, Sandy!" gurgled Mrs. Rodgers, fondly. "Bad, bad dog, to be so rude!" She turned to me. "You'll forgive poor Sandy, won't you? The children are simply wild about dogs — we all are, in fact! So we usually have two or three about. They're such appealing creatures, don't you think?"



I said, yes indeed, they were almost human. This, I find, usually passes as something complimentary.

Well, for two mortal hours Sandy never once took his eyes off me. As soon as we had cut for deal he began to close in on me, staring me coldly in the face all the while, until he got near enough to sniff my right trouser leg. He investigated that leg thoroughly from the shoe up to the knee, going over it several times. When I tried to discourage him by shifting my feet he merely waited till I got quiet, and started all over again. Then he moved over and began on my left leg.

It turned out just as he had expected from the first. He didn't like the way I smelled. He didn't like it at all.

Now if the truth had to come out, I didn't like the way he smelled, either. Not specially. He wasn't any bush of Sweet Mignonette, if you come down to the hard facts of the case.

But what of it? I would have been willing to overlook it temporarily, or even pretend I preferred him to new-mown hay, rather than make a scene about it. That's the way with these Suspicious Dogs, though. There's no basis whatever on which you can meet them and get along with them, even halfway passably.

Before Sandy had quite finished with my left leg my nerves got pretty well frayed. Finally I aimed a kick at him, hoping to catch him on the nose. Naturally, he was too clever for me. He dodged in time and the kick landed on Mrs. Rodgers' shin. The best I could do was a feeble lie about a sudden rheumatic twinge, which nobody believed for a moment. They all knew I had tried to kick a little, innocent dog that wasn't doing me any harm, but only trying to be friendly, and they despised me accordingly.

Sandy was in ecstasies. He had shown me up—proved to everyone that I was the villain he had suspected me of being from the start—and done it all in the very best and most artistic way. Nothing coarse or violent—just a slow, steady pressure that drove me into making all the false moves and finally hanging myself. He went right back to work on my left leg. He knew my nerve had broken and that he could do anything he liked with me now.

And it had. In the next two rubbers I revoked three times and went down twenty-seven hundred in sets, and at ten-thirty I invented a headache and we were all glad to call it a day and break up.

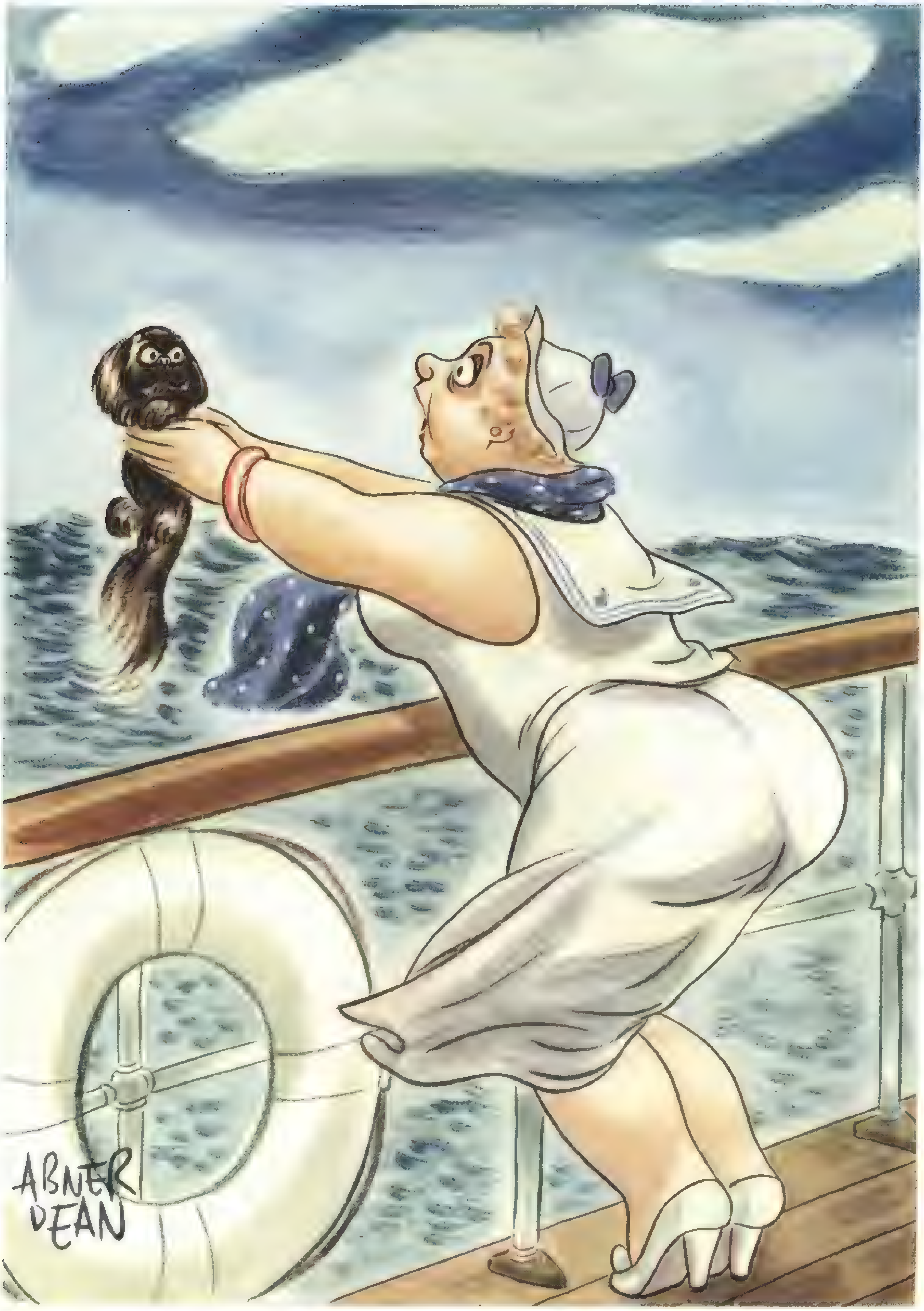
On the way home I was fool enough to relieve my mind to Lila with some strong language about dogs in general and Sandy in particular. But it was just another mistake. Lila didn't warm up at all. I could see that she was eyeing me in that remote, appraising way—married men will know the look I mean. She was wondering what it could be about me that Sandy had discovered: because dogs, of course, *know*, in some mysterious way, and there is always some fundamental defect of character in a man that dogs don't like—everybody admits that; and after all, what can any good woman know about the dark, secret recesses of a man's soul, even if she has been married to him and lived in the same house with him for nine long years—and wouldn't she maybe have been wiser to look around a little longer, instead of being in such a hurry to tie herself up for life? So I gave it up, and we made the rest of the trip home in silence.

But all that is nothing. The real blow-off came this afternoon. While I was walking over to the garage for my car, after office hours, I ran into the sales manager for the Excelsior people, and we stopped to relieve our anxiety about each other's health.

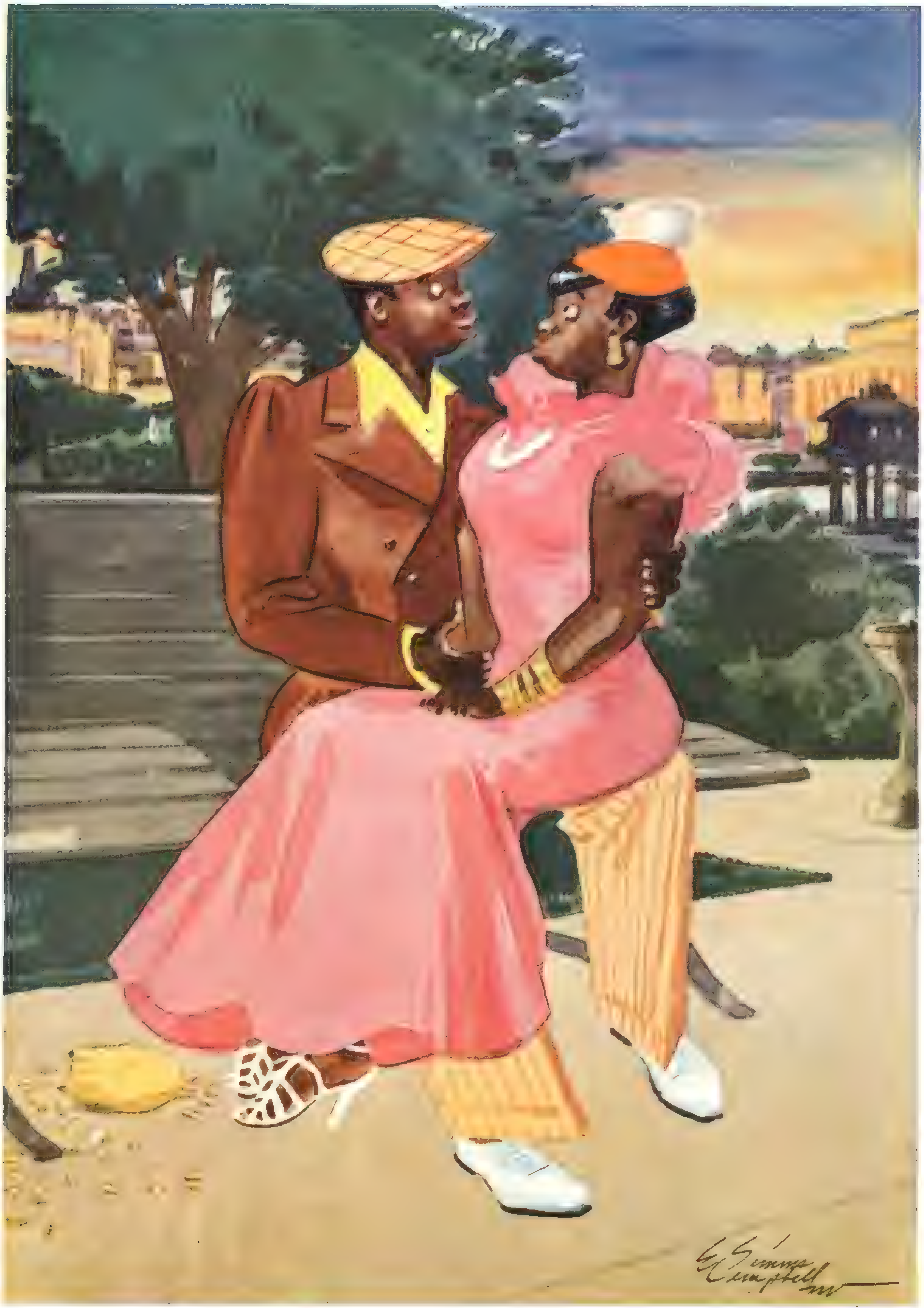
"Well," he said, grinning at me like the wolf he is, "your friend Rodgers seems to have cooled off quite some, where your outfit is concerned! It may interest you to hear that we signed him up today for a six-month supply of our number 87 carton. Maybe you will put that in your pipe and smoke it, and think twice before you raid our chicken coop again!"

This is merely offered as a mild sample of the sort of thing I've had to put up with, from dogs, all my life. They have rooked me again and again, in the most unpredictable ways, and so far as I can see, out of pure cussedness. A certain bitterness, therefore, is probably evident in my tone. I am, in fact, releasing a long-pent-up squawk,

Continued in center of page 125



"Make up your mind—Momma's getting tired"


E. Simms Campbell

"What a coincidence—so youse from the south too?"

The Sour Puss

Showdown for a tough guy who could always be trusted to step on somebody for a laugh

by ROBERT CARSON

■ FICTION ■

You hardly ever see a shine that ain't always grinning and good-natured and carefree. They don't worry much, I guess. The only one I ever saw that didn't bulge with fun was old Crackers, that used to run the little beanery down on Fourth Street. There was a nigger who never cracked a grin in his life. He used to stand all day behind the counter of his one-arm joint with as sour a pan as you ever piped in your life, dishing out the beans and hamburger, and nobody could pay him to act cheerful. His place only had six stools in it, and he was pretty busy most of the time because hardly anything cost over a dime—so he must've made some money; but even if he was getting rich you couldn't have got him to act gay about it. He had his range in front up by the window so's the customers could see they wasn't getting bad meat and potatoes, and the window was always all steamed over and thick with grease and you could hardly read the faded lettering on the glass, which said—"A-1 Nickel Lunch." But the place was mostly clean inside, and the plates wiped dry, and the knives and forks not slippery in your hands, and the coffee urn all bright and shining. You could get pretty good food from Crackers if you didn't go for style.

I was nothing but a punk kid in them days, working for the Western Union. I had a motor-bike and a grey uniform and I earned fair money for the Heights. The Heights then wasn't no sissy playground. Most of us grew up to be tough, some tougher than others. Me, I got a job because of my old lady. She was sick a lot, and we needed the dough for doctors and medicine. I was about the only one in the family that turned out right. My big brother Phil got mixed in with a few very tough boys and started a nice stretch. The next brother, Joe, took it on the lam when he got in a hot spot. My kid brother, Denis, got himself killed whilst he was hookin' ice off from an ice wagon. He was a nice little kid. Of course, my two sisters was okay, but dumb. It made my old woman happy to see me straight, so I stayed on the right side of the line—mostly.

Don't get the idea I was a boy scout or nothing. I trained with the regular gang quite a bit, but they knew how it was and laid off—but I am telling you about this shine.

Well, old Crackers must have run the joint for ten years before he finally busted his face with a grin; and it took something special to do it. They say he started in with a shoe polishing parlor where he was, and when that corked out he got the idea of organizing a beanery. They all told him nobody would buy food off from a shine, but he didn't believe it. He liked grub and knew how to set it up, and he was right. It beat rubbing some guy's kicks for a living.

About the time I am telling you about one of the kids in the Heights joined the bulls. His name was Frank McCarthy. None of us had ever liked him much, and some of the guys figured he had been stooling for the cops before he ever joined up—although they couldn't prove nothing. He was a plenty tough guy, this Frank McCarthy. A quiet, skinny Irishman, with a red face and hard blue eyes, who never did talk a whole lot. He was always good in school and wanted to get ahead in life. One of those birds that would put his foot in your face if it'd get him a dollar a week more in salary. His old woman told mine that Frank was goin' on the force for a career—wanted to be a detective and so forth. I laughed my head off—but some of the boys quit laughing so much when he drew a beat right in the Heights.

The first thing that happened was he had a run-in with another very tough guy. The other tough guy was Lennie Hayton. I always admired Lennie; he was so mean you couldn't help feeling he was superior. He had enough cold nerve to do for three ordinary gents, and his greatest pleasure was makin' some guy's life too hot for the guy to handle. Everybody in the Heights said yessir to Lennie.

Well, old Lennie got gay with the new copper on his opening day in the Heights—just trying his luck, I guess. Frank surprised him. He bent Lennie's teeth with his sap and then had him canned for ten days for vagrancy. It was a bum rap and Lennie was having plenty to say.

Personally, I would have kissed Lennie off and not messed with him if I had been a cop. It is not a pleasant feeling to have a guy like Lennie out to get you. He was no punk kid looking for you, maybe all coked up, with a rod in his hand. He was smart—he would not do anything that would put his nose in a sling, but he would get you in a way that would leave him out of it. Lennie had been through the mill. When he was still in rompers he had done a stretch in the reformatory for stealin' auto tires. Later on he beat the rap on a hold-up where a guy got a bullet in him. And later than that he did two years for hacking various bandits around whilst he was driving a cab.

The minute Lennie gets out, he is talking the bad news. He said without fear or favor that he was going to take the flatfoot over the main bump. There was plenty of guys to give Frank the dope, and he didn't look any too happy. But he kept his mouth shut and went on holding down the beat.

You know how it is with some guys? When they hate something they can't personally touch, they take it out on the thing nearest at hand whilst they are waiting. A lot of wives have discovered that. Well, Lennie was that way. He had to wait on Frank, so he picked another guy to ride in the meantime.

The guy he picked was Crackers, the poor old shine. That was a laugh, all right. Nobody cared, and they consequently got a big kick out of it. You ought to have seen the nigger after a few days of Lennie! He was the saddest black man in the United States. And for weeks after that he kept getting sadder and sadder. His face got to hanging down around his belt. Old Lennie sure took him.

He used to go in the beanery every day around noon and turn things upside down. Sometimes he would get hard and drive everybody away. Other times he would sit at a stool and not order anything, but keep riding the shine about his grub until he was nearly nuts. Lot of times he would order about five times as much food as he could eat and then, after spoiling it for anybody else, walk out and not pay. Sometimes he would try to pay for a lunch with a century note, which Crackers couldn't cash; then he would get the food free again. There was days when he would bring in five or six friends, feed the whole outfit, and tell Crackers to charge it. He would go through the park pickin' up bums, telling them he was part owner of the Nickel Lunch and for them to go down there and get a feed. When they'd arrive and spill their story to Crackers he wouldn't dare not to feed them. Once in a while Lennie would slap the coon around a little just to get him crying and hiding under the counter.

Pretty soon the whole Heights was laughing at the ride the shine was taking. Guys used to come from miles around to watch Lennie rib him. Presently Crackers starts to go to pieces. You could see him just busting up. Most of the time he was so scared

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Puncheons and Passages

A couple of old salts dish up some variations on the theme of yo ho ho and a bottle of rum

by CHARLES RAWLINGS

• ARTICLE •

IN Jimmy's dory shop up in Lunenburg we got a good chuckle from that story about rum in ESQUIRE. "A drink of rum is equal to one stove." That is a good one. No one ever thought of putting rum in an algebraic formula before. We've put it in everything else, and proved the answer too up here in the winter weather plenty of times. Jimmy got the contract for the four nests of boats on the two power bankers building in the shipyard down the bay and his shop is a nice place to loaf. There is something fascinating in watching a dory slowly lifting her beautiful lines up out of the shavings and wondering just what hell and suffering she will have to go through outside in the hard winter fishing. You turn a hand whittled latch on Jimmy's door and come in. There is a smell of spruce and fir shavings and apple wood in the air. The cobwebs and the snow, one outside, one in, have both chosen the same corners of the little window panes to roost in. Jimmy, from the look of things, gets mad every once in a while and excavates, like a dog digging in sand, a hole in the clutter of board trimmings and trash to give a clear place in the center of the floor for the moulds. But he knows where everything is and, as I say, it is a nice place to loaf and spit at the stove.

I knew everyone would get a kick out of "A drink of rum equals one stove," and I read it to them. This country, all the Maritimes in fact, knows a great deal about rum. In the old days there was a constant trade with the West Indies. Out of Lunenburg, a smart fleet of barkentines and brigantines and two and three masted schooners were sailing steadily down into the Islands with salt fish and bringing back salt from the great ponds at Turks, or molasses from San Juan, or Ponce, or Trinidad, or Barbados, or Martinque; all those white, little towns and green and yellow islands whose names sound like lazy chords on a guitar. They always had a puncheon or two of rum, usually the best rum, stowed in the lazaret. Every one, save perhaps the young cubs who think going to sea beneath them, knows all about the heavy Demerreras, the golden, fiery liquors of Barbados, the sharp French rums from Martinique, the smooth Cubans and the aromatic Jamaicans.

There is something essentially romantic and pleasurable about the way they feel about them up here. They are symbols of something beautiful—that grand trade, the West India trade—that is gone. The men who were in it never tire of talking about it. The Nova Scotians, especially the Lunenburgers, were always good men to keep up boats and gear and the tough little vessels looked like yachts. There was, as like as not, a race going down or coming home and they cast off in a bitter northwester or a howling, snow laden northeaster, and drove. Going down was the thrill of making southing: that exhilaration you get groping out of the cold green for the warm blue of the Stream; that ecstatic dropping of winter back down the wake. Coming home was the happy feeling of sailing north out of too much sunshine, into the cosy, closed in life again, with the women.

The old, glorious days are gone but not too far away—ten or fifteen years—and I knew one good rum yarn would start another.

There was Captain Ammon sitting on the planing bench and Captain Dawson on a nail keg near the stove and a lobsterman with the biggest pair of dukes I have ever seen on a man. Both the captains are old West Indiamen. Captain Ammon was a sail lugger and some of his passages are still records. He is retired. That means his person doesn't go to sea any more. His mind is still lugging sail. When it pipes up a northeaster, he can't sit still. He wants to go out and drive some more. It is like a vice.

"I notice that man doesn't say anything about those soft Porto Ricans," he said. "Those are fine rums, like wine."

"What rum's like wine?" the lobsterman scoffed.

"That Porto Rican is," the captain said. "About 85 or 90 proof is all. You can drink it like wine."

"What the hell—" the lobsterman said and spat at the stove, "Ninety proof and drink it like wine—"

"I drank it all one week and just kept warm," the captain said. He had a soft, quiet voice. "We was coming up from Turks. Me and Johnny Whynacht. He was cookin' for me then. And Angus Felson. We drank it all that week. We sailed her too. Why listen here—you know her. She was the *Vivian-Virginia*. She was new then. Brand new; all her gear, everything. We put out of Turks one Thursday just at sunset. There was a northeaster—"

"With salt?" the lobsterman asked.

"Sure with salt. That's all you can get at Turks, unless it's niggers you want."

"I know," the lobsterman said, "but salt's a dead cargo. You're as stiff as a reef with a cargo of salt."

"Sure she was stiff," the captain said. "Anybody'd know that. But she liked it. There was a good northeaster and we hooked her on it. I felt like a drink of rum would taste good. We each one had a five gallon glass jug of this nice Porto Rican. It was a light yella rum and I liked it. We three started drinking out of my jug. That northeaster began to fair for us and I said, 'Boys, let's go home.' She had everything on her, both topsails. All we did was ease sheets a little as the wind moved aft. And all the time we were drinkin' this rum. Go below and sit around an hour and drink a tumbler or two of it and then go on deck and watch her sail. It was blowin' up all the time and she liked it better and better.

"'Boys,' I said. 'I *know* we're goin' home.'

"We went through my jug and the more we drank the faster she went. Nobody intoxicated, like I told you. Johnny was cookin' especially good meals all the time. The watches were changin' on time. It was a pleasure to just stand on her and let her go. There wasn't any work to it except steerin' and she handled like a lamb. We started in on Johnny's jug and drunk that up and then into Angus Felson's. Night and day she was makin' knots. I didn't know how fast she was. I thought the log was wrong. Nice hard, gray weather, too. No sun, but no rain. And all the wind we wanted. We were about off Hatteras, it must have been, and Angus said,

"'How about the tops'ls off her. Those topmasts are bendin' like bows.'

"'What for,' I said. 'They should bend like bows. Hell, she's havin' such a good time I hate to bother her. Let her go.'

"The first I knew we were over Roseway Bank down here to the south'ard. There were two Americans out of Gloucester hove to under foresails waitin' for a chance to fish. We passed close to one of them and about a quarter mile from the other. They were all up in the riggin' watchin' us go. We must have been a sight. She was brand new and her black paint was shinin' and her spars were bright yella and her canvas was all new.

"'You know what those Yankees are sayin'' Angus asked me. 'There's a drunken Dutchman, gettin' home.'

"And mister, we brought into Lunenburg at ten o'clock the next Thursday night. One week and just from sunset to ten o'clock at night over. And as we dropped the hook we killed the last of that rum. There she is: fifteen hundred miles, fifteen gallons of rum for the three of us aft—and nobody drunk. And by God," he beat the bench with his fist, "I can prove it too."

There was a pause.

"That's the best drinkin' I ever did," he lifted his head and said, "for downright pleasure. There ain't no sailin' like that—"

"That man says a drink of rum's as good as a stove," Captain Dawson said. "That's pretty cute. By God, he's right too! That November, Ammon, I came up from Barbados in the *Susan Haskell* with them niggers, I've got in mind. You know her. She was a three master. All I had was a crew of niggers; those Barbados niggers. Not one of them had ever seen any cooler weather than the shade of a palm tree. Well, off New York, damn if the wind didn't come off on us and blow as mean a northwester as you would see anytime. And cold, Great God, it was the first cold of the year and it went in and found your big bones. Them niggers—a nigger's a lot like oil. He don't lubricate good unless he's hot—I thought those niggers were goin' to die on me. They turned green and they'd moan and cry and dive in the bunk and put their heads and all under everything. I might just as well had no crew at all. I was single handed you might say. Why those niggers would shake—you never saw anybody shiver the way they did. At night it was like bein' in the cabin with a lot of voodooed men. I'd wait for them to get shakin' together the way you do when there are two or three clocks in a room. 'When they get together they'll shiver the bunk stanchions out of her,' I thought. I had to do something. All I could get was a fifteen minute trick at the wheel out of any of them. If we had to shorten down in a hurry we were in a fix. That man in that piece says rum's as good as a stove. That's what I did. It was fine rum—that good Barbados from Mt. Gay, Ammon—but I rolled her out, a thirty-gallon cask it was, and took off the head and hung a dipper on a nail.

"'Here's your fire, you boys,' I said.

"They came out of the blankets like bears out of holes and ladled out that rum. 'Whe-e-e-ew,' they'd go and the steam would shoot across the top of that cask. They thawed out feet first. Dancin' was the first thing they did, but the sap rose up in them and before long I decided I wouldn't have to shorten down closin' with the coast after all. They were better then ever. We sailed her right in, beat up from the Point, and those niggers sweatin' and starin' at the snow on the hills and the spruce trees. That rum introduced them to the country in an interesting way. It ought 'a. I looked down in the puncheon when we were through furlin' and it was about five gallons of being all. Them niggers burned it up just like fuel oil. I told Zwickers when I got ashore we'd have to have some rum stores if we were goin' to keep that crew alive while we loaded but they told me to tie a bell on the mate so I could find him again and pay off, and turn 'em loose to find their own rum. They went ashore and picked up the snow in their fingers and got in with some south shore Newfoundlanders with a Norweigan piana and danced all night. They liked the country. Some of them stayed here—up Shelbourne way. I met one a while ago.

"'Captain, sah,' he told me. 'What a bad winter we're havin'. It's this old Black Diamond liquor, captain. There ain't no warmth in it. Everything's bad this winter. That trashy coal from the Boston States is full of clinkers; the stove wood's hissin' with sap—it won't dry anyway—and this Black Diamond liquor ain't *any* good. You get chilblains, you go drinkin' that liquor, captain. That Barbados liquor had some good in it. That liquor was my summer home, captain.'"

The lobsterman spat at the stove in final preparation. He had been waiting, patiently but pregnantly.

"The best rum story I know," he said, "is old Zeke Himmelman and the time there was no rum on 'tick' in Halifax."

He told it to me, looking straight at me for he knew I would not stop him. He knew I'd never heard it before.

"The only place for frozen bait," he said, "was Halifax back in the old days of the fishin' fleet. The first trip of the the year had to be a frozen bait trip because the capelon had not come out yet to get caught for bait. All the schooners would go down to Halifax about the same time, pick up a bait of frozen herrin' and then go out to the banks. While they were layin' in Halifax there would be plenty of fun. It was the breakin' up of a long winter as far as the boys were concerned, and the fiddles were squeakin' and the boots thumpin' and the girls squealin' all up and down Water Street. In those days a man could get rum on 'tick'. You went in to a place with your jug and said to the bartender,

"'A gallon of rum on tick for whatever your name was of the *Sophia-Jane.*'

"The bartender would say,

"'You're from Lunenburg by the cut of your jumbo—'

"And he would give you the rum. Nobody ever had any money yet, not until the first trip was in and sold, and the captain would take your 'ticks' out of your share. This year we're talkin' about they said,

"'No more rum on tick for them bankers.'

"There were too many dory men who looked like Lunenburg 'by the cut of their jumbos' and there had been a lot of rum lost.

"'No more rum on tick for them bankers,' they said.

"Old Zeke came out of the snowdrifts over by Felsen South where he'd been all winter. Sittin' around a base burner, eatin' herrin' hash and turnip kraut soup and listenin' to the old women tell him how no good he was and pinchin' the young ones. He came late and threw his sea bag aboard and swung down on deck just as the schooner was castin' off. He hadn't heard about no more rum on tick and when he did it made him feel bad. He had a pair of stringy whiskers on him like a he goat and a sad, watery eye and the boys said when he heard there was none of that good barrel rum for him in Halifax and that they were goin' to ship bait and right out without waitin' after him thinkin' so long about it over in Felsen South, he broke right down and cried. When they got to Halifax he went ashore with a jug anyway and started out. In those days the jugs were made of stone—thick, heavy things they was, with a corncob for a stopper. He went pickin' his way over the ice on the dock and he come to a place. They were crowded up at the bar but he sculled his way in and,

"'A gallon of rum,' he said. 'Your goot—' he was one of those Felsen South Dutchmen and he had a brogue on him—'your goot rum, too. One hundret and forty proofs.'

"Sure one hundred and forty proof! In those days you could get rum like that. One hundred and forty proof, sure you could. The bartender grabbed his jug and filled the gallon beaker and poured it in. He was in a hurry.

"'On tick for Zeke Himmelman,' Zeke said.

"He put the jug on the floor and rocked it back and forth with his foot.

"'Come on,' the bartender said, 'No more rum on tick for you kraut eaters. You know that.'

"'It is tick, or naught,' Zeke said.

"He kept his foot on the corncob, arockin' that jug.

"'Let's have it,' the bartender said. 'You bankers think rum's like tide water. Give us that jug.'

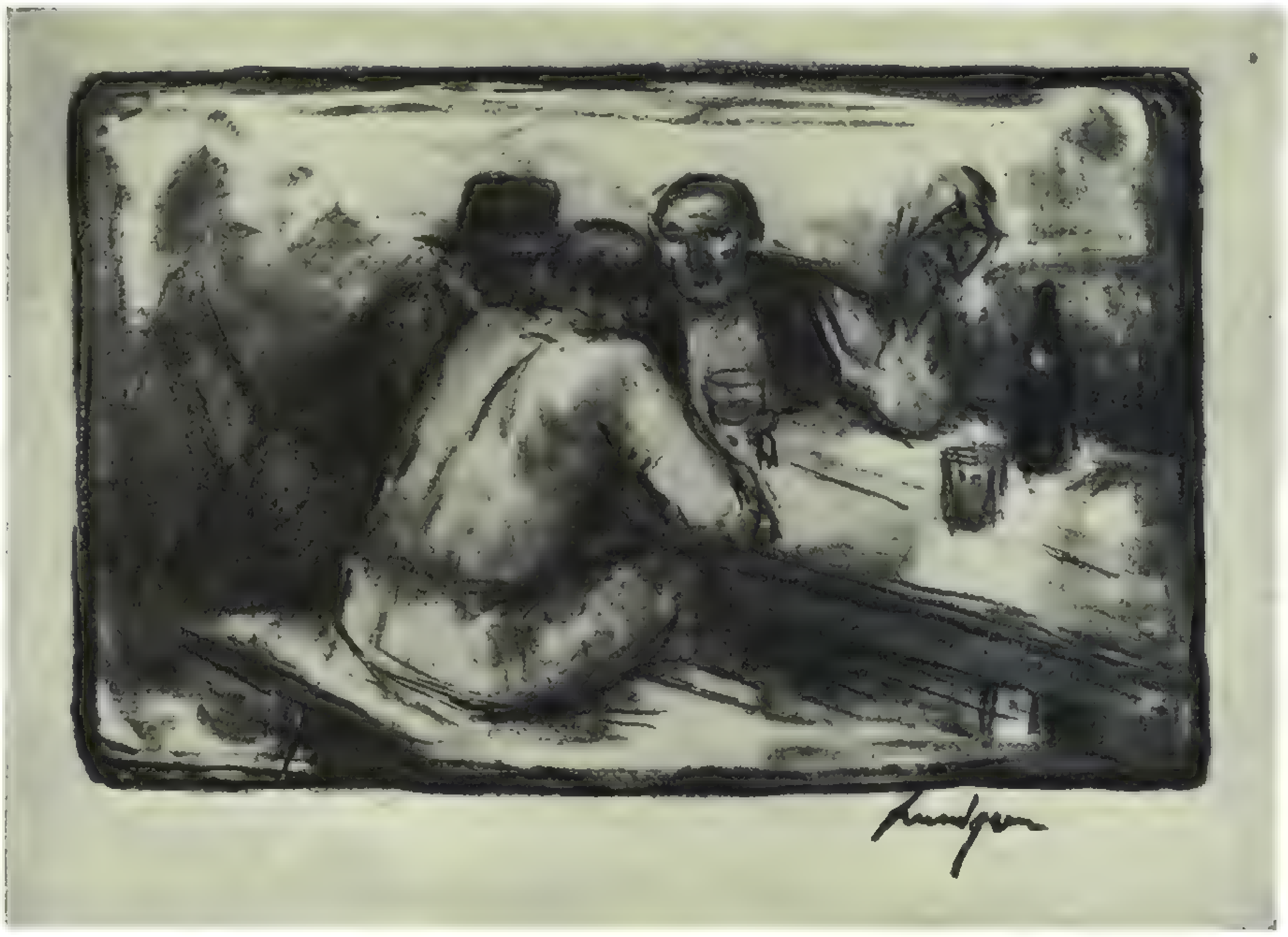
"Zeke handed it to him and he poured it back into the beaker. When he was pouring Zeke said,

"'When you've poured that about half all, you go slow. I had a half gallon in there myself.'

"Sure enough the bartender got his gallon and there was a half gallon left in the jug. Zeke walked out, shufflin' and sad, and went to the next place and did the same thing.

"'A gallon of your goot rum,' he said. 'That 140 proofs rum.'

"After he got it he told the bartender he wanted it on tick. And this time," the lobsterman patted his thigh with his salt-



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Second Honeymoon

Warning to prosaic husbands who would act the Venetian Romeo with a guide-book for a text

by JOHN COURNOS

▪ FICTION ▪

Tom Derrick, unrefreshed after a night's sleep, opened disconsolate eyes to an April morning.

O, to be in England
Now that April's there,

he hummed unreasonably. For he was in England, his own very beloved London, and the early April sun was shining as it could shine only here and nowhere else. And yet Tom Derrick, successful businessman of forty, well and sturdy, with every comfort at hand, was far from happy. Some men sing songs first thing in the morning because they are delightfully happy. Tom hummed his because he was unhappy, even dreadfully unhappy.

He sat up from the pillow and caught his reflection in the mirror. The sight of a day's growth of beard discomfited him, for he was a meticulous man. He jumped up, donned blue leather slippers, and flung a thin blue tasselled robe over blue pajamas edged with black, relics of days when he had been happier, and that was not so long ago.

He yawned and stretched. Then his face resumed its placidity, with just a shade of unhappiness in the eyes. He strode with false vigor into the adjoining bathroom, and surveyed the row of razors resting in a specially constructed rack. He was proud of them because they were the old-fashioned "cut-throats," fit for a male, and not those new-fangled safety devices employed by effeminate men and by women who desired white arm-pits. There were seven of them and, beginning from left to right, the notches in which they reposed were labelled with the days of the week. Mechanically he removed one. "No, no," he muttered, "this is Friday's, and today is Saturday!" And hurriedly, as if he had committed a sacrilege, he put it back and took the next one.

"Order—that's the thing!" was his usual thought in contemplating the array of razors. "That's the trouble with the world—it lacks order!" But this morning he was distraught and he failed to extract the customary pleasure from the reflection.

Instead, he thought of Veronica who, one foggy November day, without warning, left his bed and board, and, without availing herself of his offered purse, abandoned him with the odd explanation that she could stand this prosaic life no longer. She had gone straightway to Paris, her own slim purse not permitting her to venture into Italy—"the land of my dreams," as she used to call it. And she had never returned. They had indeed exchanged periodical letters, full of expostulation and pleading on his side, of friendliness on hers. And there the matter rested. She was staying, he knew, in an inexpensive little hotel on the Left Bank, and had resumed painting pictures, an art in which she dabbled prior to their marriage two years before. Today was the anniversary.

He had passed a sleepless night thinking of her, and now, ruminating over his unhappiness, the razor slipped, and he was lucky to escape with a scratch just below the temple. He finished shaving, replacing the razor in its accustomed place in the rack.

Returning to the bedroom, he did an unprecedented thing. Instead of ringing for the maid to bring his beloved breakfast of bacon and eggs, he picked up the telephone receiver and asked for a number in Paris. He waited for what seemed like an interminable time; at last, came the expected ring, and with an eager hand he attached the receiver to his ear. He repeated, several times, the name:

"*Madame Derrick, s'il vous plaît!*"

"Is that you, Veronica? . . . This is Tom . . . . Tom . . . yes, Tom Derrick. . . . Can you hear me? . . . Good. . . . What, raining in Paris? It's lovely here. . . . Listen, Veronica! . . . Another Tom is speaking to you. Not the Tom you used to know. This new Tom wants to take you at once to—Venice! . . . . Don't laugh, please, Veronica. . . . Yes, Venice. . . Tom wants to take you on a honeymoon there. . . ." His voice became pleading and passionate. "Yes, dear, a second honeymoon. . . . A good hotel . . . moonlight . . . gondolas . . . flowers . . . and all that. . . . I'm lonely for you, darling. . . . And I promise I won't be a stick-in-the-mud any longer. . . . Come, give me another chance. . . . You'll see. . . . Don't say No! . . . A second honeymoon, dear. . . . No, don't stop to think. . . . Say yes. . . . Yes? . . ." He waited. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" he suddenly shouted. "Darling! Darling! I'll fly to Paris this very day. . . .What, meet you at the station for Venice? . . . Good. . . . I'll wire for reservations at once! I'll be there without fail! And don't you fail me, darling! . . . Darling! . . . Good-bye!"

He wiped the perspiration from his brow. "Whew!" he murmured. It had been an effort.

* * *

They arrived in Venice in the evening. From the station they went straight toward a gondola, a private one. Tom Derrick tipped the porter and gave directions to the gondolier:

"Hotel Danieli!"

The evening was mild, the air soft, charged with the flavor of romance. The Grand Canal opened out, a narrow vista of water translucent in the early moonlight, with fairy-like edifices bordering on either side reflected with their myriads of lights in the watery mirror, all a-flicker. The gondola glided along almost in silence among other gondolas, their curved prows cutting fantastic arabesques in the blue twilight, suggesting regal swans, head up, drifting. The silence was broken now by the soft splash of an oar, now by the muffled laughter of lovers reposing in the covered shelter of some remote gondola, now a concerted care-free whispering which seemed to endow the place with a kind of ambient mystery, full of delightful secrets, enthralling the susceptible soul. And now and then the peace was broken by some passing gondolier's cry: "*Avanti!*"

Tom Derrick thought the place rather dank. It had the smell of dead fish and sewerage, but as he furtively sought the pale profile of his companion at his side sphinx-like in its immobility, he maintained a discreet silence. For he saw her sitting wrapt as in a dream, her eyes peering in a kind of wonder at the chain of nocturnal palaces, apparently oblivious of him and mundane affairs. He was thinking, how nice it would be to get somewhere and have a good dinner and a choice bottle of wine. Then—but he dared not venture that far. From past experience he knew he could not take matters for granted. Not where Veronica was concerned. And he clung to the hope, a hope that was a prayer, that his wire for a double-bedded room had not been interpreted as a room with twin beds. He was not one to go in for new-fangled notions. Twin beds were awkward, to say the least—not the sort of thing one deliberately encouraged on a honeymoon; even if it was only a second honeymoon.

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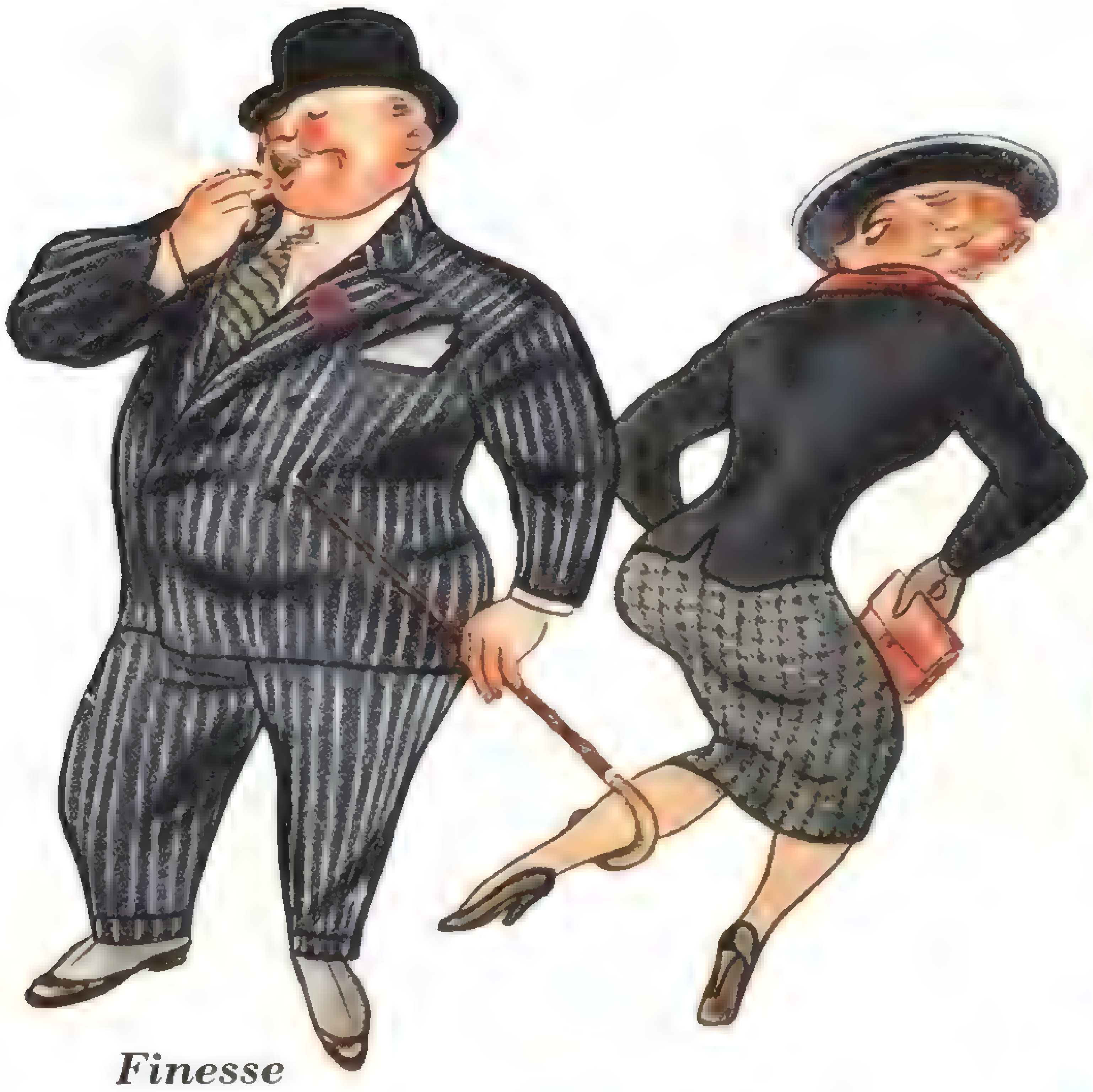
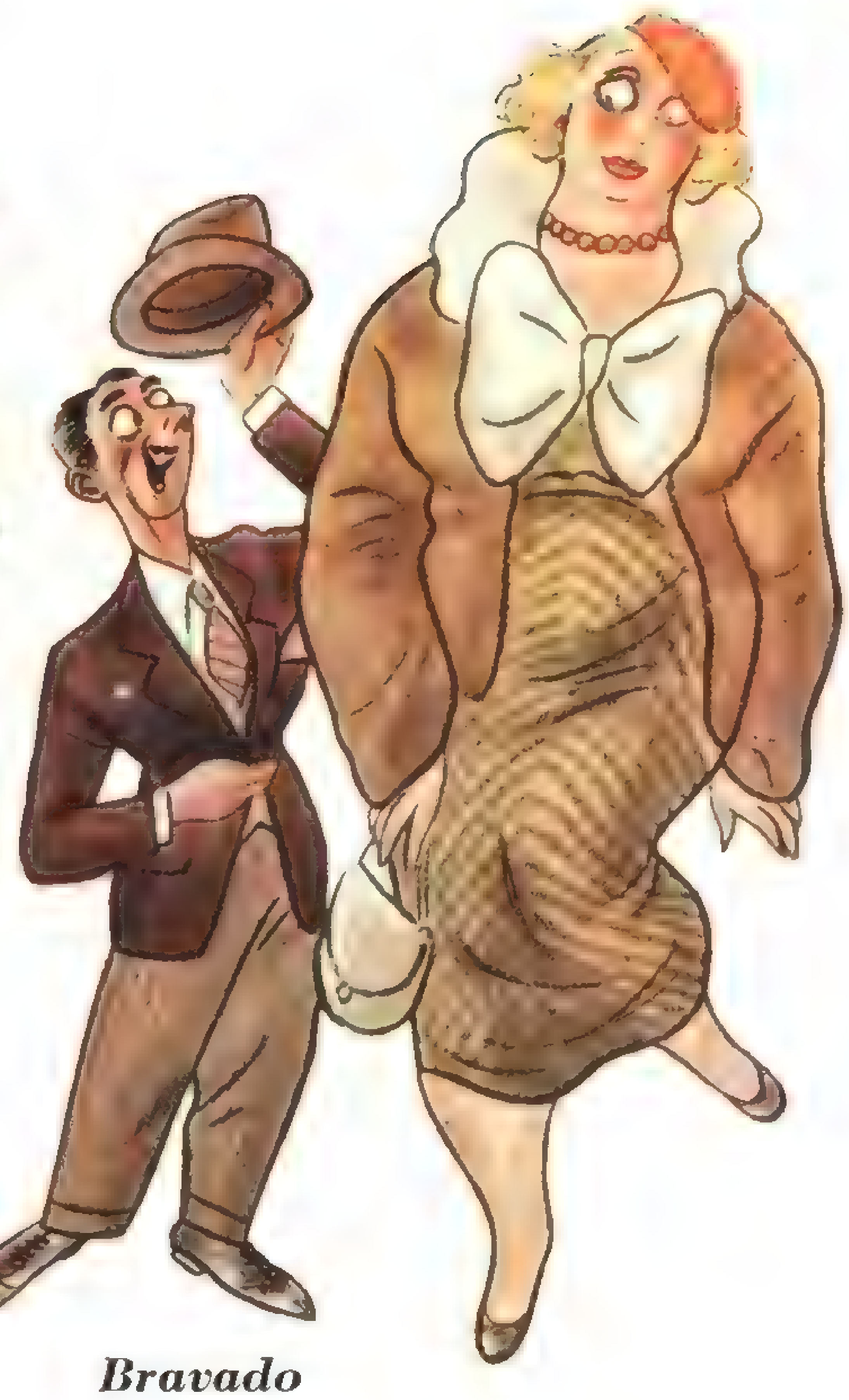
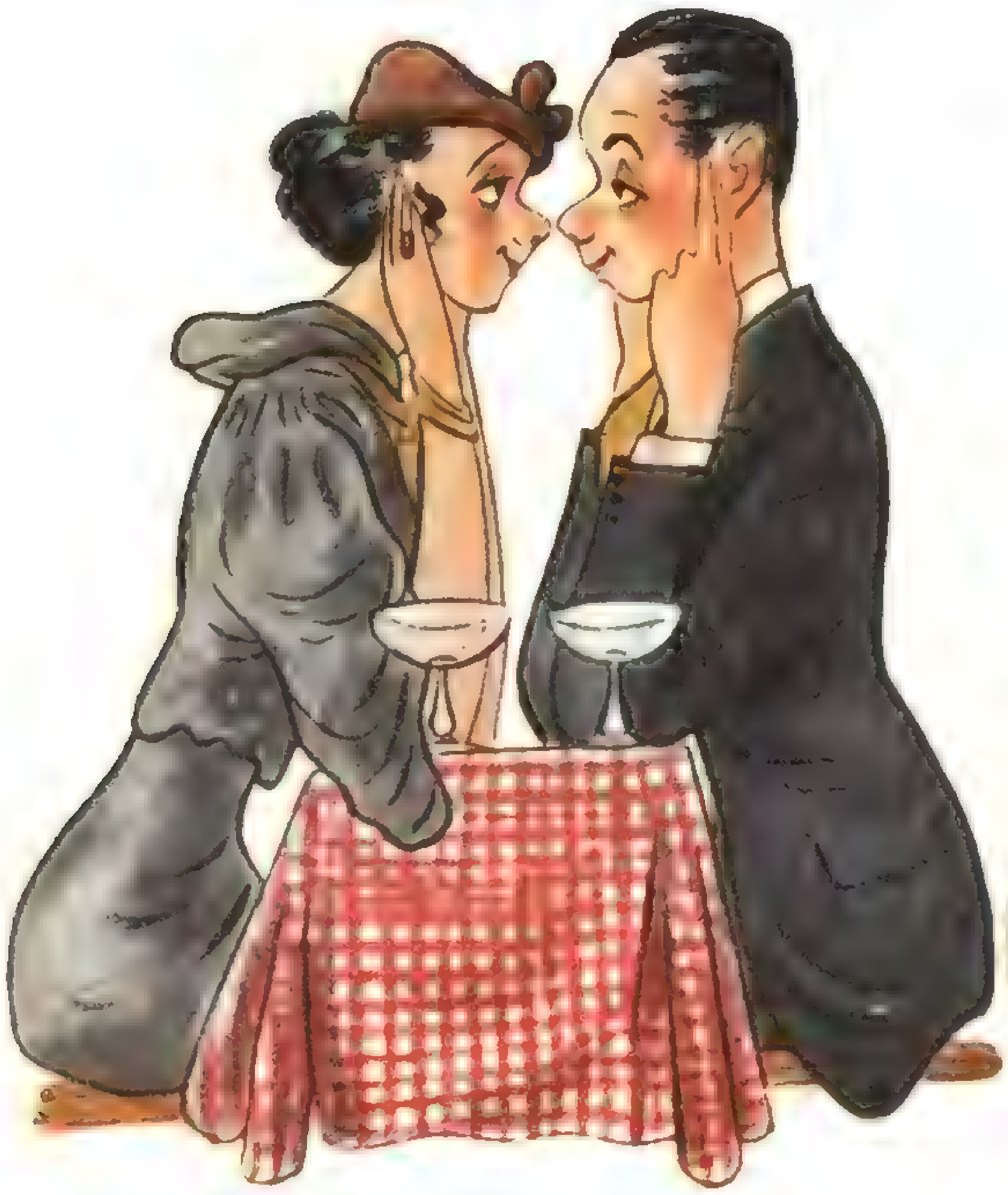


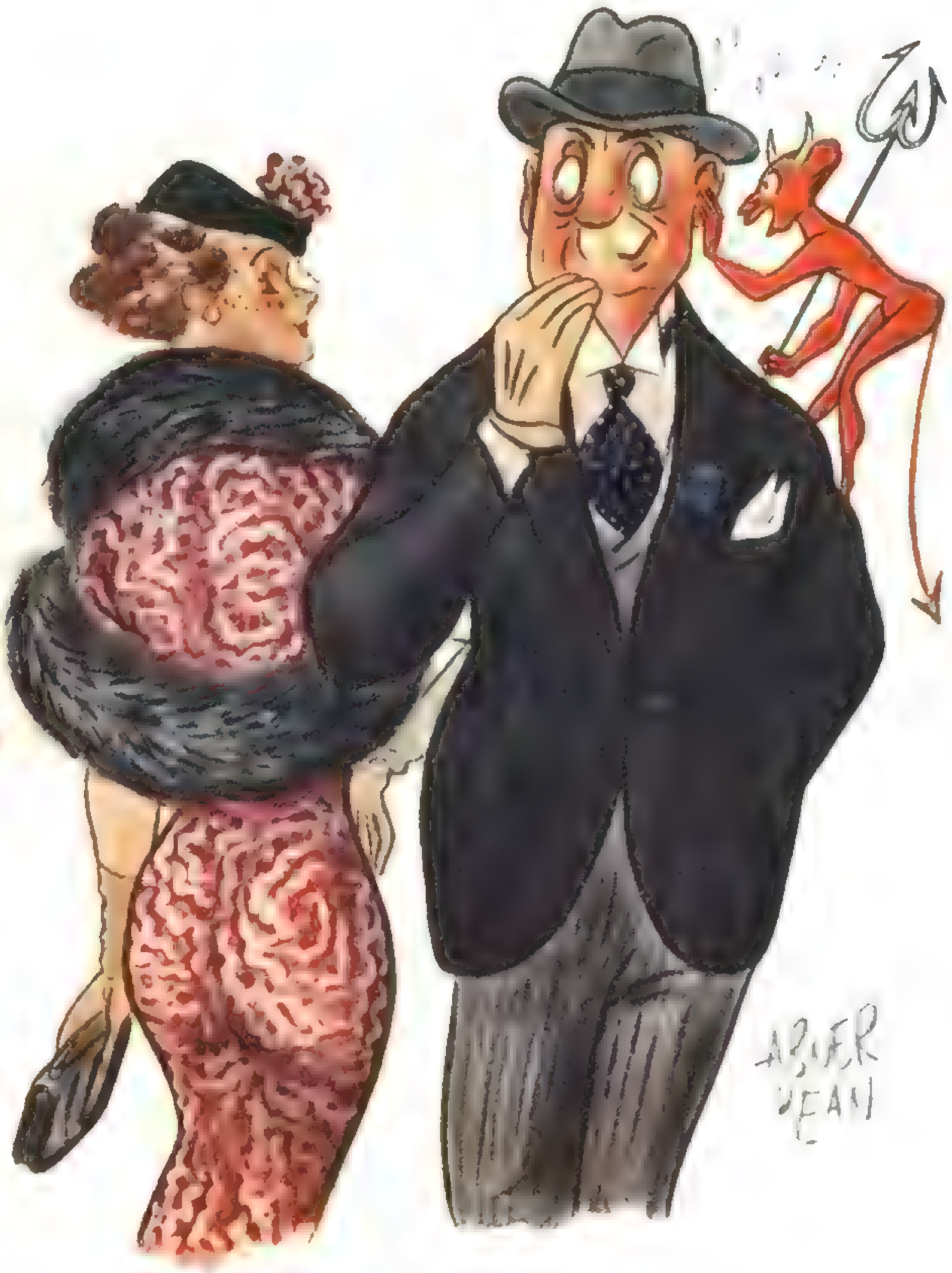
Finesse



Bravado

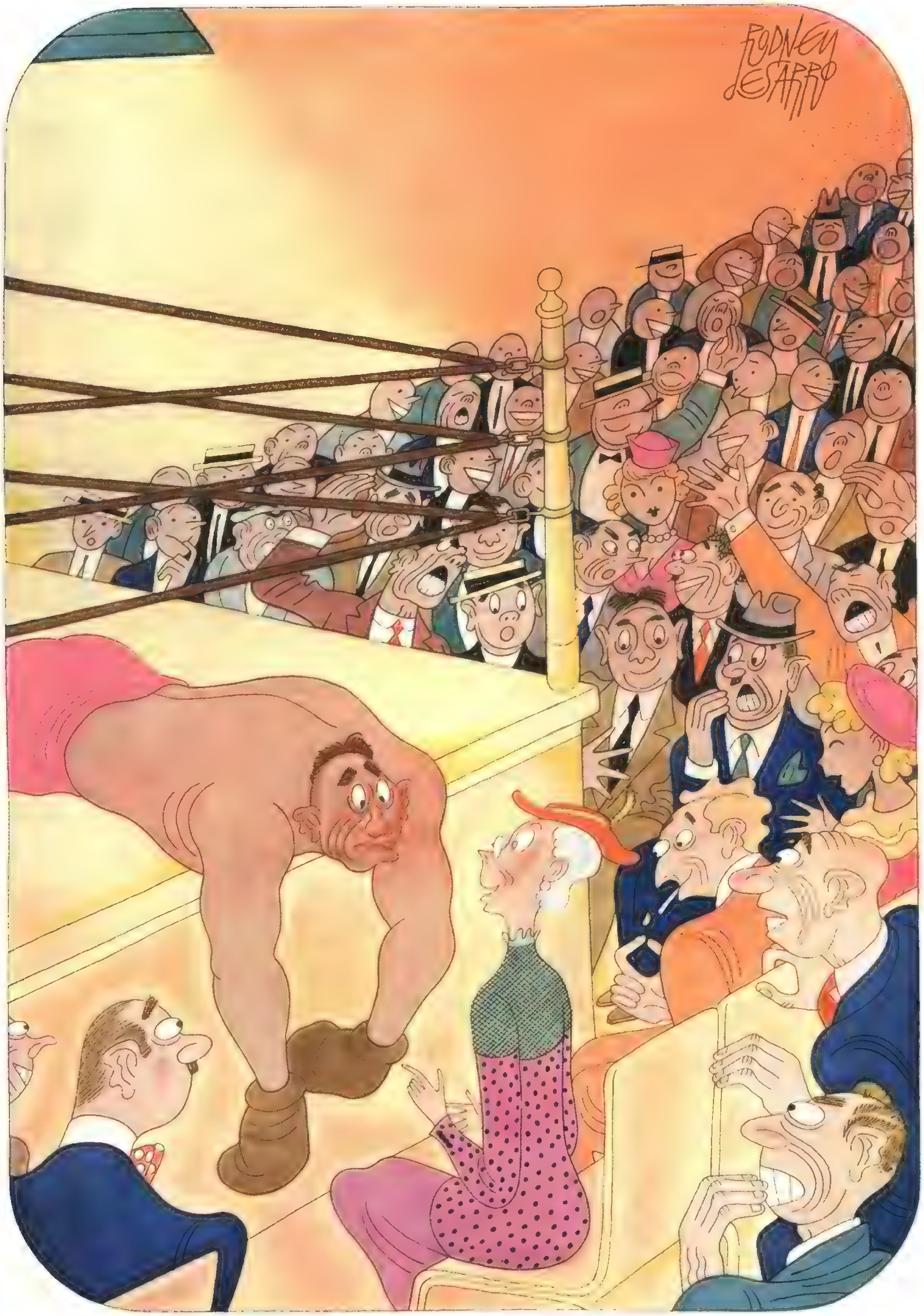


Narcissus Complex



The passing of the old guard!

"MAN IN THE MAKING"


RODNEY
deSARRO

"Young man, that'll teach you not to lead with your right!"

Happy Ending

The Chinese have a word for what happened to Mr. Evans on his way to a big career

by EDWARD L. McKENNA

▪ SATIRE ▪

THE train from Baltimore was pulling out of the West Philadelphia Station. In the diner was a Mr. Evans, Herbert Driscoll Evans, who had just wolfed down his tomato salad and his whole wheat bread, and was attacking his bowl of bran and milk. Was he, then, on a diet? No, he was not. He simply didn't think that an executive should eat a big meal in the middle of the day.

Mr. Evans was thirty-four. He wore a Phi Beta Kappa key as big as a soup-plate, and a thin platinum watch which had been presented to him by himself, and a wristwatch too, plain and masculine, and a hundred-and-ten-dollar suit. He also wore glasses when he worked, and that was most of the time, or so, at least, he thought. He loved his charts and his graphs and his production-curves and his seasonal-trends, and could pore over them by the hour, especially on Pullmans. The business pages of the newspapers were his delight, and so were the serious articles in the serious, or thirty-five and forty-cent magazines. He read little besides.

Just at the moment, he was sales manager for the Perfection Range Boiler Company of Baltimore. For years, whatever his job was, he had a title of some sort: treasurer, publicity representative, sales counsellor, production engineer, statistician. It was a long time since he'd been merely a statistician, and the man he'd replaced that time had been just a plain ordinary bookkeeper.

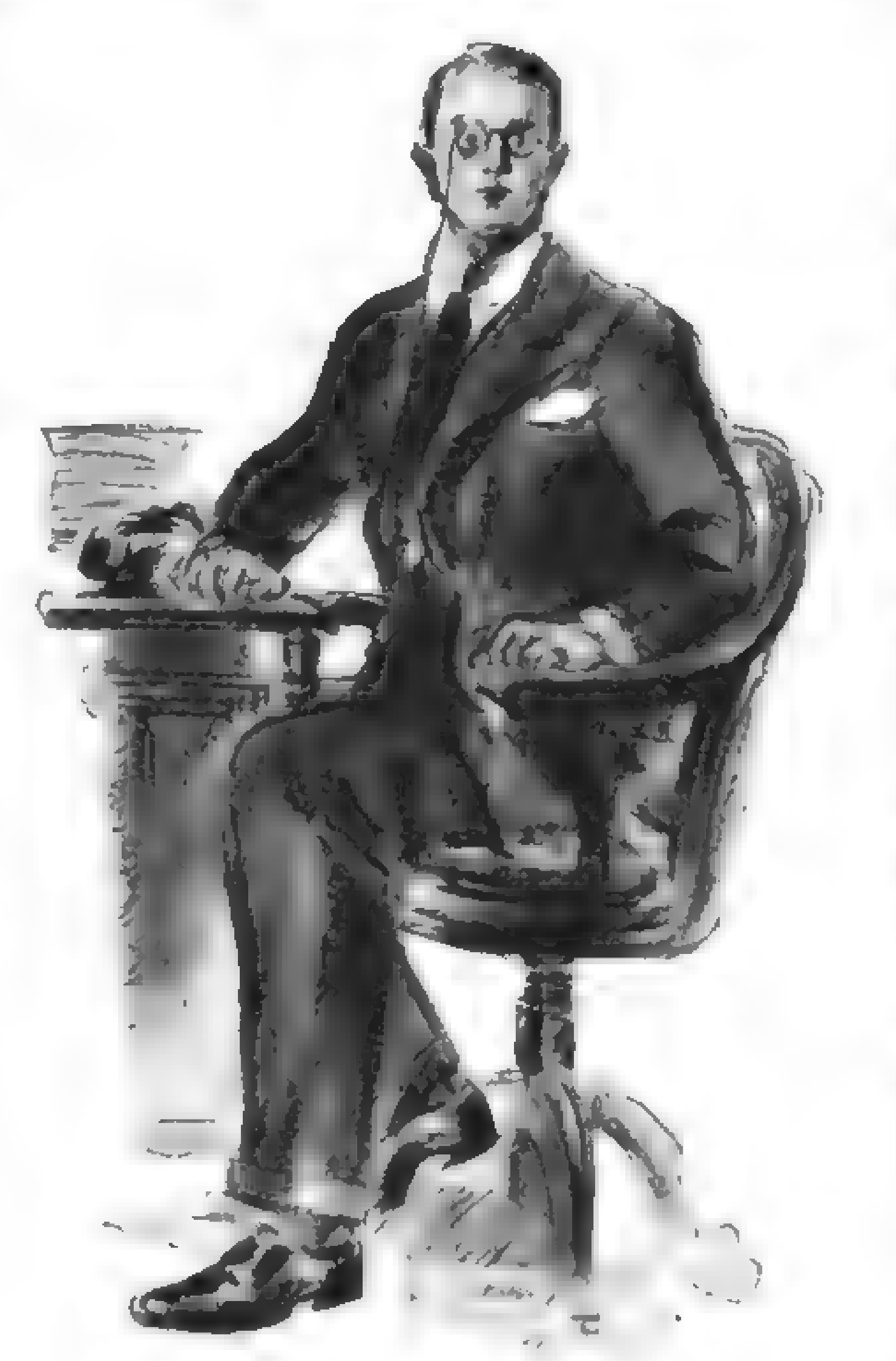
Mr. Evans loved dictaphones, and slide-rules, and calculating machines, and the latest devices in office machinery. He loved talking on two telephones at once. Best of all, he loved the electric buzzers on his desk. Zing! Zing! No music was sweeter to him. He could remember the time when he and another man had the same secretary, and it was really inconvenient for him. Now, when he pushed one button, his secretary would speedily appear, and when he pushed others, file clerks, office-girls, accountants, would come romping in. Aladdin and his lamp had nothing on Mr. Evans. His assistants were able and hard-working, and they had learned to jump when he spoke. That's being an executive.

Furthermore, when there was a slip, a mistake, a catastrophe, it was never Evans who seemed to have blundered. Usually, as a matter of fact, somebody else was really to blame, but at any rate, from the beginning of his career, Mr. Evans had realized the advantage of an attitude of indignant and outraged virtue, particularly when vulnerable.

He had money in the bank, though not so much as people thought, and he always knew to the penny what his balance was. His salary was eighty-five hundred a year, and he was certain it would have been fifteen thousand were it not for the depression, though he'd never made ten in his life. He considered himself eminently successful. He had a wife who suited him well, a handsome, decorative, well-mannered wife, willing to economize through the week to give elaborate dinner parties now and then, and entertain the right people, and help her husband to get along, as a good wife should.

She'd been a little careless and extravagant at first, but she was learning. They'd been married six years. No little children had come to bless them.

His employers, the Perfection Range Boiler Company, thought he was running up to New York to see a troublesome machinery manufacturer in Brooklyn. He wasn't, although he'd manage to see him, too. His main purpose was to keep a dinner engagement with several officials of the Paragon Corporation, which manufactures wire nails. There is, of course, some difference between manufacturing wirenails and manufacturing range boilers, but business is certainly business, wherever you may go, and the trained mind is quick to grasp the essential features, that is to say, the charts, graphs, and production-curves, and the cost-curves, and above all, the trends of a particular industry. Evans was certain he could convince the Paragon people that he was worth at least twelve thousand a year as their Mid-Western representative. Not a bad title, that; it would be worth something to be called Mid-Western Representative, and he could use it to advantage when he should look for his next job. That was the only way to get ahead: go from job to job, always advancing, or use a new offer to pry more money out of your present employers.



Finishing his milk and bran, Evans laid down a ten-cent tip, and rose, not waiting for the waiter's thanks. Tipping, so he thought, destroyed the working-classes' morale. English servants, now, English servants were much superior to ours. They knew their place. They were respectful; there was none of this false geniality about them. Some day, Evans would have a butler, an English butler. Maybe he'd have his own man, too, who'd shave him, and lay out his clothes, and save him those extra minutes that are so important for a brisk producer. "I judge a man by his intelligence in handling details," Evans would say.

He drew a cigar from a pig-skin case. He paid seven dollars a hundred for them, bought them from a fellow around the corner. They retailed at two for a quarter, but Evans bought them in quantity. He liked his cigars good and dry. He never told anybody where he got them, or what he paid for them. Few people asked him, anyway.

Making his way to the club car, he sat down and enjoyed his cigar and his meditations. His fellow passengers were solid-looking, well-dressed citizens like himself, the back-bone of the country, going about their important duties, making their business trips. Depression! How could you keep a country down when it produced such men? So good did Mr. Evans feel that he rang the bell at his side. "Scotch and soda," he said. The check was sixty cents, and sixty cents was what he gave the colored boy.

Since repeal, Evans had never drunk rye. Scotch was his drink; Scotch and a splash, he'd say, at his club, and it was a small Scotch and a big splash, at that, for he was temperate. He prided himself upon his ability to be half the night with people who were drinking, while he drank almost nothing. How in the world people could drink, and lose control of themselves, and talk freely and openly and sometimes truthfully, he certainly couldn't understand.

Good Scotch, he thought. It was a gentleman's drink. He considered himself a judge of Scotch, and he'd have liked to know more about wine. If a man really knew wine, he could probably pick up great bargains. Of course, at any rate, Evans moved around from city to city so much that it would be difficult to lay in a cellar. Be rather nice, though, when he, the Mid-Western Representative, was entertaining the Eastern Representative. "Try a little of this port. I laid it down in 1935."

Four men came in to the car. They were noisy and jovial, and so were their clothes. Cheap salesmen, Evans said to himself, and his lips curled. The sort of salesmen who didn't realize that the day of the drummer was past. The salesmen who crumpled up your careful letters, with their painstaking analysis, their exact and scientific examination of business conditions in the territory. The salesmen who paid so little heed to your shrewd hints concerning prospects, who thought you were a mere

Continued in center of page 132

Merely Postage Stamps

Riots in India, scandal in Spain, war in Haiti may result from an innocent stamp design

by MAJOR PAUL BROWN

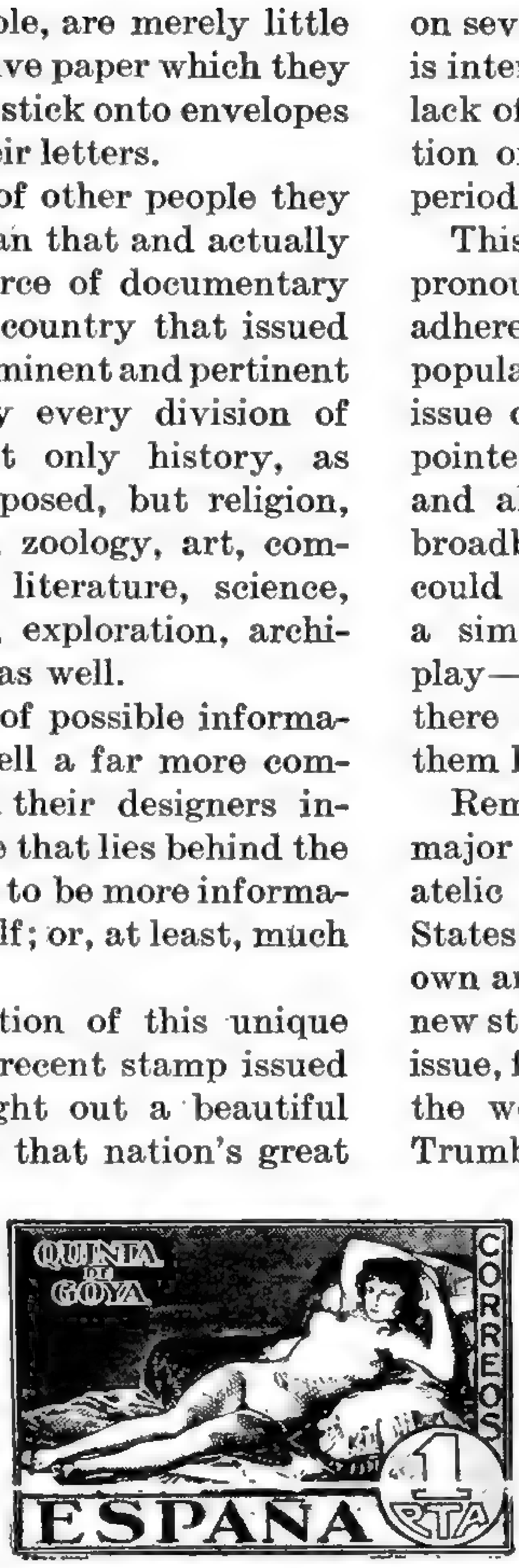
• ARTICLE •

Stamps, to many people, are merely little bits of colored adhesive paper which they buy at post offices and stick onto envelopes to insure delivery of their letters.

To literally millions of other people they are very much more than that and actually form an important source of documentary information about the country that issued them. Stamps yield prominent and pertinent facts concerning nearly every division of human knowledge—not only history, as might logically be supposed, but religion, botany, transportation, zoology, art, commerce, anthropology, literature, science, navigation, agriculture, exploration, architecture and geography as well.

Despite such wealth of possible information, they sometimes tell a far more comprehensive story than their designers intended and then the tale that lies behind the adhesive is in a fair way to be more informative than the stamp itself; or, at least, much more interesting.

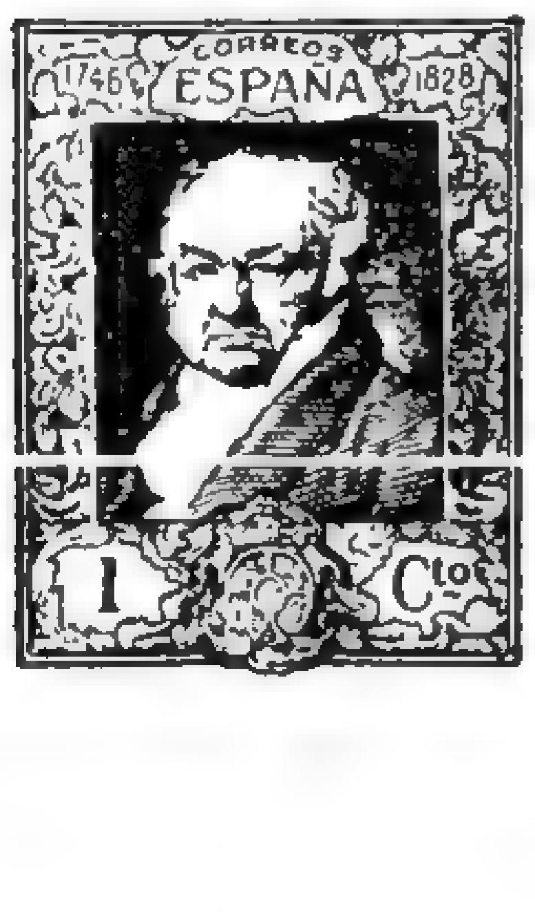
An excellent illustration of this unique situation is found in a recent stamp issued by Spain, which brought out a beautiful series to commemorate that nation's great artist, Francisco Goya.



One of the stamps contained a miniature reproduction of his most commented upon canvas, and showed a nude woman in the typical voluptuous pose so popular with contemporary artists. When the painting was first exhibited it was universally admired, but presently a suspicion became general that the model for the picture had been his distinguished patroness, the Duchess d'Alba.

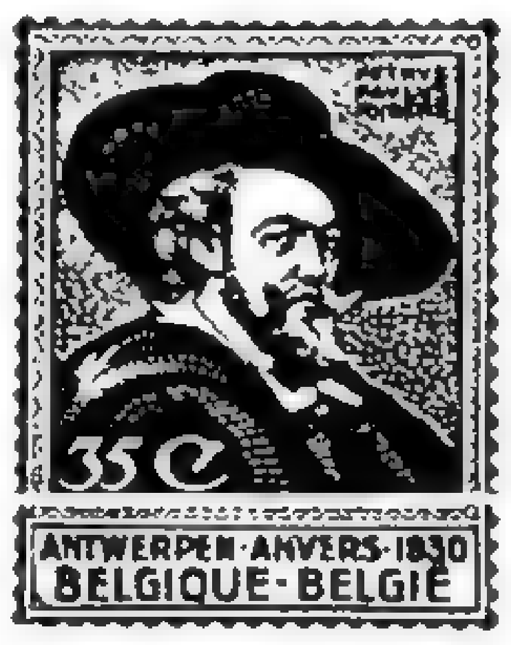
That charming lady was entirely too close to the throne to be displayed in the nude, even vicariously, and a veritable storm of remonstrance swept through the kingdom. It resulted in both Goya and the Duchess denying the rumor emphatically.

Unfortunately, Goya had made two copies of his work. When one had gone on display in the galleries, the other had been sent to the Duke d'Alba. Such evidence of the model's identity was too convincing, and the denials were never accepted. The painting is still referred to as "Goya's Duchess" and was so described when the recently issued stamp revived the story after more than a century of obscurity.



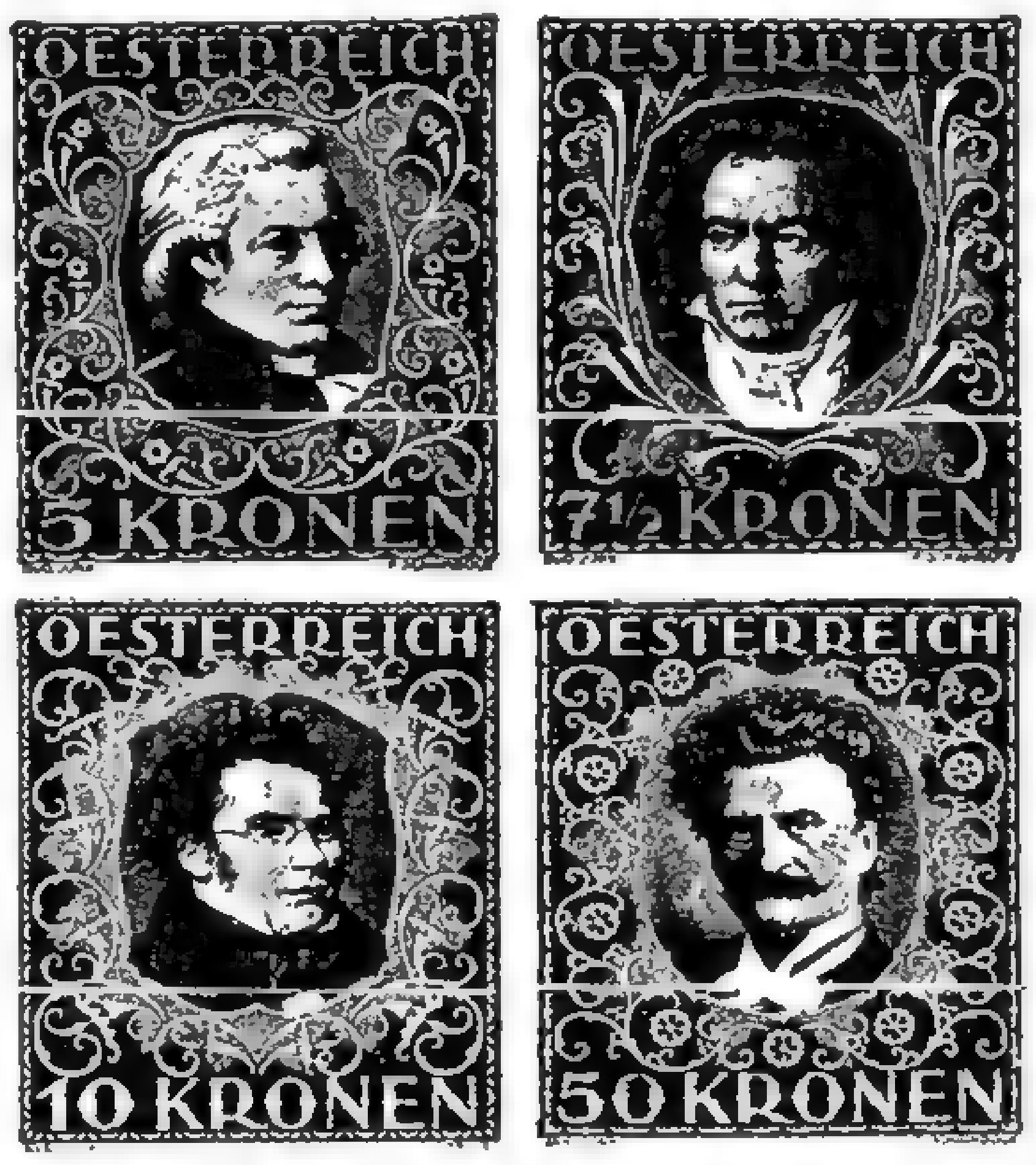
Goya's likeness appears on several of the stamps in that series and it is interesting to speculate upon his complete lack of conformity with the general conception of what a great artist of his period should look like.

This discrepancy is all the more pronounced because of the faithful adherence by Paul Rubens to the popular idea. On a commemorative issue of Belgium he appears with pointed moustaches, artistic beard and all, rakishly wearing a soft, broadbrimmed hat. A high school senior could well copy his appearance to depict a similar character in the annual class play—and Rubens is so true to type that there is a general suspicion that many of them have done so.



Rembrandt is the only other painter of major rank that has ever been granted philatelic immortality, although the United States has repeatedly used the work of our own artists as source material for designs of new stamps. The Washington Bi-Centennial issue, for example, contains reproductions of the work of Peale, Stuart, Williams and Trumbull. It is ironic that John Trumbull is not much better known as an artist, for there are few native born Americans who are not familiar with his work. His canvases brought the Revolutionary War to life for young students of history, and public school books showed reproductions of his paintings of the battle of Bunker Hill, the surrender of Burgoyne, the surrender of Cornwallis, the death of General Montgomery at Quebec and the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

It was fitting that Trumbull should select such subjects, for he was a colonel in the Revolutionary Army—and such a testy one that he resigned his commission when he discovered that it had been dated about two months later than he had anticipated, with the result that he was junior in rank to officers whom he regarded not only as his logical subordinates but inferiors! "A soldier's honor," he said, "prevents him from giving up the least pretension to rank."



He shortly went to England to paint, where he was arrested and was to be executed as a reprisal for the hanging of Major Andre. Andre had been an adjutant-general. So had Trumbull. The British regarded the situation as particularly fitting. However, through the intervention of the two great painters, West and Copley, he was released. He went to France immediately, only to be arrested again. He escaped, but years later, in 1797, when he returned to France in an effort to find an engraver for his Battle of Bunker Hill canvas, he was on the suspect list and re-arrested. His country's ambassador could do nothing for him. Talleyrand suggested that enough money might accomplish his freedom when everything else had failed, but Trumbull was a poor man.

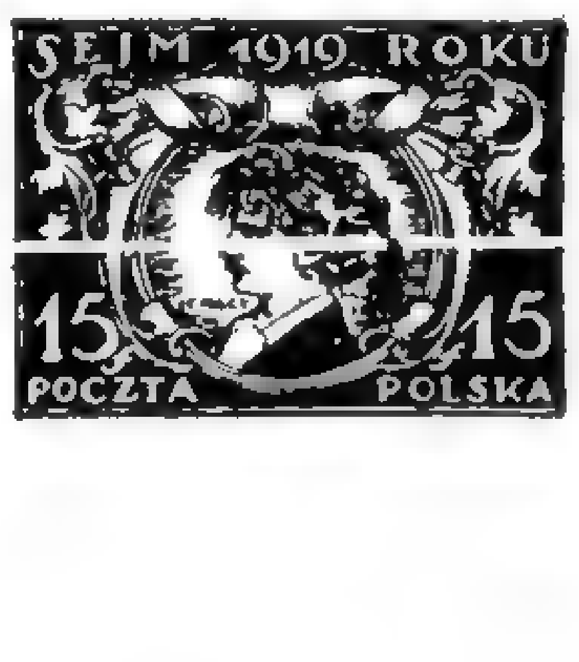
At last he was released because of his Bunker Hill painting. Louis David, a fellow artist, took him to the police with the canvas, where it was displayed. "You see," insisted David, "Trumbull is as good a revolutionist as any of us!"

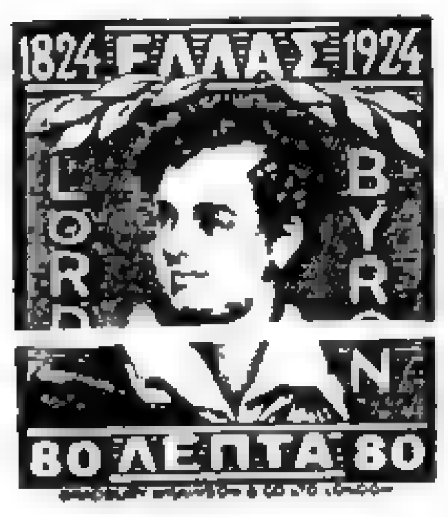
Most of his historical canvases, including the renowned one which shows General Washington against his white horse at the battle of Princeton, are now in the possession of Yale University—housed and exhibited in a gallery which Trumbull himself founded.

Musicians are more frequently encountered on stamps than are painters. Peasants are frequently shown on issues which depict scenes of the national life with their typical and often unique musical instruments, but it is amusing that this philatelic evidence of gaiety is often discovered on the stamps of countries which are notorious for the habitually grave and even sullen nature of their inhabitants!

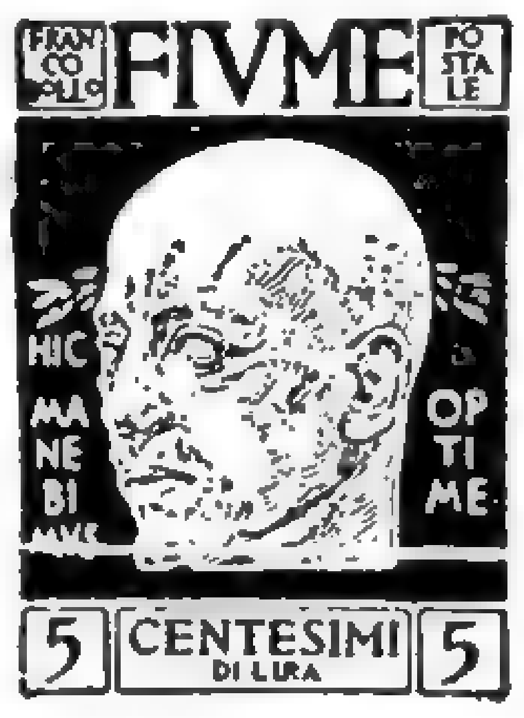
A conspicuous exception of this peculiar condition occurs on the stamps of Austria, which brought out a beautiful charity issue containing the busts of those great composers of the past whose music is associated with the Viennese tradition. Among them are Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert and Strauss.

That musical genius, Ignace Jan Paderewski, appears on a stamp of his native Poland—but not because he is a great pianist. He was, you will recall, the first Premier of that recently formed republic. No one better than a philatelist can appreciate the irony of recognition for his lesser accomplishment.

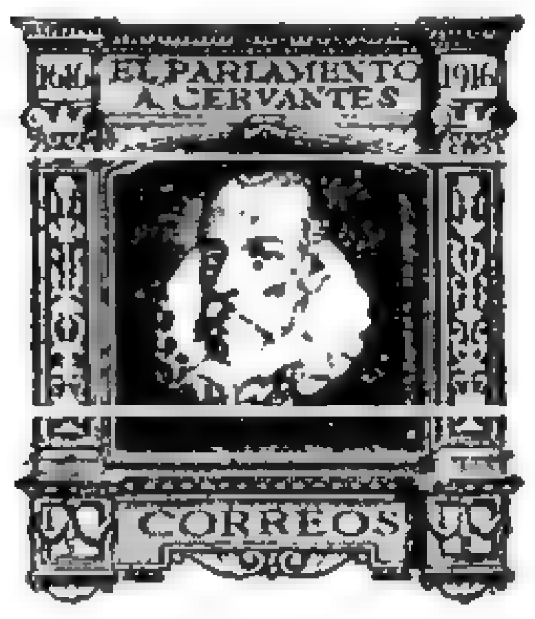




Similarly, Lord Byron appears on a stamp, but not one of England's. He is not honored philatelically as a poet, but as a patriot! As he did his fighting in Greece, it is but natural that a Greek stamp should bear his portrait. And D'Annunzio appears in the classic manner on a stamp of Fiume, not because he is a distinguished poet and writer, but for his comic opera seizure of that place when the government of Italy wanted, but feared, to do the same thing.



Cervantes takes a place among the philatelic great because of his immortal *Don Quixote*, ten scenes from the story being illustrated on as many stamps of Spain, while the author's portrait is shown on an official issue for the sole use of the Spanish Parliament.

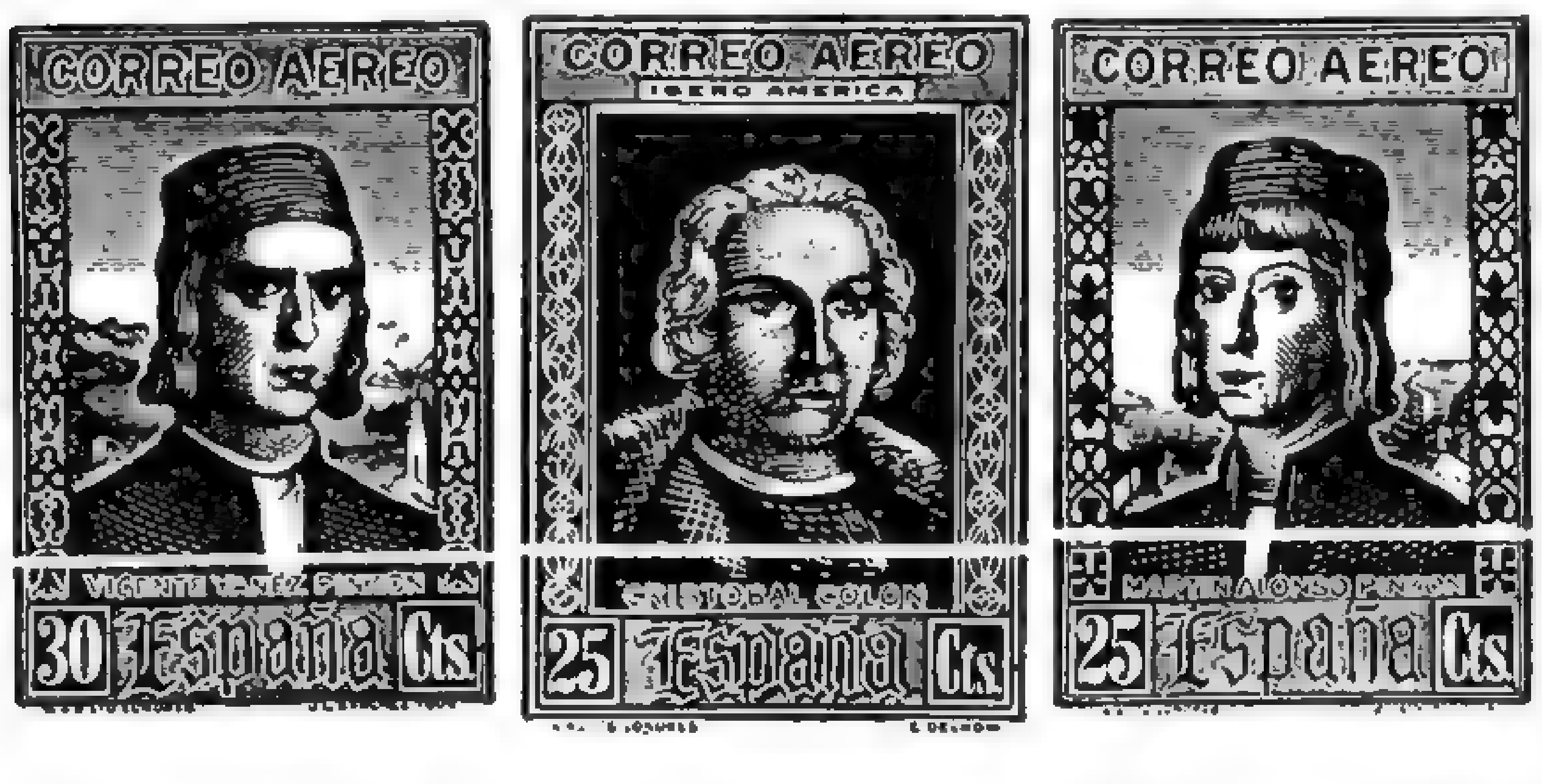


The many beautiful stamps of Spain are particularly interesting.

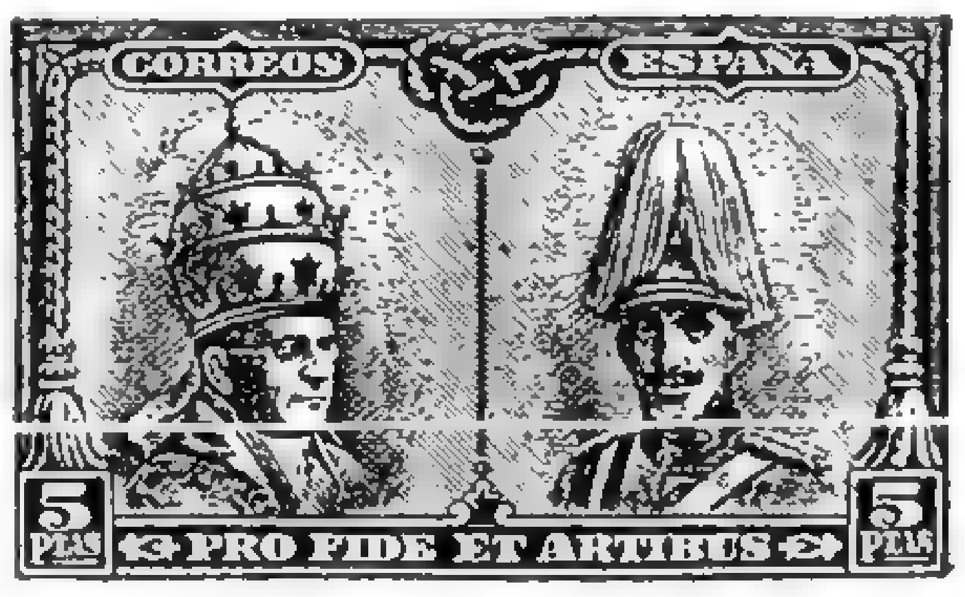
Recently a series was brought out commemorating the voyage of Columbus and three of the adhesives showed busts of Columbus and the two Pinzon brothers.

That was the first knowledge many people ever received regarding the identity of the commanders of the other two ships in the great discoverer's little fleet.

Indeed, if it had not been for the reputation for ability possessed by Vincente Pinzon it would have been impossible to obtain crews for the vessels; yet they have been almost entirely ignored and forgotten.



Another issue of Spain which tells more, perhaps, than was intended is a recent issue which shows the King and the Pope occupying equal sized frames. It was brought out just before the revolution which deposed Alfonzo; and the attacks upon the Church and the destruction of church property tend to substantiate the belief created by the stamp—that Pius was exercising considerable temporal as well as ecclesiastical authority.



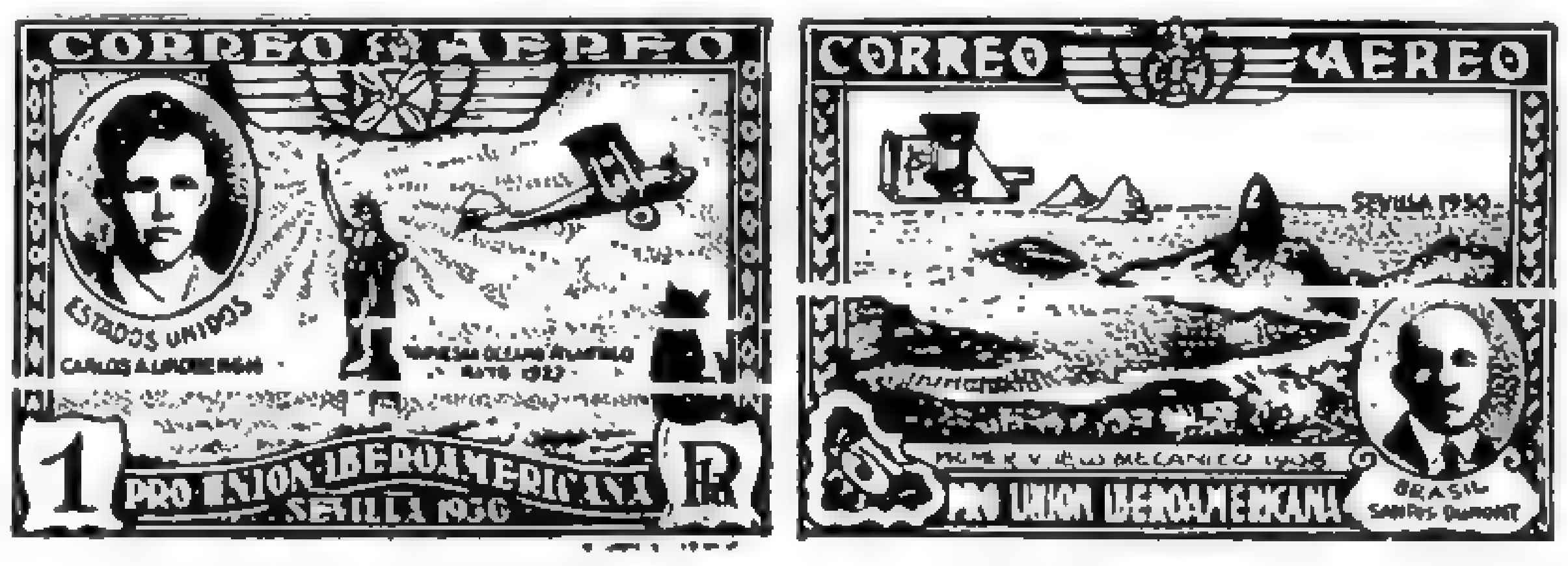
Harking back to Columbus, there is an amusing discrepancy in two of our own Columbus stamps. The first two in the series of Columbian Commemoratives of 1893 show, respectively, Columbus standing on the deck of his ship, sighting land—and then the landing itself.

Presumably but a short time elapsed between the two events. Indeed, in his personal journal he says as much, but the inescapable fact remains that the first stamp referred to above shows the explorer smooth shaven while the second depicts him with a luxuriant and well-trimmed beard!

Columbus is not the only explorer to be honored by commemorative issues. We have shown Captain John Smith (and the original American flapper, Pocahontas, in the same series), George Rogers Clark and Balboa.

We issued a memorial stamp for Edison and showed the first electric light instead of the man; the steamer Clermont appears on the Fulton memorial issue, and the statue of John Ericsson appears on the stamp issued in his honor.

There is a peculiar situation surrounding the Ericsson stamp. Nearly everyone who is not a collector believes the person honored is Leif Ericson, the legendary discoverer of America, rather than the man who invented iron-clad ships of war and built the Monitor. That he also invented the screw propellor, possibly far more important than naval armor, is generally unknown. Certainly there is nothing on the stamp itself to indicate his accomplishments and for that reason it is often referred to slightingly as our poorest memorial issue.



When we issued a memorial air mail stamp for Colonel Lindbergh we showed the Spirit of St. Louis rather than the man, although Spain has issued an air mail adhesive containing his portrait. However, that country has issued a series of air mail stamps to commemorate great aviators of all countries and has shown Santos-Dumont, the Brazilian, as well as a number of less prominent flyers.

The bulk of our own stamps are the so-called "President" issues, which contain the portraits of sixteen of our thirty-one past chief executives—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Taylor, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Wilson and Harding. Speculation regarding the cause for the omission of those of our presidents who have not been honored philatelically is bound to be fascinating.

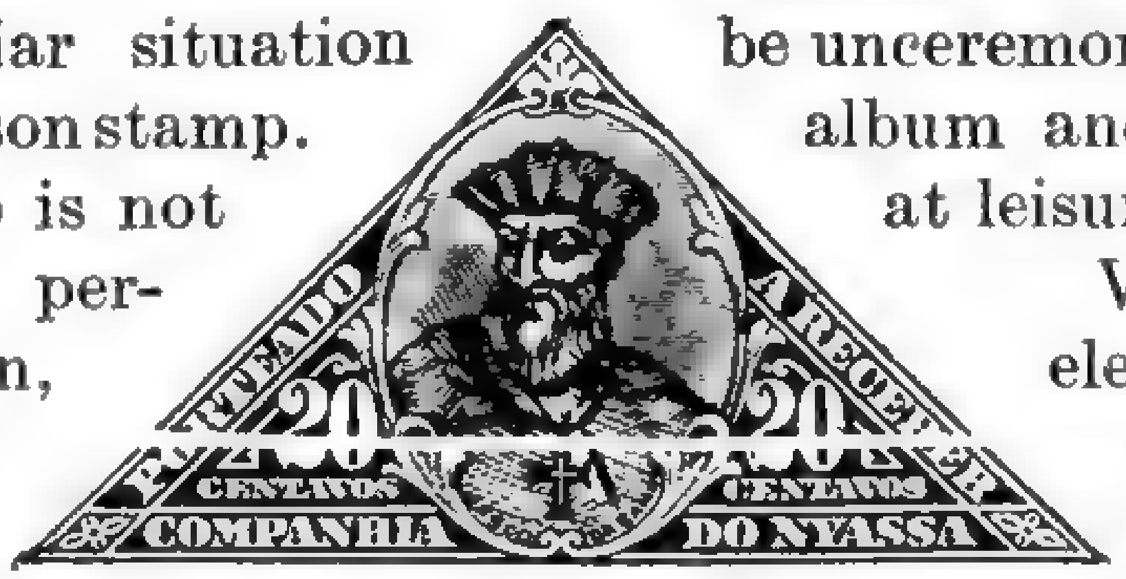
There are many stamps other than the "presidents" which show the portraits of other prominent persons. Benjamin Franklin appears and William Penn has just been honored with an issue, as was Daniel Webster, although he had appeared before.

Martha Washington is the only American woman on our stamps although we have issued a commemorative for the unforgettable Molly Pitcher, created by surcharging her name in heavy black letters across the face of the current stamp.

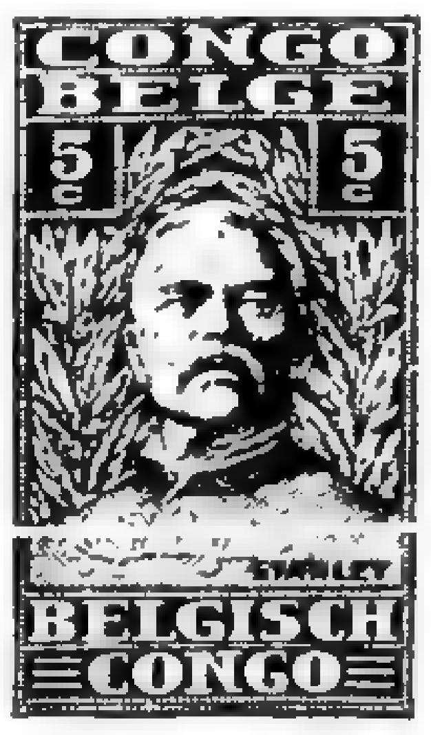
William Henry Seward, Lincoln's secretary of war, frowns from a stamp, and the Army has been further remembered by the inclusion of such Continental soldiers as Nathan Hale, Mad Anthony Wayne, Generals Sullivan, Pulaski, von Steuben, Rochambeau and de Grasse. Six famous generals and six different national origins!

Placing the portraits of men famous for their accomplishments on stamps has been a great stimulant to the recruiting of young collectors—and older ones, too, for that matter. There is a quickened interest in the biography of misty figures when they can be unceremoniously assigned places in an album and become acquainted with at leisure.

Volta, who gave our unit of electrical energy its name, appears on a stamp of Italy. Pasteur graces a French issue, and the supercilious Vasco de Gama is shown on a number of stamps of the Nyassa Company, one of the last commercial organizations with a charter to govern the territory in which it operates.

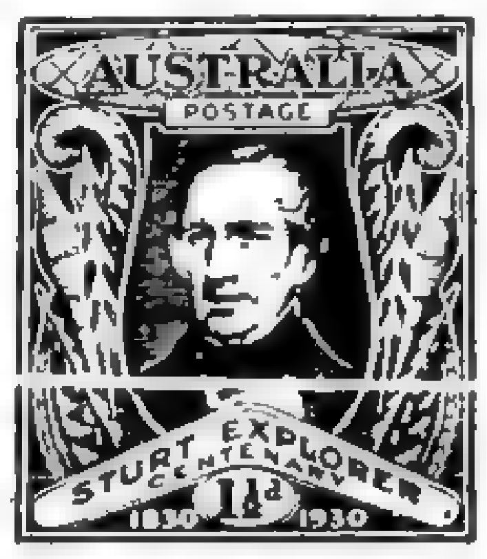


Sir Henry M. Stanley, G.C.B., is shown in all his arrogant force on an adhesive of the Belgian Congo, a state which he carved single handed out of the heart of what was then the wild and unknown continent of Africa—after he had "found" the never really lost Dr. David Livingstone.



Prince Henry of Portugal appears on a stamp of that country and a single glance discloses why he had preferred to test theories of navigation rather than to solve war problems. Jean Cabot, who discovered Newfoundland, appears on an issue of that country and Champlain and Cartier are shown on stamps of Canada.

Australia brought out a commemorative stamp in 1929 that shows the likeness of a grim, determined-looking man below whose portrait is the simple line, "Sturt—Explorer." Few people had ever heard of him, but philatelists ran to their encyclopedias to encounter one of the most starkly thrilling records of modern exploration.



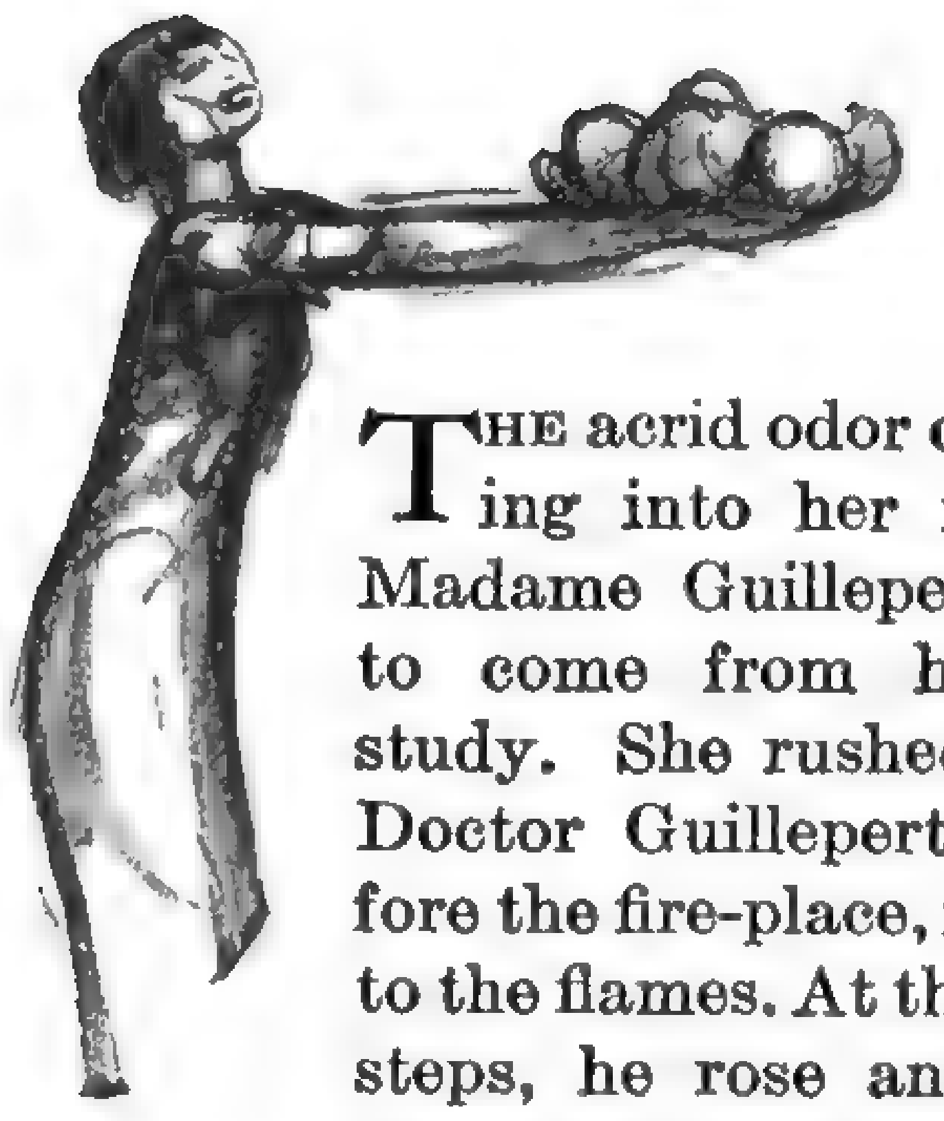
It is perhaps but natural that such famous men should be included in the philatelic gallery of portraits but they are, after all, not always accurate types of their race or their times. The stamps have no particular value to the student of anthropology, but that is unimportant. Other world stamps abound with native types both accurate and informative.

The aquiline head of an American Indian or that of a tattooed savage of New Zealand can be studied; so, too, can the flat, unexpressive features of a native of Tannou Touva or the happy, smiling face of a Tahitian girl—the same sort written of so enthusiastically by everyone from Herman Melville to Norman Hall. The dignified bearing of a native of Haute Volta is represented and so is the peculiar bearded face of a warrior of Madagascar, who is black but not necessarily negroid. A happy wench of Martinique appears, in decided contrast with the stupid and sullen native woman of Jamaica, partly African, partly Caribbean in ancestry.

Continued on page 116

The Mother

A mad-woman's gesture that nevertheless expresses the true emotion of maternity



by HENRI DUVERNOIS

• FICTION •

The acrid odor of smoke drifting into her room startled Madame Guillepert. It seemed to come from her husband's study. She rushed out, to find Doctor Guillepert kneeling before the fire-place, feeding papers to the flames. At the sound of her steps, he rose and turned, his face glowing with happiness. He smiled at his wife, a smile of triumph, of deep emotion.

"What are you doing?" she protested. Then she was amused, a bit irked, by her excitement, and added jokingly: "Doing away with some love letters?"

He seemed younger, stronger as he came to grasp her hands.

"Louise, my dear—I have tremendous news—"

"Good news?"

"Miraculous news."

"Speak quickly, dear," she begged. She was puzzled, wondered why his voice was strained, choking, why his eyes filled with tears. She did not guess immediately that he had reached his goal, after years of obscure research. At last, he had achieved, and his discovery would vanquish typhoid fever. He was burning his notes, the hard labor of hours of doubt, of despair, when success had been so remote. And he showed her a sheet of paper, covered with signs.

"There it is!"

"You know I can't understand that," she protested.

"No one could understand it—it's simply a synopsis for my own use. Now, I'll get to work and write a complete report for the Medical Society. My experiments are conclusive. Louise, we shall be famous!"

"You're positive you've found a sure cure for typhoid fever?"

"I am, yes."

"Oh, darling, darling!"

Then they became aware that someone else was in the study, and drew quiet. They recalled that they had invited their cousin Henriette for dinner, and a subtle shame, an awkwardness, restrained their happiness. The poor woman had lost Yves, her little boy, an only child, a few months before. And he had died of typhoid fever. Had she heard? They understood that she had by the odd sound of her voice when she greeted them.

"Oh, so you were there, Henriette!" Madame Guillepert cried.

"Yes—I beg your pardon—"

Henriette had been very pretty. But since the death of her son, she had grown careless of her appearance. As a widow, she had preserved a liking for elegance. Now, she wore the mourning clothes of a poor woman; her beautiful blonde hair was badly dressed, wisps straggled from beneath her hat. She had the clumsy, shuddery gestures of mothers who no longer have their child to clasp in their arms and do not know what to do with these useless limbs.

"It's grand," she resumed. "I congratulate you, Edmond and Louise—you can well be proud—it's grand!" Then the sentence which both Guillepert and his wife had dreaded, the sentence they had known would be uttered, was spoken: "Oh Lord! Why didn't you discover that last year?"

The doctor stammered explanations. Last year, he had been downcast, doubtful. His experiments had failed, something had been lacking. The harder he had worked, the further solution had fled. Then one night, recently, the inspiration had come.

"One cannot control such things," he excused himself.

"Of course not," Henriette murmured. "How happy you are going to make people! If my little Yves had been saved, I think I would have gone mad with joy. To have a miracle happen, just like that, at the moment when you'd give all your blood for a slight improvement! To me, you see, that disease always took the shape of a hideous witch, with fierce talons. You've killed her! That is great! I should feel avenged."

Madame Guillepert kissed her cousin. With the selfishness of those who love, she whispered in her ear: "Don't talk of that any more. It pains him."

Henriette agreed humbly. The doctor sorted his papers, and the two women left the study. They met again at the table. The meal was mournful. Henriette asked them not to escort her home, as they ordinarily did. When she had left, Madame Guillepert breathed easier.

"Needless to say that if I had known I would not have invited her tonight. I did not ask her for next Saturday."

"Why not?" the doctor shrugged: "the poor woman!"

"Because I don't want your happiness spoiled by anything. You have deserved it! And you did all that was possible for Yves."

"There wasn't much I could do!"

"Don't think of it any more."

Two days later, Henriette called. She arrived at five o'clock.

The servant introduced her in the reception room and informed Madame Guillepert.

"The lady said not to disturb anyone," the man added in a puzzled tone. "It's funny—she's talking to herself—"

"Ah?"

"Yet she isn't old enough to talk to herself! She keeps saying: 'It's too bad, it's too bad!' "

"Did she ask to see the doctor?"

"No, but I think she's waiting for him."

Madame Guillepert went to greet Henriette, displayed concern, surprise: "I do hope you're not ill?"

"No, I was passing by your house."

"Excuse me, but I am rushed. Edmond and I are having tea at Professor Vautrait's home—you understand—"

"I'm leaving—"

"You must come and have dinner with us next week—I'll send word—where's your coat?"

"I didn't wear a coat."

"And it's so cold, too—"

"Is it cold?"

"Come, be reasonable. It is cold."

"I didn't feel it," Henriette said. "I must buy a coat."

"We'll go shopping together and pick one out for you."

"If you wish."

As she made no move to go, Madame Guillepert gently guided her toward the door. Then she gave strict orders to the servant.

"From now on, do not allow any one to come in. The doctor has a lot of work to do. Just say that we are not at home."

Cousin Henriette called twice during the week, and twice was sent away according to orders. She seemed very gentle, resigned.

"Madame is not in? Neither is the Doctor? All right. I'll call again."

She returned a third time, during office hours. And she waited her turn, in the reception room, with other patients. She permitted two ladies who had arrived after her to pass first: "Go on, go on, I'm in no hurry."

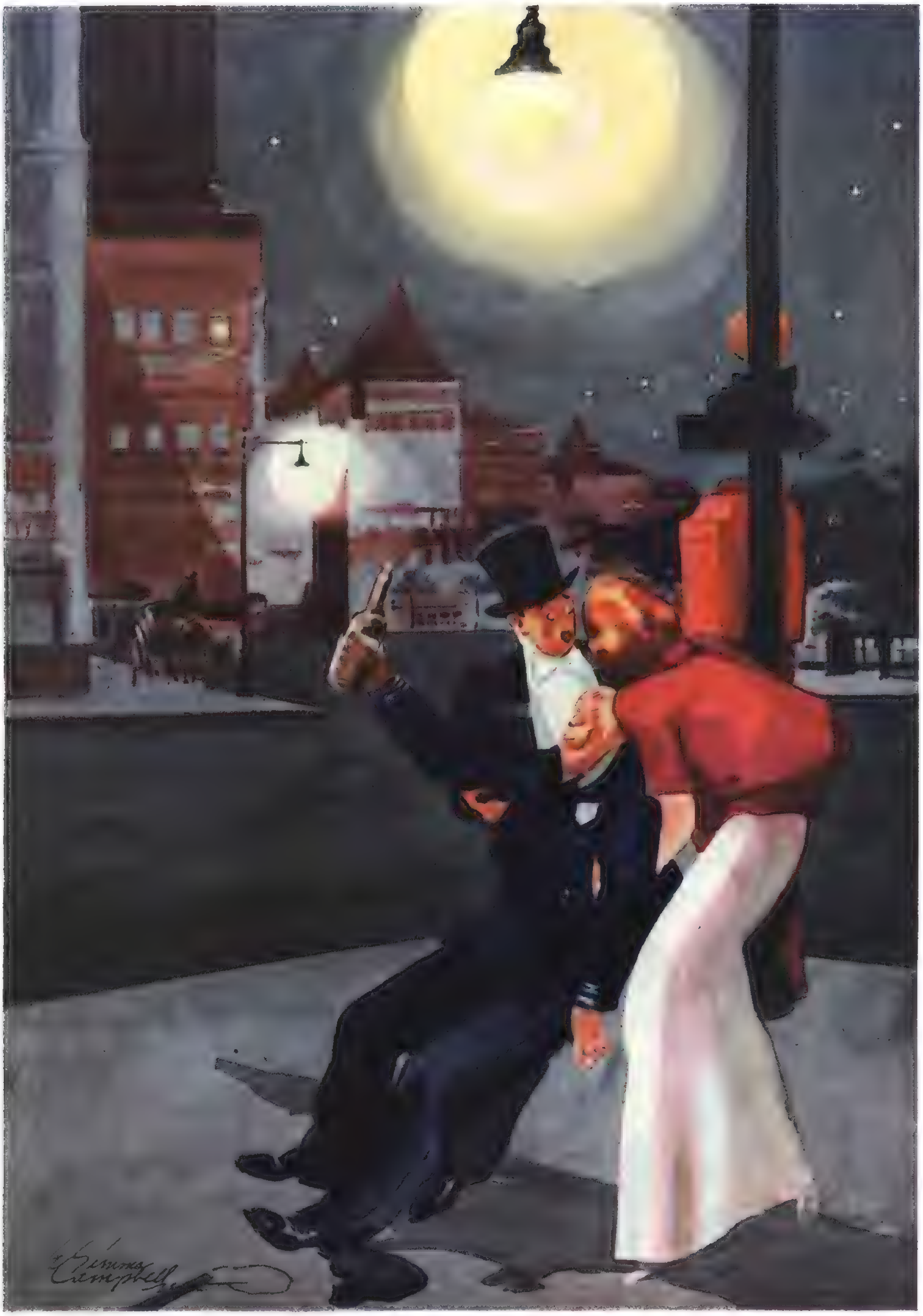
She sat in a dark corner of the room, and the doctor did not recognize her until she entered his study. She had come into the house behind another caller, and the servant had not noticed her.

"What's the idea?" the doctor reproached her. "Why didn't you have your name brought in, instead of waiting outside? What good luck brings you here? I don't suppose you are sick?"

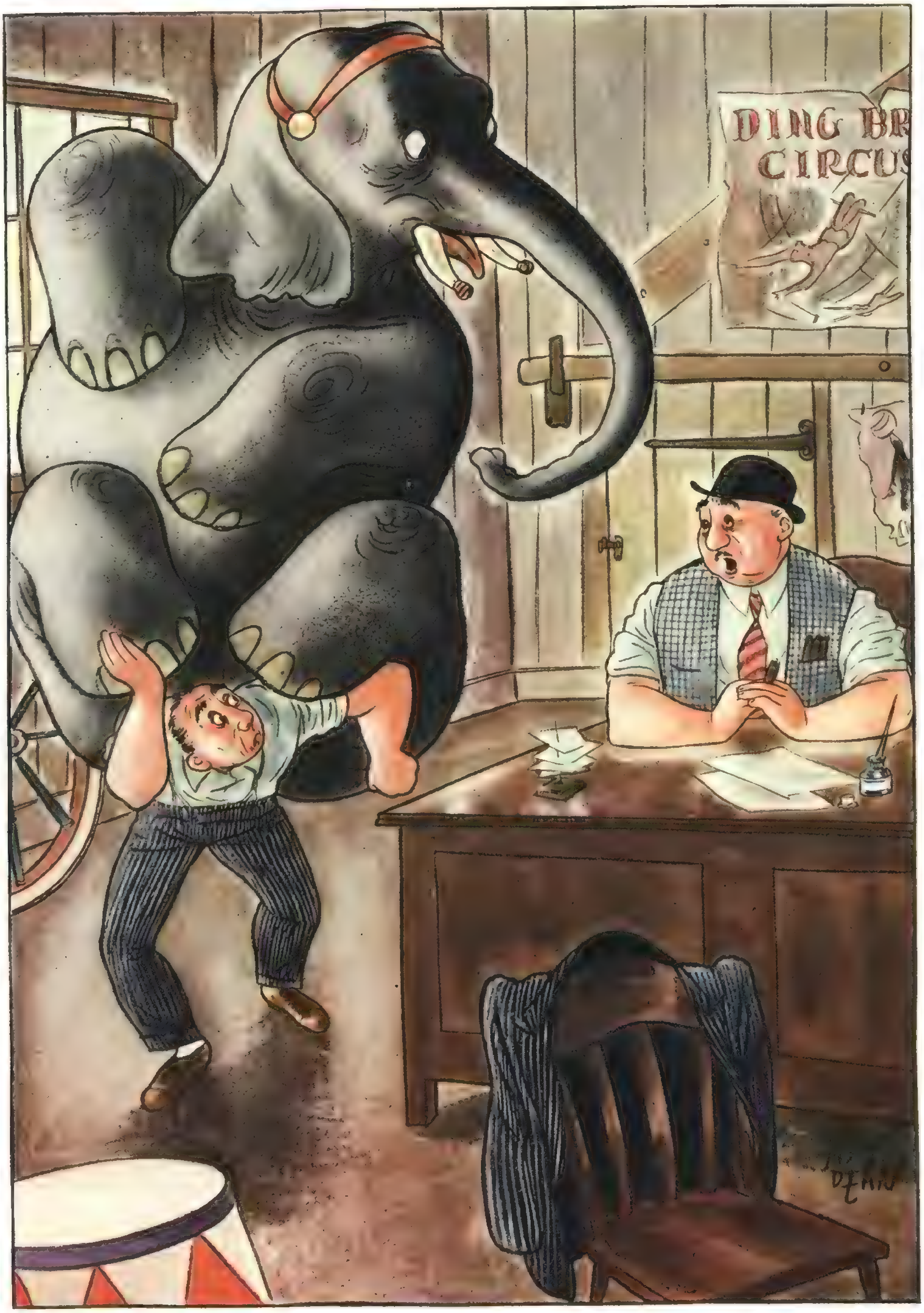
"No," she shook her head: "I feel fine, I do! And what about your discovery, Edmond?"

"It will be published in a few days."

Continued at top of page 106


Simms Campbell

"Whom do you call in a case like this?"


DING BR
CIRCUS
DEAN

"Sorry, Meggs, but we used something like that last season!"

The Base in Baseball

A simple system to replace the present clumsy method of figuring player-performance

by TRAVIS HOKE

▪ SPORTS ▪

EVERY now and then, like most good Americans, I take a look at the baseball "averages." I suppose I haven't seen three games in five years, but I keep more or less in touch, and I glance with fair regularity at the tabulations of batting, pitching, and fielding percentages. I get something out of those tabulations—a laugh or a sigh, perhaps both—that I daresay no one else gets, unless it is Branch Rickey, the general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals.

The averages are supposed to measure a player's achievements, to gauge statistically his performances in batting, fielding, or pitching, and compare them with perfection—the "possible"—and with the performances of other players.

They do no such thing, of course—that, I suppose, is where the sigh comes in. They do not really indicate his ability at bat, or in the field, or on the mound. The players know it, unconsciously, at least. So do the makers of the statistics—there are three or four firms that compile them—for every few years they add such refinements as "Runs Batted In," "Earned Runs," etc., in the obvious effort to make the figure mean something. They have been conscious of the inadequacy of baseball statistics, they have been trying to improve them, they have been shooting all around the target and never hitting it, and what they strive for has been in plain sight all the time—that, probably is the cue for the laugh.

For there is a system of statistics that measures a player's performance as fairly and accurately as figures can do it. The system has been in existence at least 30 years. It was offered to baseball and the public 25 years ago. It was used by a club in the American League for four or five years that I know of—secretly, however; it was worth money to that club to have information about players that the official averages did not reveal, and the very existence of the system was known to only three persons connected with baseball.

Well, I saw Branch Rickey the other day, and he gave me the old hit-and-run sign, so Now It Can Be Told. I sat with him and Frank Frisch, the Cardinals' manager, and his Brain Trusters, Mike Gonzales and Clyde Wares, in a New York hotel room while they discussed the purchase of a pitcher from another club. They discussed his history, physique, temperament, habits, and averages, and about all they could dig up from the dope-books was that he had won so many games and lost so many more—none too fancy an average. Yet they all thought him a good pitcher; they discounted the averages. Wares pointed out that his record was made with a losing club, Frisch thought he should win so many games more a season with a club like the Cardinals, Mike thought he would if he handled well. They had all the dope there was to be had on the player, yet they were forced to guess. Rickey took it all in, and then, in that intense way of his, turned to me. "Judas Priest," he exclaimed—the nearest to swearing that he allows himself—"if we had the old system working we'd at least know what this bird has done—we wouldn't have to guess. Judas Priest, will they never give it to the fans?"

Let's see what's wrong with the official system, in case you haven't discovered it for yourself. Let's start with the batting averages. Basically, they are the record of how frequently a player succeeds in making a safe hit. If his average is .333, to make it simple, that means that on the whole he gets one hit in three times at bat. But what kind of hit—single, triple, home run? There is a difference in hits, a big difference, and the statisticians not too many years ago recognized the fact and added a column, "Total Bases," to their batting tables.

That "Total Bases," however, doesn't have anything to do with the main average. A man might never hit anything longer than a single, and still have a batting average of .400 or anything up to 1.000.

And when does the player hit—with no one on base, or when it counts. A single with men on second and third is worth more to the team than a home run with the bases empty, but the averages do not make any distinction—each is a hit, and just that. The statisticians have felt the inadequacy here, too, and have tried to make up for it with a column headed "Runs Batted In," but it means little because the best batter in the world cannot drive in runs if the batters ahead of him don't get on base.

There are other things the matter with the batting averages, but that's enough to give you the main idea of how little the official figures really tell about a player's batting, in relation to perfection or the performance of other players.

It's the same story with fielding averages. An error may permit a lone runner to get to first, or it may let in four runs—yet it's just an error in the statistics.

But the pitching averages are the most hopeless of all. They represent, fundamentally, the number of games that a pitcher wins, out of the number he takes part in, and they are all cluttered up by rules as to who gets credit for a win and who gets charged with a loss. Several pitchers can work in one game for a club; only one gets credit or discredit for the final result. And what logic—to say that a pitcher wins or loses a game—when there are eight other men helping him win or lose it! The statisticians have felt that illogicality, and have tried to atone for it by keeping track of the "Earned Runs" scored against a pitcher, but to make that tabulation significant you still have to check it against the pitcher's "win and lose" column, and against the win and lose record of his club—and then just guess.

So the official averages are no proper yardstick of a player's worth, as I imagine you have often realized. There should be some true criterion, if there are to be any statistics.

It must have been thirty-five years ago that I began to worry about all this, and the blame rests with an uncle, William E. Hoke. W. E. H. is an inventor, and the son of an inventor, and he has invented everything from gauges to fables, but no gadget he ever thought up was so successful as the device by which he, a connoisseur of late sleeping, made me, a busting-around kid, keep quiet of mornings. His idea had the simplicity that inevitably attaches to greatness: he got me interested in professional baseball, and I kept myself silent and busy with the sport pages of the morning paper until he thought it expedient to arise. (To keep up my interest he had to take me to the game frequently, so perhaps I wasn't so stupid, at that!)

Anyhow, I got to know enough about the game to realize that the averages didn't do what they were supposed to do, and I told him so. Like any true Hoke, my uncle was distinctly unimpressed with the opinions of any other Hoke, and besides, I was a fresh, lippy kid—they used such horrendous words in those days, before the advent of experimental education and the tender treatment of juvenile bids for attention—but somehow the idea stuck with him and he mulled it over for a week.

He didn't solve the problem for me; he made me tackle it for myself. If the official averages were wrong, he said, wherein lay the fault? Until I could put my finger on it I couldn't fairly claim to know what I was

Continued on page 140

What You Get When You Love

A couple of clever youngsters had a smart affair but one day they weren't so young any more

by RICHARD SHERMAN

▪FICTION▪

Sometime during the afternoon—he didn't know when—it had rained, and now the streets were a steamy brown sheen, with puddles here and there into which his feet, blind and hurrying and wanting only to reach the hotel entrance, slopped unknowingly. He walked head down, hands in topcoat pockets, looking at the pavement and seeing nothing. He felt nothing either, except time's passing and what it meant. Each move of his legs was a second gone, each section of a block a minute. One of those seconds, one of those minutes, might be the one at which she lifted the receiver. Even now—here, right here, as he turned this corner—brass-tipped cord might be plugging into waiting hole. B-r-r-r. B-r-r-r. "Park House, good evening. . . . Just a *mo*-ment, please. . . . B-r-r. B-r-r. Mr. Caldwell does not *an*-swer. I yam ringing. . . ."

He began to run. Ran awkwardly, with city man's hard-thumping gait; bumped into passers-by, muttering apologies over his shoulder to those who did not wait to hear.

At the hotel, a huge residential hotel for men, he paused breathing heavily, then straightened and shuttled through the revolving doors. Good-evening to the doorman; a smiling nod to the elevator boy. Then on to the desk, and the cross-hatched mail coop bristling with envelopes. Unerringly he bent to his own compartment, one of hundreds. There was—there was something. . . . Two letters, one from his sister, the other a bill. He poked his fingers into the dark recess. A blue slip—it might have fallen. No. Didn't fall. Wasn't there.

Rising, he clenched his hands at his sides until the nails bit the palms. "Good-evening, Miss Murphy."

The many-chinned woman behind the desk smiled, or rather kept on smiling, for she put on her smile at five, when the men began to come in from work, and didn't let it relax until seven-thirty; after seven-thirty you might get a smile or you might not, depending on who you were and how she felt.

"Good-evening, Mr. Caldwell. A little rain we had, didn't we?"

"Yes, didn't we?" Ah. Waiting. "There isn't a phone message for me by any chance?"

"You looked in your box?" Her tone said don't you trust us, don't you think we have a system?

"I thought it might have fallen down. Or the slip might not have been made out yet."

"Alice!" Miss Murphy turned her head. "Any calls for Mr. Caldwell? 1504? . . . Sorry, Mr. Caldwell." But she sounded triumphant rather than sorry. Then she forgave him, graciously, and the smile broadened. "Maybe she'll call you later."

They shouldn't joke that way.

"It's a business call," he said, and immediately felt ashamed that he had bothered to lie. Turning, he went out. He'd move, that's what he'd do. Seven years in one place was too long anyway. They regarded you as a fixture if you stayed on too long. There was a new building up the street, just as cheap and more modern. Or—his legs trembled in the ascending elevator as he thought of it—somewhere there was a small apartment waiting; three rooms and a kitchen waiting, and when you came home you cried "Hello—Nora?" as you opened the door.

His room was still light with the spring twilight that was soft behind and through and over the steel towers. It was a man's room, neat and small, with gray walls and sturdy oak and one imitation leather chair; and he hated it.

Well, now. . . . Suddenly he raised the window wide and leaned out over the city, breathing in the new-washed air. Elbows on wet sill, chin cupped in hands, he remained motionless for several moments, and then withdrew slowly.

There was nothing there to compensate; nothing except a whole city and a new spring, and neither meant anything when you were waiting for something else.

He removed his overcoat, hung it neatly in the closet, placed his hat above, closed the closet door, went to the bathroom to wash his hands and face, started to clean his nails, and found himself staring at himself in the mirror. The reflection made him wheel swiftly and go out. Behind him, the nail file tinkled on the tile floor.

In the other room, he lay down on the bed. At first he had sat in the leather chair, but the telephone was opposite and he didn't want to keep looking at it all the time. The thing to do was to keep your mind busy—very busy or very quiet. Quiet meant sleep, sleep meant the bed. Yet, once laid down, he knew that sleep was impossible. He lay and looked at the books on the shelf by the bed. *History of the Russian Revolution:* he had bought it, he had always meant to read it, yet there it was in fat, inviting volumes and not a page read beyond the first three and the last two. *Market Indices:* if he had done more research outside the office, he might have a better position today. He recalled an advertisement, a finger pointing. "Are YOU content to be a $5000 a year man?" No. Yes. Yes, he was content to be anything if only, if only. . . .

"Oh, my God," he said aloud, throwing his arms over his face. "Oh, my God. Why doesn't she call?"

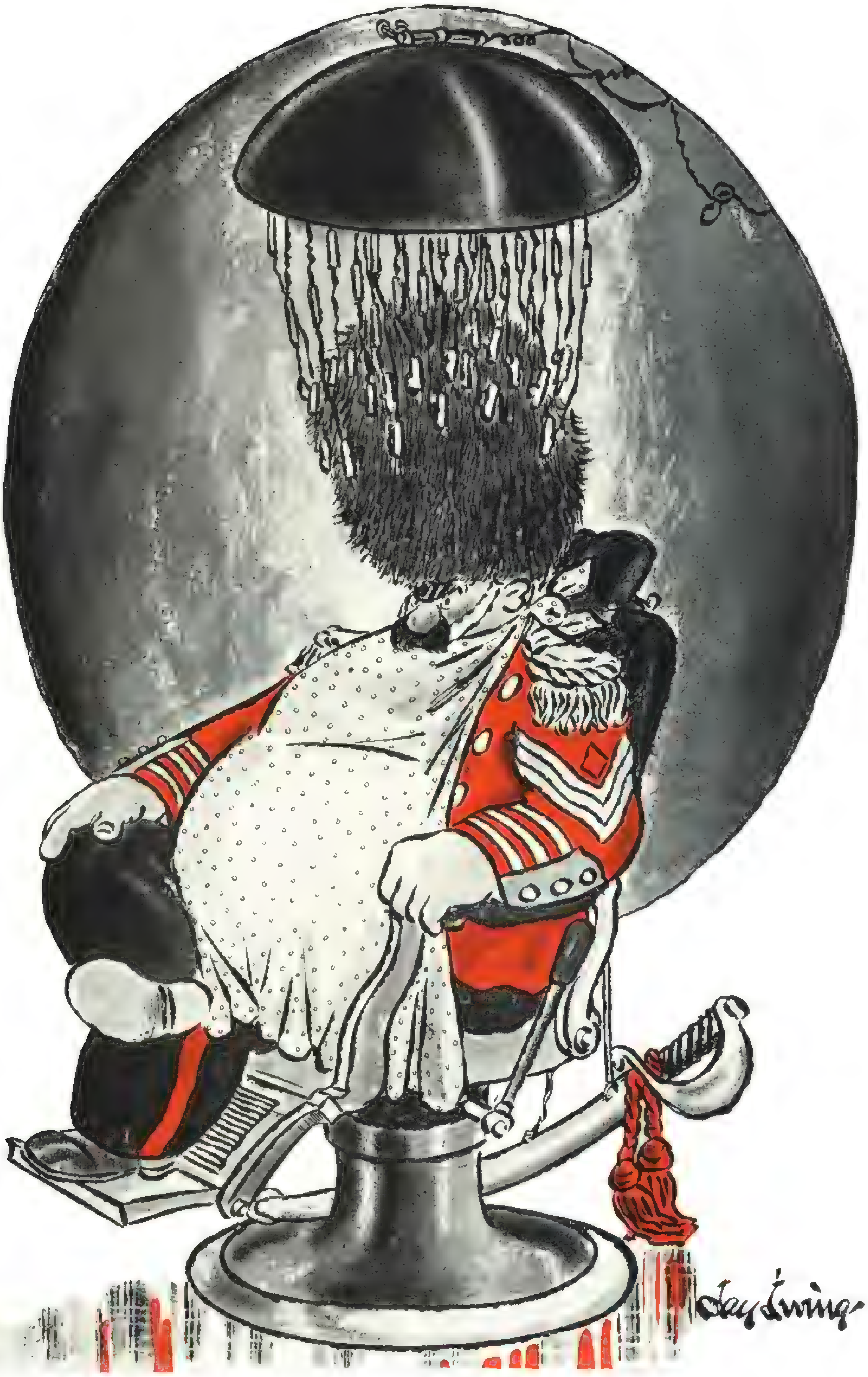
* * *

It had been in October, five years ago, on a raw, rainy afternoon, and she had stood with the others huddled beneath the dripping eaves of the station. He knew everyone except her and a hatless blond boy whose name he never learned during the entire week-end and whom he had never seen or heard of again. Carol did the introductions, and they all started to run for the car parked down the street. There were seven of them at least, and somehow he found her sitting on his lap.

"Push me off if I'm too heavy," she said. Those words were the first he remembered her saying. Later, much later, they had laughed about them and she had said that if she could have foreseen, she would have made a more memorable remark; such as "My name is Nora," spoken simply and shyly, or "Your eyes are like deep wells."

The rain kept on, and they didn't move out of the house until Monday morning when they caught the train back to town. A bridge game continued for practically forty-eight hours, and people danced to the phonograph—old records mostly, "What'll I Do?" and "Mountain Greenery"—and there was a lot of drinking. A couple of people got noisy, but the rest just drank quietly and steadily. He and Nora weren't

Continued in center of page 134

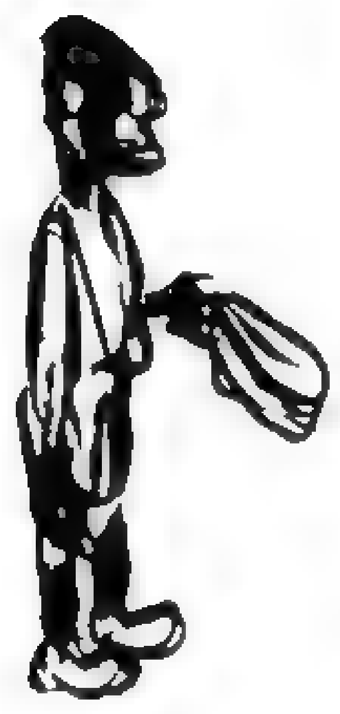

Jay Irving

Louis Armstrong

A trumpet call for the little black waif grown up playing proud hot notes for white folks

by HERMANN DEUTSCH

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪



Hayah pappy! Hayah mammy! Hayah de gal chillen and de boy chillen all both! Hayah brudders and sisters and oncles and aunties and brudder-in-laws!

Hayah glo-ree de Redeemer!

Hear dem notes so proud and high, proud and hot, hot and high! Da's li'l Louis Armstrong come back to he home.

Black folks can't go to de club where de white folks steppin' to music Louis Armstrong playin'. Nossuh my Jesus! Black folks got to sit out here on de levee in de dark, feets a-tappin' in de grass.

Black boy wid a gut-foot a-tap-tap-tappin'.

Black gal wid a high heel shake dat t'ing.

Louis Armstrong po' it on 'em, po' it out de co'net hawn.

White folks come from uptown, come from downtown, come from backa town to dance to music where de club lights shine.

White club, night club, night club, white club.

Black folks come from uptown, come from downtown, come from backa town, a-trompin' and a-stompin' to de levee, ol' black river in de night time rollin' faster on de yonnuh side, feets a-tappin' in de grass, hurry my Lord, cause Louis Armstrong come back to he home to po' it on 'em out de co'net hawn.

White folks in de white light—
Black folks in de black night—
All but Louis Armstrong—
He in de white light too, now.

It ain't like it useter be, brudders and sisters!

Oh no!

It—ain't—like—it—useter—be!

Louis Armstrong was a bad boy. Didn' mind he mammy, didn' mind de preacher man, didn' mind none of he kinfolks. He runnun' round de streets every hour of de night.

Black night wid de white lights!

He runnin' round on New Year eve twenty year ago, and never had no Chris'mas gif' in de week befo'.

Louis want a New Year gif', black boy in de black night where de white light shine. Him and plenty udder boys, singin' in de street, sing fo' pennies, sing fo' jitneys, sing fo' a silver dime. Yonnuh a saloon, playhouse of de devil, Louis pay no mind, him and plenty udder boys go sing in de saloon.

Black mens in de black devil playhouse wid de white lights lissen at de li'l black boys sing, make 'em sing, gi' 'em money, say li'l black boy have a drink happy New Year glo-ree! Get mo' money in de black devil playhouse, mo' money'n on de street, yonnuh 'nudder saloon, black mens a-dancin' wid a black gal in a white silk dress. Git mo' money, git mo' drink, feelin' hot and high, feel hot as hell and raise hell high, New Year gif' in de bright saloon. Sing some mo', catch a jitney, have a drink, hayah, hayah, hayah!

Li'l boy twelve year old, bimeby he's stagger in de street, whoop and holluh and take on, nigger-rich on easy money fo' a New Year gif', step proud, step hot, step high, and gi' 'em room, cause dey been singin' fo' de devil and de devil got he eye peel' fo' he own. Who dat call me out my name? I show 'em! I bus' 'em wide open! I goin' kill 'em down daid! Look out fo' de gun, look out fo' de knife, de li'l boy done drink a son-kick-yo'-mammy, and de devil in 'em now.

Blang, blang, blangety-blang!

Patrol come tearin' down de street, black street wid de white lights.

Blang, blang, blangety-blang!

Take 'em on de jail-house, li'l boys drunk and fightin' in de street, hit 'em on de nappy haid if he don't behave, li'l nigger got a big haid, li'l nigger got a thick haid, li'l nigger drink to he got too big fo' he britches, so hit 'em on de nappy haid if he don't come 'long quiet, li'l black devil gettin' drunk like dat.

Take 'em to Jedge Wilson in de mawnin of de second, cause dey got no co't on a New Year day. Leave 'em in de precinct station on a New Year day and take 'em to Jedge Wilson in de mawnin. Li'l boy cryin' when he got to face de jedge, but nemmine studyin' 'bout dat, li'l weeper need a keeper.

Hayaha, hayah, you hear dat? Don't 'e sound nice? Lissen at me, my brudder:

Li'l weeper need a keeper.

Li'l weeper need a keeper, and we goin' gi' 'em a keeper, yes Lord. Send 'em to de Waif Home, big white house fo' li'l black boy, keep 'em on de Waif Home to he learn he lesson, to he be a good li'l boy and don't get drunk and fightin' in de night time on de street.

Li'l weeper got a keeper, got a keeper now.

Got to walk de chalk line now.

Li'l black boy on a white chalk line.

Li'l black boy in a big white house.

Can't go out no mo' to run no streets all hours of de night. When de bugle blow he got to go to he baid, when de bugle blow he got to get up, when de bugle blow he got to work, when de bugle blow he can go to de table fo' he vittles and not one minnit befo', li'l black boy got to live by de bugle blow in a big white house to he learn he lesson like de jedge do say.

Who dat blow de bugle now? It's li'l Louis Armstrong in de Waif Home. Peter Davis, de ban'master, say to Joseph Jones, de keeper: Dat boy blow a bugle a new way, he blow a common bugle fit to make a rooster drop he wing, I want dat boy to learn to play a co'net hawn so's I can have 'em playin' in de band.

Playin' in de band, playin' in de band, li'l black boy in a big white house playin' in de band, play de co'net hawn hot and high, don't study nothin' 'bout no street no mo', long as he can play, po' it on 'em out de co'net hawn, hot jazz, sweet jazz, play a hymn to make de angels sin, oh co'n-beef, co'n-bread, hear de li'l black boy play!

He learn he lesson to dey turn 'em a-loose, and he go out de big white house to hunt 'em a job by he's got fifteen year old now, and he mos' a man. He ain't goin' tote freight, he ain't goin' pack no bananas, he ain't goin' sell no papers, he goin' get 'em a job playin' de co'net hawn in a band, yes brudder, if De Good Master spare life.

King Oliver lissen at Louis Armstrong and say sho' you can play in my band, is you got a co'net hawn? Louis Armstrong say pawnshop got plenty co'net hawns on Rampa't street, Louis play in King Oliver band, hot jazz, sweet notes, proud and high, playin' fo' de dances, playin' fo' de trucks 'at go up and down de street wid a sign and de sign say: Prize fight tonight, prize fight tonight, prize fight tonight!

None de white folks know 'bout Louis, none de white folks dance to

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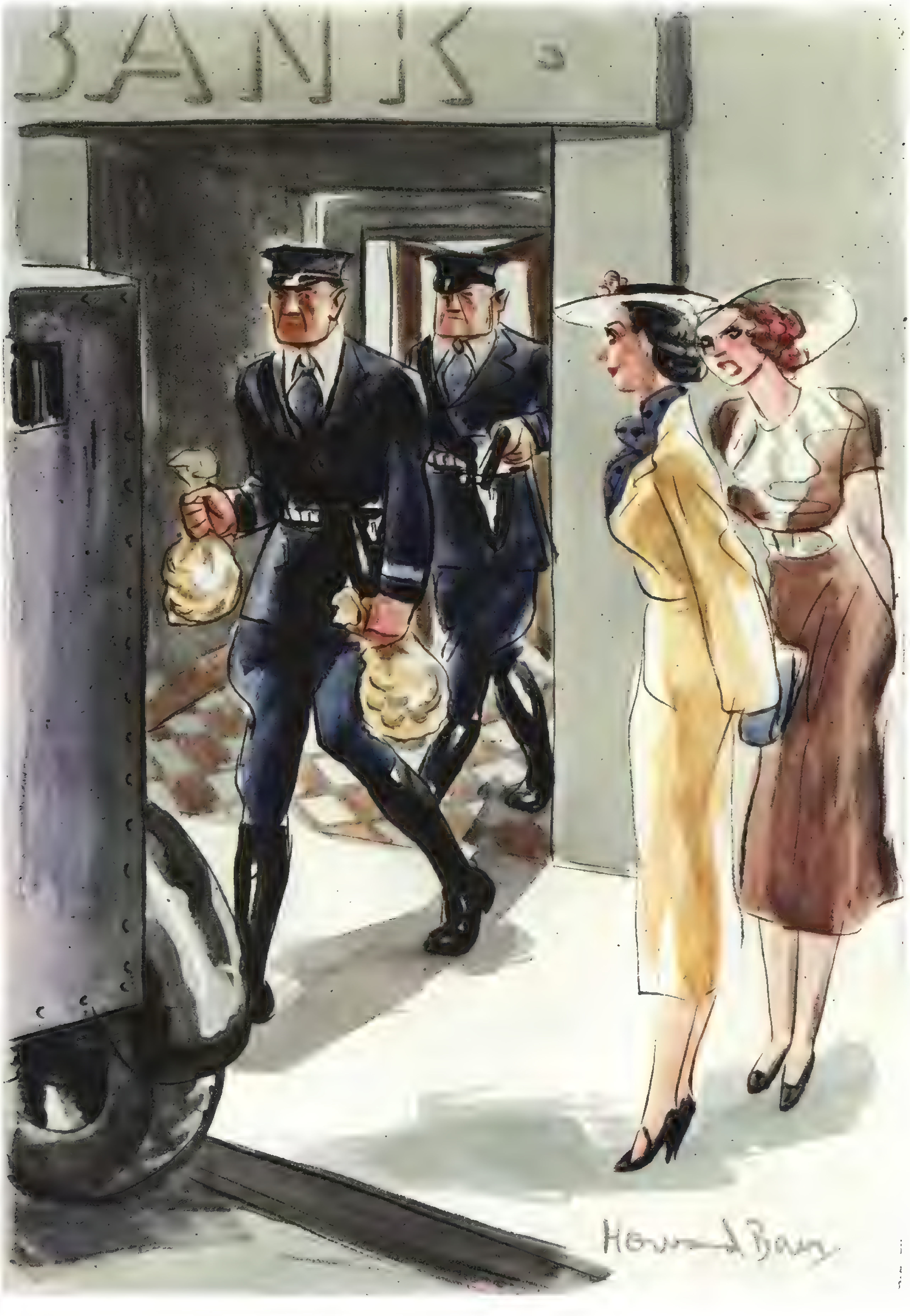
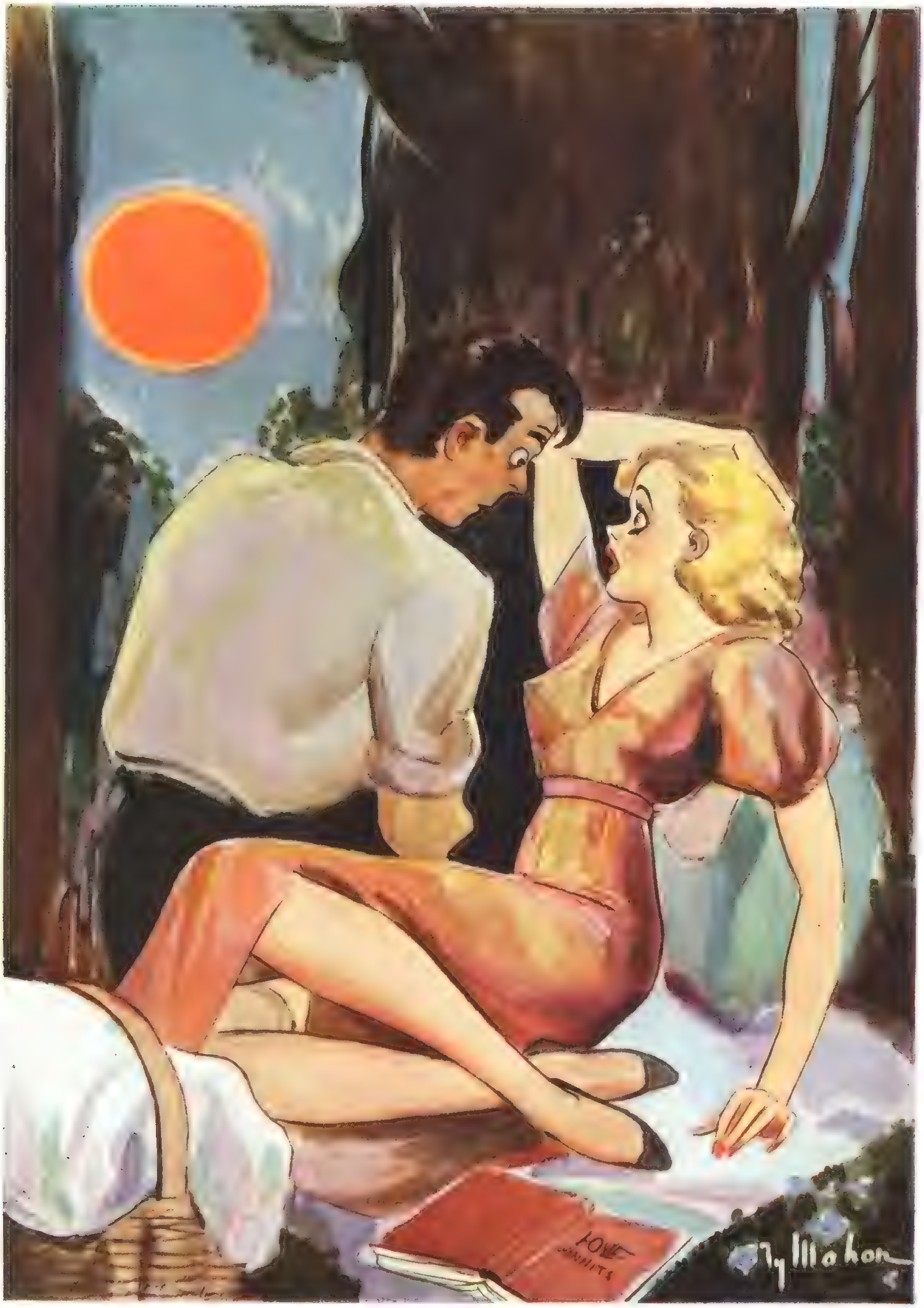

BANK
Howard Baer

"I'm telling you, Flo, it's not theirs!"



"Gee—it's almost dark—and we haven't eaten lunch yet"

The Rape of Rhona

Another angle on the act that caused the vanquished women to call the conquerors beasts

by WILLIAM FRANKLIN BERRY

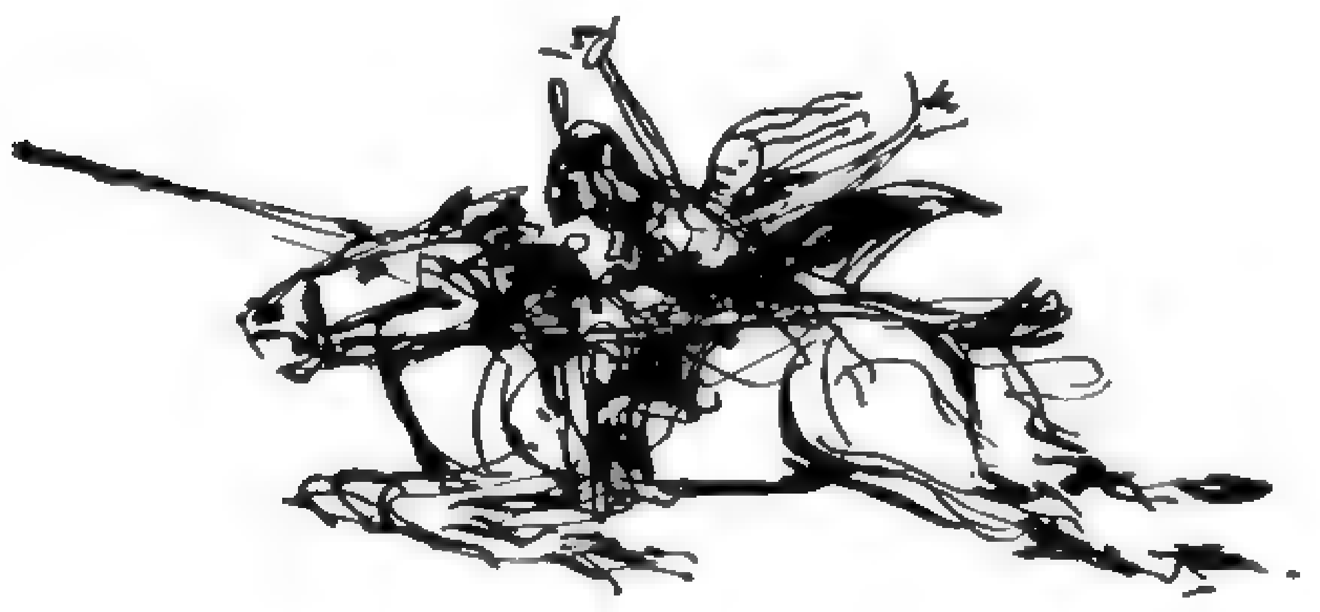
▪ FICTION ▪

For a long time Rhona had sat upon a boulder by the pool in the shadows of the German forest, but after a while she rose, loosed her single garment, and permitted it to slip over her slim body to the ground. She tensed herself against the water's unaccustomed chill and then, with abandon, she plunged forward into the deepest waters. She swam across and about until she became used to the chill, splashed for a while, and finally crawled upon the bank and wiped the water from her eyes. She threw back her hair and lay upon the sand to enjoy the play of the sun upon her naked body, until she heard a sound across the pool that attracted her attention and made her look in that direction.

Rhona's eyes became wide with amazement and fright, for upon a horse across the pool, looking directly at her, was such a man as she had never seen before in her life. She knew him at once for what he was, for the terror of the Romans had penetrated to the most remote of the German tribes.

Terror stricken, she snatched up her garment and disappeared through the undergrowth as quietly as a rabbit and as fast as her legs could carry her. She did not even stop to don her garment until she was safely in the village and had told the gathering of the curious what she had seen.

They sent for old Brenner, who was Rhona's father, and she repeated the story, as the villagers stood back respectfully. Brenner listened, stroking his beard, and when she had finished he went into his hut and found his trumpet, and blew a blast upon it that reverberated for miles through the sacred forest, and when the last echo had died away he blew another blast that sent the wolves and bears scurrying to their dens.



The blasts of the trumpet transformed the lazy village. People were hurrying about to collect their cattle, their children and their wives within the conglomeration of earth, stone and timbers that comprised the town.

When Brenner had donned his horned helmet and the iron ring about his body, he bridled his horse, mounted, and spurred the animal to the shade of the giant German oak where the *schreygeding* would be held.

A brawny youth called Claudebald, whose beard had not yet lost its downy appearance, passed Rhona on the way to the cried council.

"When we meet these *hunden*," he said, "I will choose the one you saw at the pool. Tell me how he looked, so that I will know him."

"He wore a helmet that was made of burnished iron, and his armor glittered like the scales of a shad. He must have been only a boy, because he did not even have a beard. But as he stared at me he had a terrible look, and I felt frightened as if I had looked upon one of the gods of war. He rode a white horse and this horse was slender, and his neck was arched, and he stepped so lightly that he seemed to dance."

Claudebald rode away, somewhat bewildered, but vowing that he would chop the head off the first infantile god that he saw on a dancing horse.

The warriors—great towering, bearded men, helmeted with the skin from the head of the wild buffalo or of the boar—assembled for the *schreygeding*. Lances bobbed up and down as their horses pranced.

"These Romans," said Brenner, "would be encamped where the road turns by the creek where the three ash trees stand. I will send Urshaut to tell them we will meet them on the left bank of the creek below the three ash trees, and the battle will be fought there. He will find their number, and I will choose that many, and the rest will take no part unless the Romans attempt some sort of *nidingswerk*."

Rhona had been considerably disturbed by her experience. As to Claudebald, she did not know whether to be amused, pleased or angry, but she was certain that she was perplexed.

Young men frightened her. Once, when talking to a youth of the village, their hands had come in contact through the merest accident, and she had felt the queerest sensation imaginable. Her head swam dizzily, and before she knew what had happened she was in his arms, and thus her father had found them. Of course he had beaten her severely, as a father should, but even after her ribs had knit together again and the bruises had healed, she remembered that sensation that she had felt, although she tried very hard not to remember.

She was sorry when they had tied his feet, one to each of two horses, and had driven them off in opposite directions so that he was torn apart. But of course there was nothing else that could have been done about it under the circumstances.

Rhona wanted to talk, so she sought out old Altrude, who was reputed to be intimate with the mysteries of nature, and to know what was happening in far-away places, as well as what was to happen in the future. When Rhona found her, she was boiling herbs in a big pot.

"What," Rhona enquired, "Would these Romans do to a maiden who could not fight and who would do them no harm?"

"What would these Romans—" the old woman threw back her head and her shrill laughter caused several people to stop what they were doing and look around. Then she cackled evilly.

"They will take you away upon a horse whether you will it or not, and you will never be heard of again." She spat viciously. "Some Roman soldier will keep you as his slave for his pleasure."

"My own daughter was stolen before my eyes. I saw this beast draw her against his breast and caress her as he galloped away, while she kicked and screamed for aid." The old woman poked the fire with her crooked stick so that the sparks flew up into the branches of the trees.

"What is happening to those who went to fight the Romans?" asked Rhona.

"They are beating them," said Altrude placidly, "but they are not fighting on the left bank of the creek below the three ash

Continued in center of page 110

Fishes for Pets

Why 200,000 fish fans spend their spare time and cash promoting glass-tank biology

by JOHN W. DOSCHER

• ARTICLE •

There are few hobbies that have swept this country like the tropical fish fancy. Five or six years ago there were probably 50,000 amateur fans in the country—today I think a conservative estimate would fix the number at more than 200,000. When I first became interested twelve years ago, there weren't more than six dealers in the field: now there are well over 1,000 in all parts of the country, some of them doing business by mail. One of these concerns has over 40,000 customers on its mailing list—another sold 60,000 Guppies to a single chain store group in a year.

Clearly, a lot of people are interested in tropicals. Probably the backbone of the hobby is made up of thousands of schoolboy enthusiasts who save their stray nickels and dimes for new additions to the community tank while nature takes its course in multiplying the original inhabitants. Yet the number of millionaires who are ardent devotees of this pastime would make your eyes pop, and if I were at liberty to list some of those prominent in the field, it would read like a page from the Directory of Directors.

One of these spent over $5,000 on fishes and equipment during his first year in the fancy—another had a new wing built on his house exclusively for the adequate display of his aquaria—a third, one of New York's leading dentists, has nearly 2,000 tropicals in his Central Park apartment. And so it goes.

Such an interest may seem queer to those who have always considered a fish's place to be the frying pan, but to those who have once been imbued with the breeding urge, it is all quite understandable. I speak with prejudice, of course, because my first acquisition—a pair of Mexican Swordtails—quite changed the whole course of my life. When they appeared I was in the middle of an arts course at N.Y.U.: before they finished with me, I had quit college and had plunged into the game up to my neck. There wasn't enough room in my father's house for the multitude of specimens that came in rapid profusion, and before long I built a greenhouse in the backyard for the growing collection acquired from the few dealers extant, from traveling friends, from sailors of various shipping lines—quite a few even through correspondence. Some of my most welcome additions have come, for instance, from a priest in Venezuela whom I have never seen.

As I got the hang of the thing, natural breeding began to swell the population until I was forced into the ranks of the dealers myself. And at one time in my ambitious greenhouse I had as much as $15,000 worth of tropicals under one roof.

Outsiders often express amazement at the enthusiasm of the fish fancier for a type of pet "which shows no affection." The explanation is that this hobby is an intellectual, not an emotional one. For those who enjoy Ripley's *Believe It Or Not*—and that includes nearly everybody—tropical fishes are made to order. Fishes that walk on dry land; fishes that shoot flies on the wing; fishes that kiss; fishes that faint; fishes that build nests; fishes that carry their young in their mouths—these and many other oddities are to be found in the home aquarium of virtually every fan be he high school boy or millionaire. For one strong appeal of the hobby is that, with few exceptions, the most unique and amusing specimens are quite inexpensive—i. e., from two to ten dollars a pair which is quite a contrast to the $50 a pair of Butterfly fish cost me years ago or $75 paid for two Shooting fishes. Of course, if you are an impatient fellow with a lot of money, you can still pay such prices for some very rare variety you can't bear to be without. But, on the other hand, you can also fill your tank with a dozen or more different and fascinating varieties costing from $1.50 a pair downward.

If this is a surprise to those who thought that tropicals began and ended with the dime store's prolific Guppies, it may also give some inkling of why this hobby has such a wide appeal to so many different temperaments. Of several hundred different species that have been brought into this country, there are probably fifty or more "staple" breeds that are nearly always on the market and a varying number of others that appear at irregular intervals. Disregarding exact technical distinctions, these can roughly be classified as:

1. The Live-bearers.
2. The Bubble Nest Builders.
3. The Egg Layers.
4. Miscellaneous Curiosities.

The ubiquitous Guppy is easily the best known representative of the group which give birth to living young, it being the cheapest as well as the hardiest of all the tropicals, hence the prudent choice of the beginner. Later he branches out to the Platies or Moons in various striking colors; the Swordtails; several varieties of Mollienisias; and others, all viviparous. Some of these will deliver as many as 200 live baby fishes in a single brood and often several successive broods from the same impregnation. These infants are not carried and nourished by the female as among mammals, however: what really happens is that the eggs are carried within her body, fertilized and hatched there so that the fry appear as free-swimming animals. But they are none the less interesting because of this variation.

Most prominent in the second group are the Fighting Fishes, notably the Siamese, who have won much attention because of their pugnacity and their reputed popularity in the Orient for public fish fights. Despite their warlike nature, their courtship and mating habits are unique, being first signalized by the male's industrious activity in constructing a nest for the expected young. This is composed of sticky bubbles which he blows from his mouth and packs together at the surface in an adhesive mass. When it is ready, he then engages in a shameless flirtation with the female—previously separated by a glass partition for her own safety—in which he spreads his flowing fins to their utmost reach, vibrating them tremulously as he prances and cavorts to show his "drapes" in all their splendor.

In time the reluctant virgin acquiesces by swimming under the nest, whereupon the excited male wraps himself around her in an enthusiastic embrace during which some of the eggs are released.

Instantly the male darts after them, seizes

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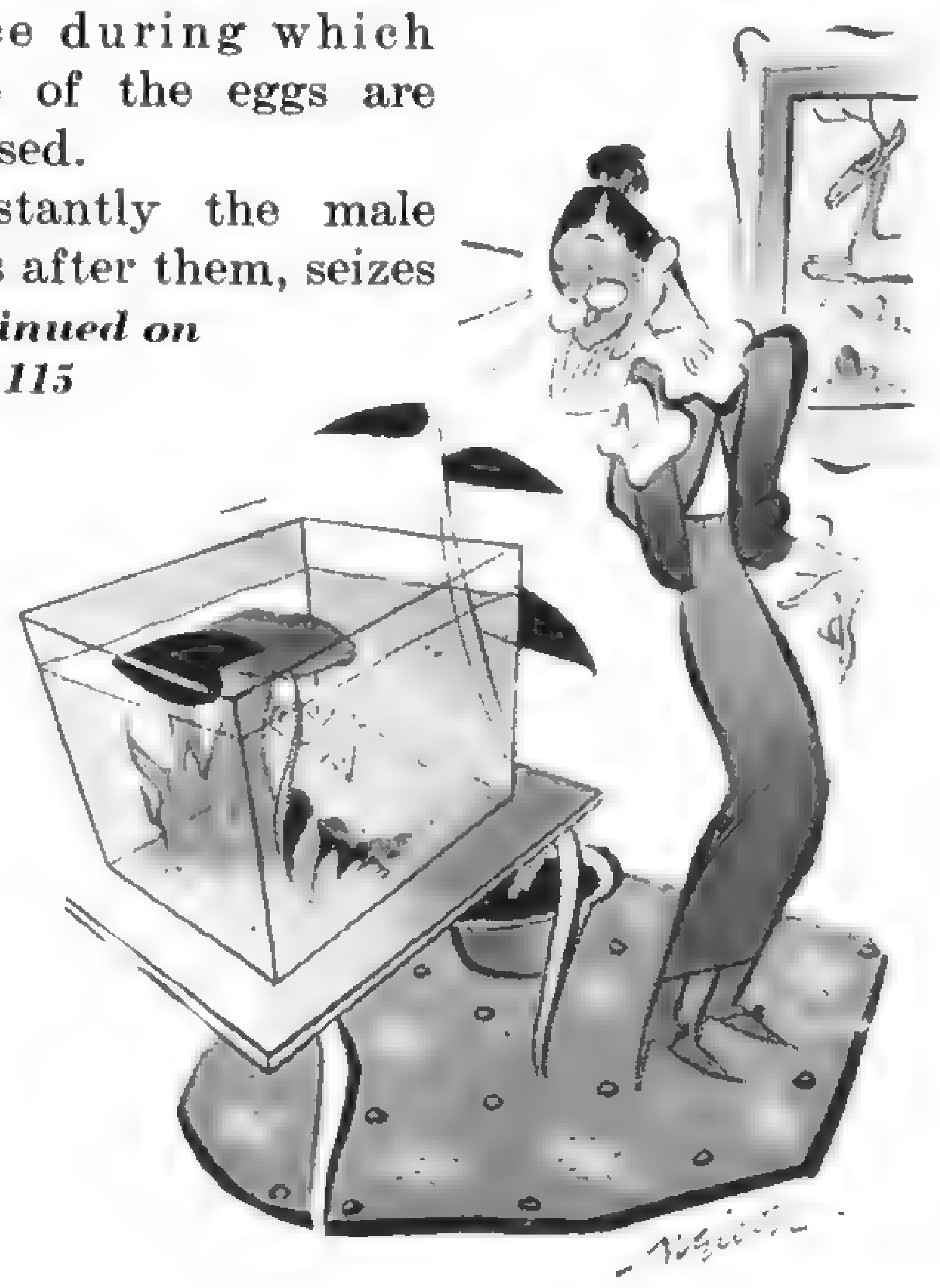
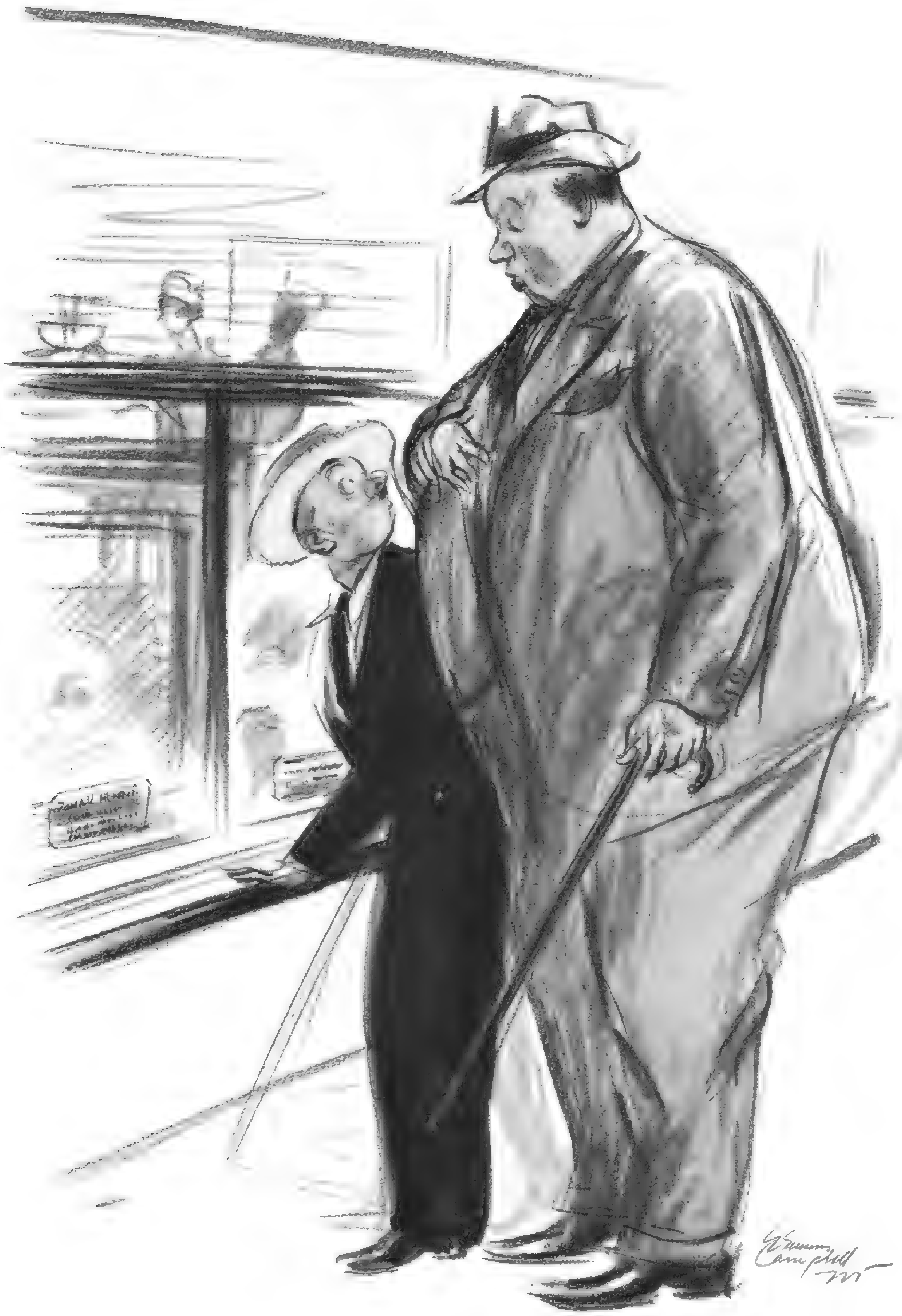




"I was an incubator baby—but my nurse never knew how to run the thing"

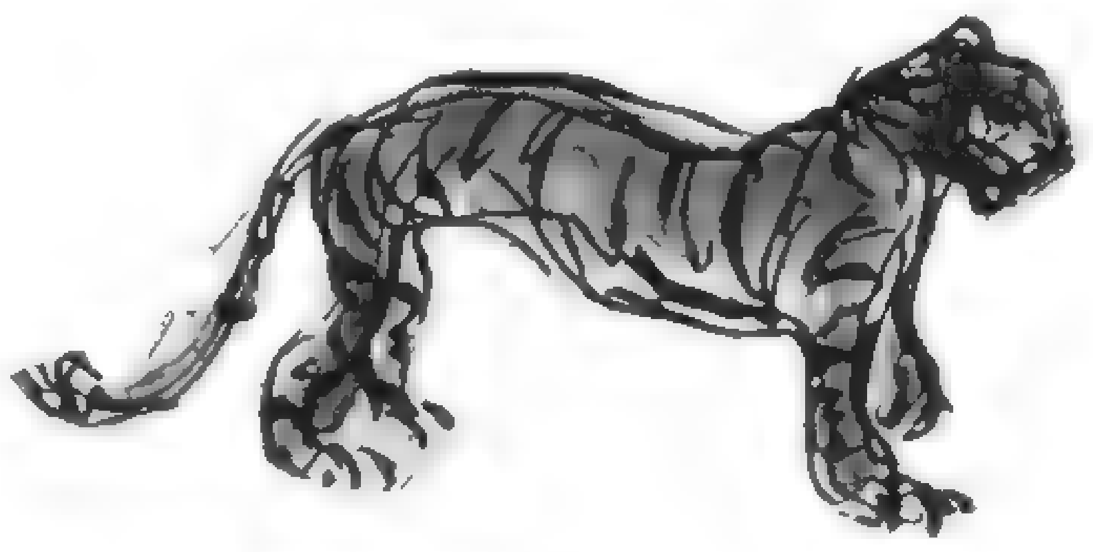
The Death of the Tiger

A word for the man with his finger on the trigger, who stopped to admire his prey

by ALBERT LONDRES

▪ SPORTS ▪

Being in Dalat, Indo-China, which is tiger country, I felt it necessary to kill a tiger. I picked up my gray felt hat and my ebony cane, took the path toward the Lake bridge. Turning to the left, a sign attracted my attention. I read: *Forests*. Another two hundred yards, I came to twelve trees surrounding a wooden dwelling. It was the place I had been seeking.



There lived the most illustrious hunter in the Far East, the Prince of the Indo-Chinese jungle and the King of the Lang-Bian Ravines. Consider: Forty-seven tigers to his credit, elephants, panthers, boars, boas, cobras, not to mention the lesser game. And there was his name: Fernand Millet. I entered. The King of the Ravines, slender, clean-shaven, with a timid glance and a shy manner, greeted me.

"I would like to kill a tiger," I explained, after the usual salutations had been exchanged.

"What day?" he asked in his gentle voice.

"Saturday."

"At what time?"

"Let's say after the siesta period, after tea. Well, at five-forty?"

"Five-forty. All right—" Fernand Millet, head game keeper in the Administration of Forests, Millet-the-Tiger as he is known to fame, added: "What sort of a rifle have you?"

"No rifle whatever."

"What have you?"

"This cane."

"A cane," Millet explained placidly, "is not sufficient. I shall lend you a rifle. Are you sure of your shot?"

"I? Not at all."

"Ah—" he breathed.

"And you, Sir, are you sure of your shot?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Then that's enough. Good bye."

I arranged with the Government representative at Dalat to have a buffalo brought me. I had forgotten about it, and on that Monday afternoon—it was three o'clock—I was resting comfortably. The tiger was far from my thoughts. The sun was hot outside. Enormous butterflies were making pretty designs on the walls of my room. Then there was a great clamor of voices, and the sound of hoofs on the stairs of the bungalow. A Moi tribesman was hoisting a buffalo into my room.

"Leave him downstairs, Brother," I suggested, "there's only one bed in here. Tie him to the railing."

I believed that had settled that. But that very night, a sinister crack awoke me from a sound sleep. I thought the bungalow was collapsing. But it turned out that it was merely the buffalo who had grown tired of waiting and had gone for a stroll in the moonlight, the rope was a necklace and my stairs as a pendant. I went back to bed, figuring I didn't need stairs to sleep.

In the morning, a voice hailed me through the window. "What have you done with the stairway?" Millet was asking.

"The buffalo's using them."

The King of the Ravines had brought his tracker and four hunting coolies. They had my buffalo back in twenty minutes. The animal had lost the stairs. At the end of the rope dangled nothing more than a length of the railing. So I got out through the window, for it was the day to set the bait.

Millet-the-Tiger and I traveled by automobile. The buffalo had to start two hours ahead of us, on foot, perhaps as punishment for his escapade. The assigned spot was five kilometers away, at the place named "the Grove." The King of the Ravines cut across country. I followed. Suddenly, he stopped, shouldered his gun. A stag had broken cover. Millet fired.

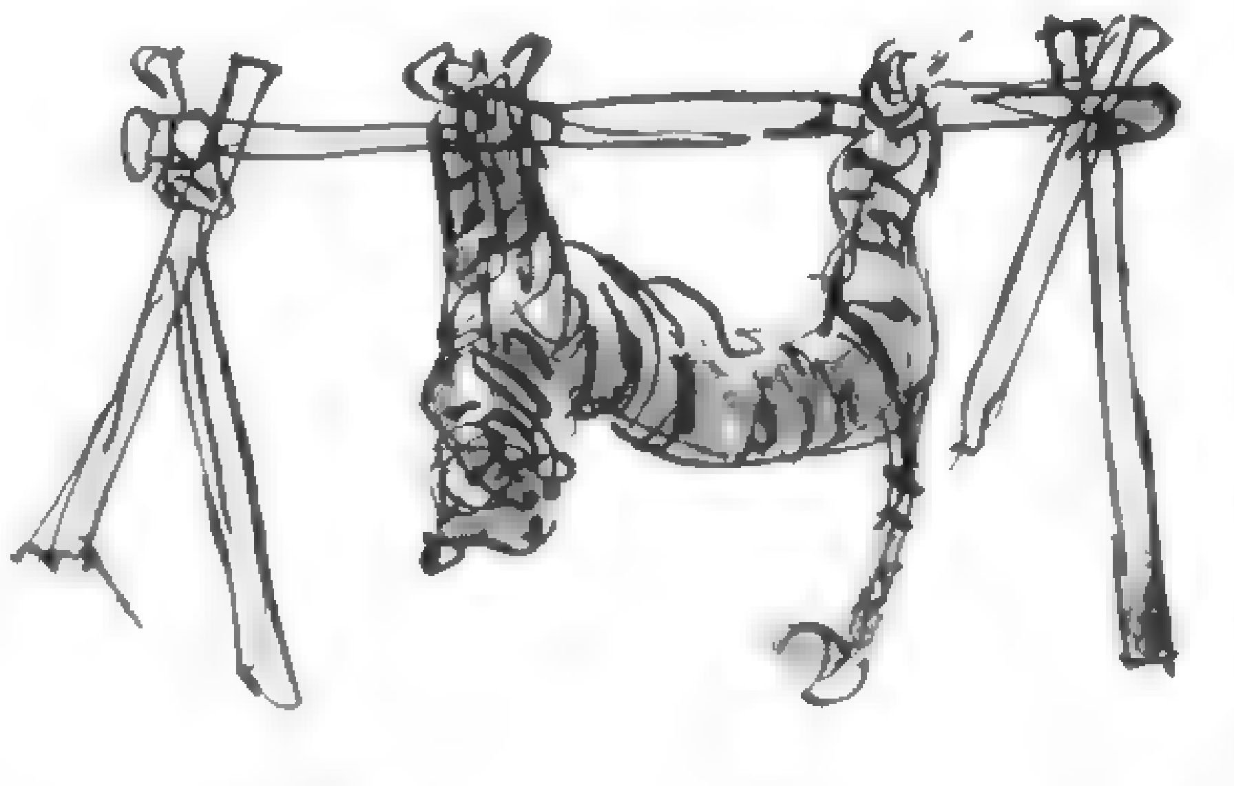
"He's hit," he announced.

"But still running," I reminded him.

Millet did not even reply. The tracker followed the trails of blood on the grass. What eyes, I thought, how can he see them? Two hundred yards further, we came upon the beast. It was dead.

"Good!" Fernand Millet said. "I don't like a stag in the vicinity. That's competition."

He headed for a ravine and whistled. The four hunting coolies emerged from the high grass, dragging the buffalo after them. Millet was no longer Millet. He had become the hunter. He contemplated the ravine intently, measured with his glance, moved from place to place. He looked down to peer at paw prints and murmured: "Where's the other? This one's young."



At this very spot, two weeks before, at six-forty-five in the morning, Millet had hunted. He had killed his tiger, a little one eighteen months old, weighing one hundred and thirty pounds, who was eating on the bait. He had gone to look at the body, when a furious growling had startled him. It was the tigress. She was roaring. He could not see her. She hesitated, in the shelter of the jungle, not daring to enter the forty feet of cleared ground separating her from her son's slayer.

"Get the knife ready," Millet had called to the tracker.

He advanced a couple of yards toward the thicket, to encourage the tigress. He knew what he was doing, for she pounced out. Millet shot at her. She missed Millet. Millet missed her. Frightened by the detonation, she fled into the jungle. Her growling dwindled in the distance. Fernand Millet is still worried about that miss when I mention it. I seek to console him.

"Maybe you hit her and she went to die somewhere in the bush."

"No," he says reproachfully: "I missed. I only killed her three days later." He breaks off, indicating the spot selected: "There—tie him up." The coolies fastened the buffalo: "Thirteen meters from here to the thicket, good! We'll have time to see him come!"

And Millet took an automatic, three times the size of other automatic pistols, from a holster on his right thigh, and without warning, mathematically, blew out the brain of the buffalo. Naturally the beast dropped.

"What's the idea?" I snapped: "You've killed my buffalo!"

Fernand Millet did not reply. The coolies took a steel wire from a hod one of them carried, tied my poor buffalo by the neck to the third tree in the Ravine of the Five-Beasts.

"Not thus," Millet snapped, "on his back, legs in the air."

"He's crazy," I thought, "What does it matter how my buffalo rests? Why expose his thighs?"

At an order from Millet, the coolies wielded their long-handled machetes in the jungle, hacking a path.

"Who for?" I asked.

But again, I received no answer. I followed behind the coolies. Fifty yards from the fringe of the jungle, I was plunged in the shadow of an obscure tree-cathedral, and the amazement of an unexplained mystery gripped me. Those fifty yards of jungle are the longest road I ever followed in an unknown world. I lived for ten minutes outside the universe of man.

"I killed the buffalo," Millet informed me at leisure, "because live bait is all right in a hunting book, not in real hunting. If we had six months to spare, I would have

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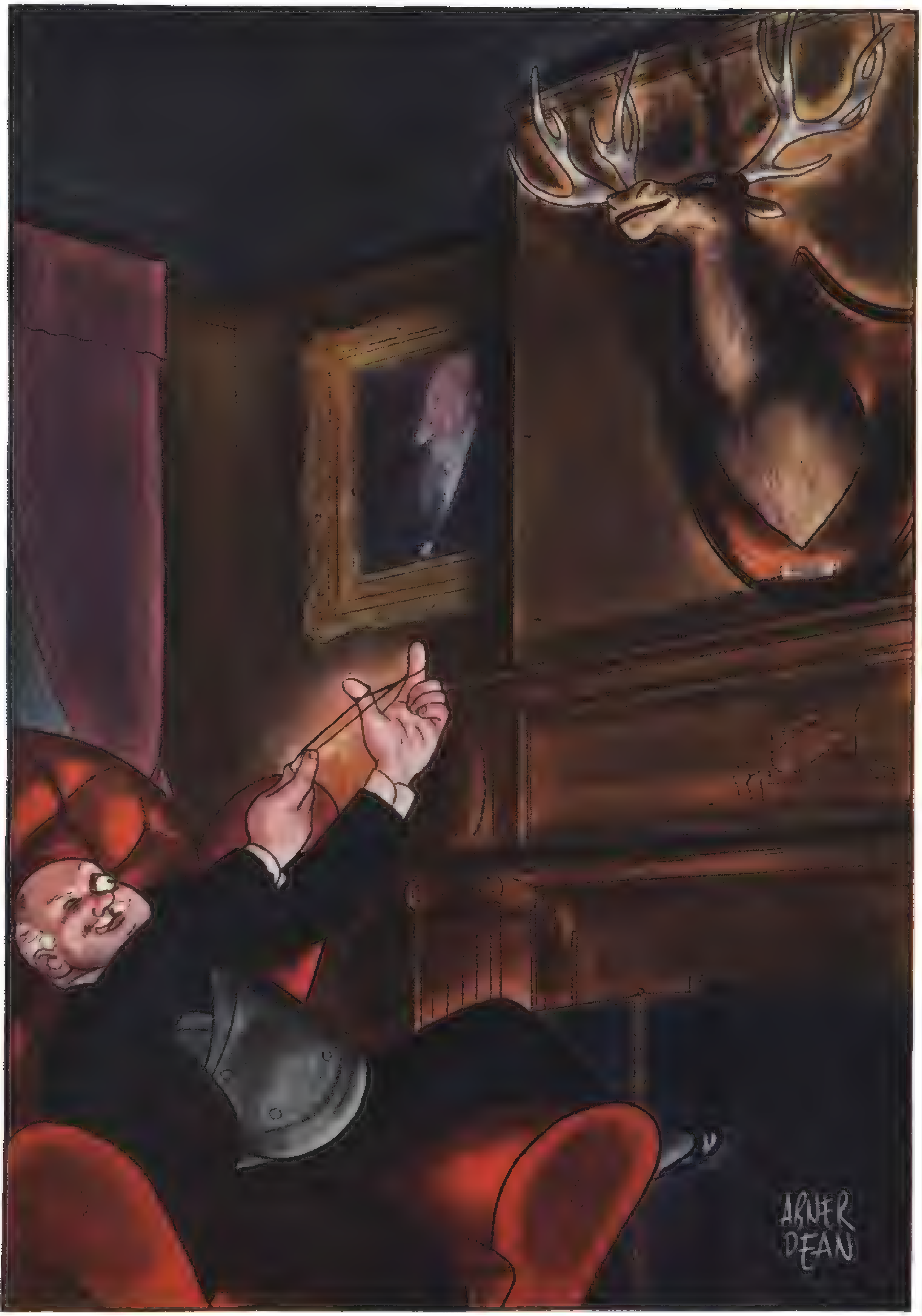
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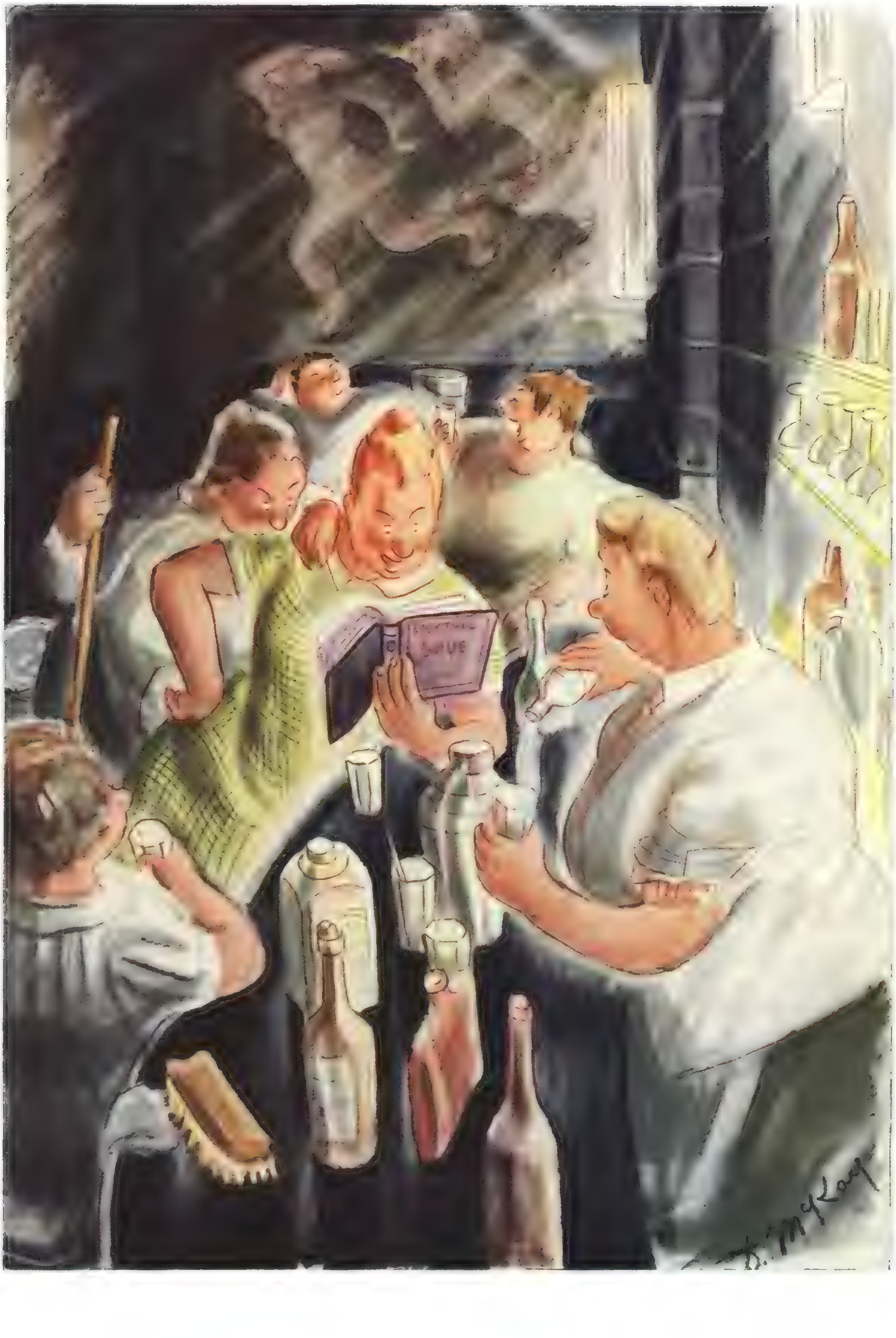

"Then add a dash of bitters . . ."

A Surprising Tale

Maybe this yarn doesn't follow all the rules of good fiction but it breaks plenty of them

by MARTIN PANZER

▪ SATIRE ▪

I WAS wanting to be a writer but I am not knowing enough goodness of the English Language. I have numbers of good plots and idea one of which this here story is which I am now submit to you in hope that you being new magazine giving scope and encourage to new writer may be possible to accept in good stead.

This may be true story or may be not true story I am not say to you which but let you guess for yourself and if you have any at all intelligent you bound to know.

Certain fellow his name being one John Halstead (I think you appreciate that not his regular name but one of which I am seeing very times in English word stories and of which I like very much the sound of it it being to my impression class) working for many perhaps five six year plumbing profession lose his job and become unemployed during depression.

I have paid sixty dollars for mailing instruction in the art of story authoring and I am several times instruct not to use in fiction these days the word depression it is a word taboo in all leading publishing slicks what they call it escape magazines to get off the peoples mind their worrying.

But I don't expecting anyhow you will accept from me the story because even I paid sixty dollars I am knowing that my English is not quite suitable for you although I am hoping upon hope you are going to lookover it because you like so much the actual story which I am telling.

Anyhow, this here John Halstead didn't know anything else how to do in addition to the plumbing profession and he was finding it quite really difficult to connection with something of different nature all of the same nature being outside of the question the plumbing profession being not too busy slack as they put it in the trade.

You can't imagine how I am having it hard to place in English wordage all of this. I sincerely am hoping you don't have so much trouble to figure to your own mentality what I try to picture to you.

I forget to insert that Mr. Halstead was in marriage with a wife and she expecting any day now to labor with child exactly in such period as he lose his job and naturally both couple very desperate in the situation as no doubt others even you dear editor in the same position would probably no doubt also too.

John then who never before make so much money to save some is force to do the deed of which I am about to relate.

First he receive talk from Communist and for day or two look like he expect join up then he shake hand with Communist and say "(I hope I make no mistake about quote and apostrophe I am in certain doubts about when to use which) No. Your way too slow. I must find way out now. Future posterity can lookout for self.

"I got kid coming what kid he have to be born in hospital which charge three hundred dollar cluding night nurse which is none too good for wife of mine and this kid going to born in three hundred dollar hospital private ward if I have to bust open bank and kill one two cop."

Dear editor I don't want impression let loose that John Halstead, as I am calling him, was at any period of life criminally tendency. You got to appreciate the difficult circumstance. He got to do something no matter what. Ordinary times this hero would pity to kill a fly. Please be lenient to judge him in your deep heart.

When I come to main plot So anxious I am to pour out all together the words that I scare I cannot do the job.

John Halstead go into bank asking for blank check. Tuesday. Mrs. J. Halstead say Tuesday A.M. "John, today baby arrive, What I do?"

"Do?" he query in good cheer with all apparentness not to make poor woman discourage. "Why, you go to hospital private ward. Not only, also night nurse."

One two tears of weeping creeping down poor woman's face. This I notice make twice on one page I say poor woman which I learn from sixty dollar course makes repetition but she poor woman and I cannot change fact by fancy wordage.

"Yes," come rapid reply, "I am made some money on horse race bet. Three hundred dollar. You don't need worrying."

He not having cash they walk to hospital. Money is request in advance. John writes out check.

In the night he break into the bank and with a pipe he kill one guard and take three hundred dollar I don't know exact how such is done as I am not acquaint with bank burgle method but take my word such is done by him.

Just because maybe he is so greenhorn in this type of illegality he have beginner luck and find escape with the money.

Following morning he go back same bank make check account with three hundred dollar and they not even one suspicion. This make good check of hospital requirement and everything O.K. he expect. His conscience bother him about dead cop but philosophy is making him aware he was having choice between cop and wife with kid. To such he could realize one answer only. He done right.

Surprisest part of story is hospital send check right out to certify when received and bank refuse teller informing hospital this account is not here.

So although John know nothing when he rob bank, hospital removed Mrs. Halstead for no payment and murder and robbery is futile gesture of no use.

But John was not to care. Home he finds his wife with newborn baby just as good like hospital born. "Poor cop." So John.

Weak in reply says wife, "What, dear?" She love him so much she name him dear.

"Nothing." This is his response.

This place is where my story is ended. I am sincere hope it is to your likes. To me it seems quite tricky plot. But what you think? True? Not true? #

Tragedy at the Baths

Moral for eloping Mexican wives: Do not dally at the steam bath with your lover

by LANGSTON HUGHES

• FICTION •

"That it should happen in my Baths!" was all she could say. "That it should happen in my Baths!" And try as they would, nobody could console her. Señora Rueda was quite hysterical and, being a big strong woman, her screams alarmed the neighborhood.

She and her now deceased husband had owned the Baths for years—the Esmeralda Baths—among the cleanest and most respectable in Mexico City, family baths where only decent people came for their weekly tub or shower or *baño de vapor*. Indeed, her establishment, with its tiled courtyard and splashing fountain, was a monument to the neighborhood, a middle-class section of flats and shops near the Loreto. And now this had happened.

Why! Señora Rueda had known the young man for years—that is, he had been a customer of the Esmeralda Baths since his youth, coming there for his weekly shower and swim in the little tiled tank. Sometimes, when he was flush, he took a private tub, and a good steaming out which cost a *peso*. Juan Maldonado was the young man's name, and he was a tall nice-looking boy.

That Sunday morning when he presented himself at the wicket and asked for a private tub for two—himself and his wife—Señora Rueda was not especially surprised. Even by reading the papers, one can't keep up with all the marriages that take place—and young men will eventually get married.

As she handed Juan his change she looked up to see beside him a vibrant black-haired girl with the soft Indian-brown complexion of the Mexican *mestiza*. Señora Rueda smiled. A nice couple, she thought as the attendant showed them to their room and their tub. Two beautiful youths, she thought, and sighed.

Some bath houses, she knew, did not allow the sexes to mingle within their walls, but Señora Rueda did not mind when they were legally married. And being respectable neighborhood baths, nothing but decent people were her patrons, anyway. She had no reason to suspect young Maldonado. But an hour later, there was another tale to tell. Not even smelling salts then could calm poor Señora Rueda. Oh, why did it have to happen in her Baths? *Por dios*, why?

This is the story as it came to me. It may not be wholly true for, in the patios and courtyards of Loreto, romantic and tragic additions have probably been added by those who knew Juan and his family. The Mexicans love sad, romantic tales with many touches of sentimental heart-break and ironic frustration. But, although versions of what led up to that strange Sunday morning in the Esmeralda Baths may vary in the telling, what actually happened therein—everybody knows. And it was awful!

In the first place, they were not married, Juan and that woman!

He met her in a very strange way, anyhow. The mounted police were charging a demonstration against the government. The Zocalo was filled with people trampling the grass and the flowers. Juan crossed the square on the way to his shop, giving the demonstrators a wide berth—as his particular politics were not involved that day. But just as he got midway the Zocalo, the police began to charge on horses and the crowd began to run, so Juan was forced to run, too.

Everyone was trying to reach the shelter of the *portales* opposite the Palace, or the gates of the Cathedral, or the safety of a side street. Juan was heading toward Avenida Madero, the clatter of the horses' hooves behind him when, just in front of him, a woman tumbled and fell.

Juan stopped running and picked her up, lifted her in his arms and went on. Once out of the square, in the quiet of a side street, he put her down on her feet and offered her his handkerchief to wipe the dust and tears from her face. Then he saw that she was young and very beautiful with that soft Indian-brown complexion of the Mexican *mestiza*.

"Ay, Señor," she said to the tall young man in front of her, "how can I ever thank you?"

But just at that moment her husband approached, hatless and wild-eyed. He, too, had been caught in the spinning crowd, had seen his wife fall, but could not get to her—and then she had disappeared. For a while he was frantic, but finally he caught sight of her around the corner faced by a tall young man who was offering his handkerchief and gazing into her lovely eyes.

"You don't need to thank me," the young man was saying, "just let me look at you!" as the girl caught sight of her approaching husband.

"Sunday at the Maximo," she whispered. "I want to thank you—alone."

"At your service," said the young man, as the husband arrived.

Now, the husband was also a young man, but neither as tall nor as handsome as Juan Maldonado. He was much too short and frail to be married to so charming a woman. He kept an *escritorio*, a writing room in the Portal of Santo Domingo on the little square, where letters were written for peasants who had no education, and where people could get legal documents copied on the typewriter, or have their names penned on a hundred calling cards with decorative flourishes.

The husband, too, thanked young Maldonado, there in the side street that day, for having rescued his wife from the feet of the crowd and the hooves of the police horses. And they all shook hands and went their way, the tall young man going South, the pretty girl and her prosaic husband, North.

But that Sunday, Maldonado waited at the entrance of the Cinema Maximo, where a Tom Mix film was being shown, and about five o'clock, sure enough, she appeared, alone. She was even prettier than the day

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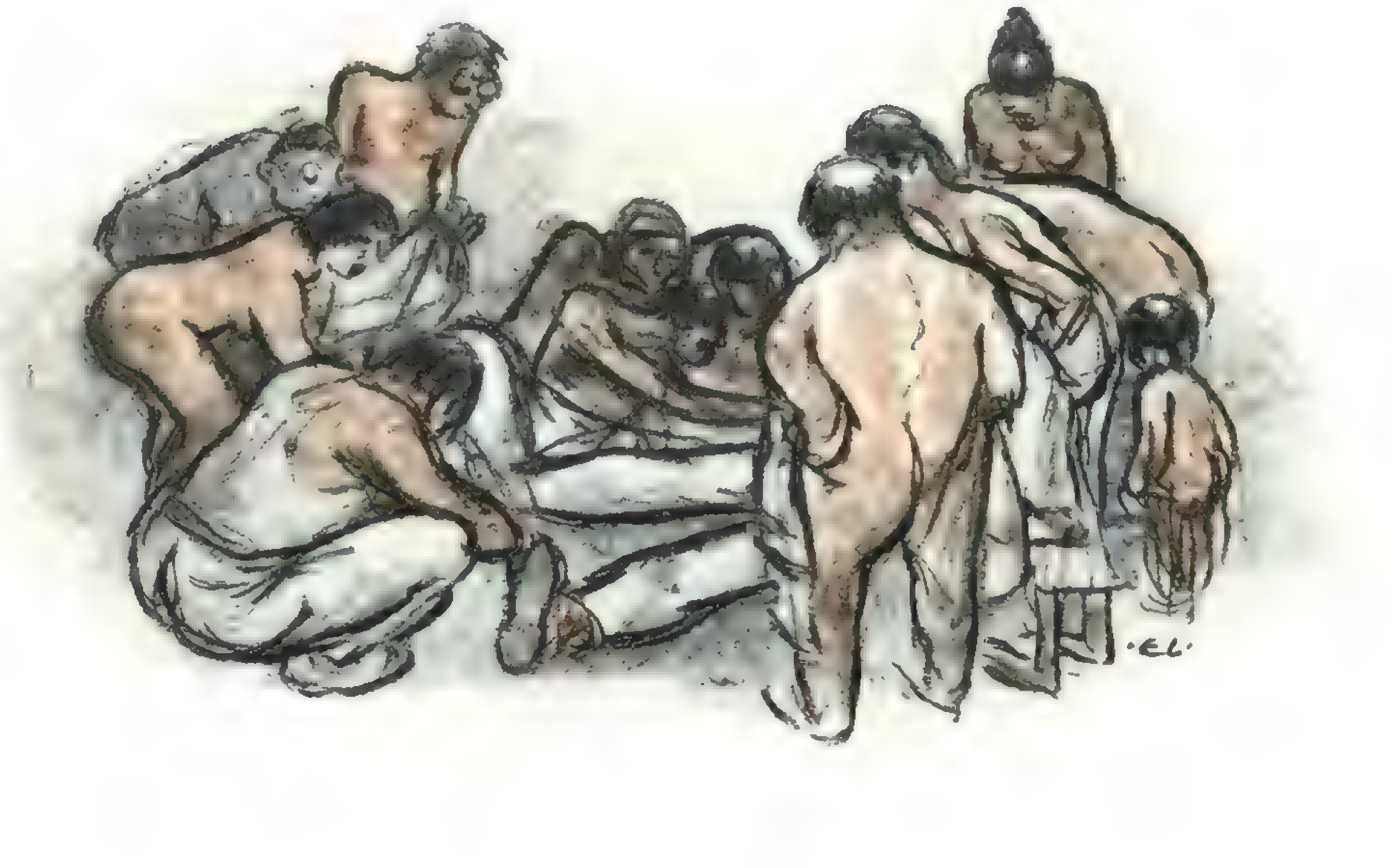

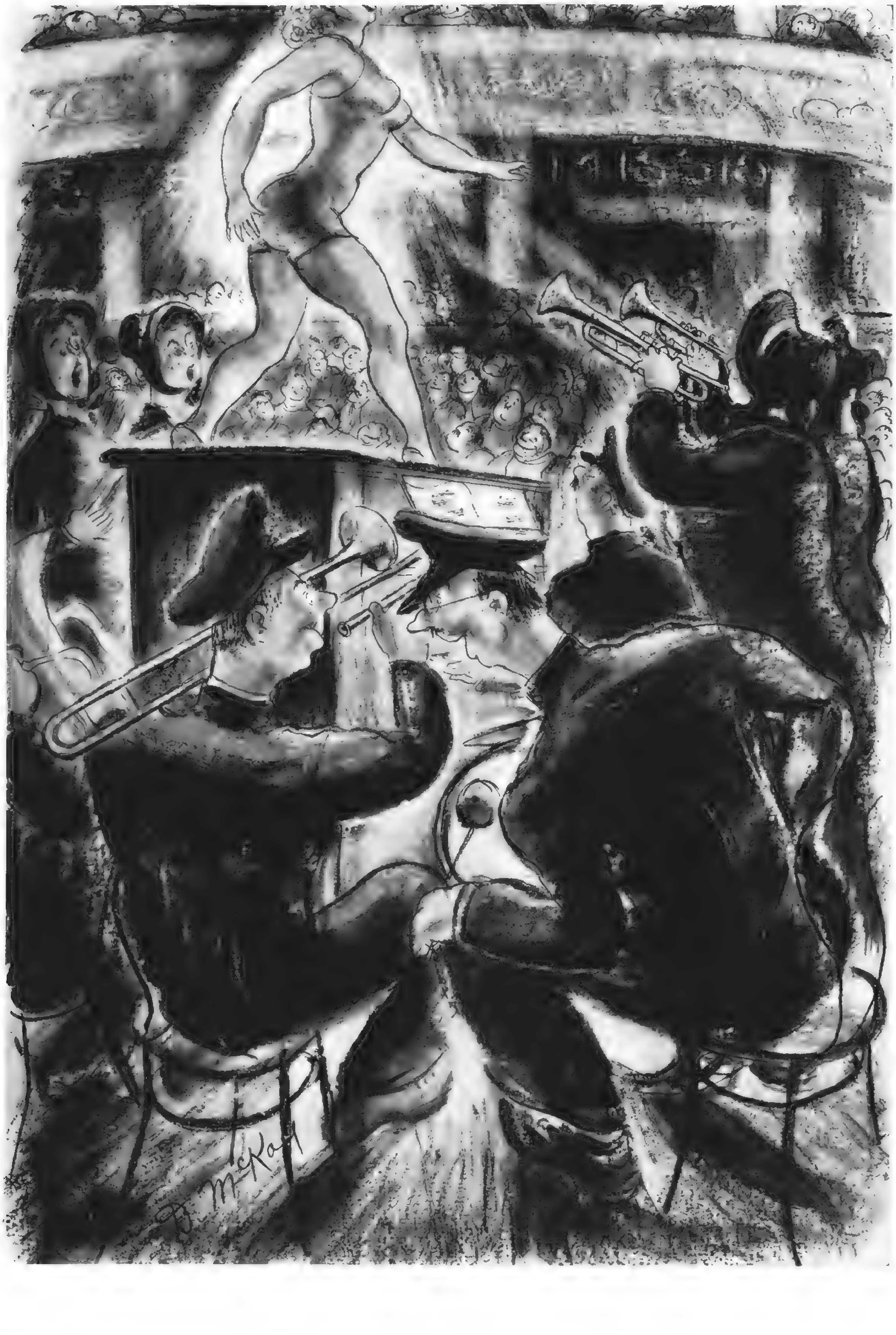

"I told you she'd pack 'em in!"

Money in Accidents

How elaborately organized rings of floppers and injury-fakers gyp insurance and business men

by HENRY F. WOODS, JR.

▪ ARTICLE ▪

A BOILER in a middle western city exploded one Sunday afternoon last fall. When the local fire department arrived at the scene it found a negress lying among the ruins of the building, apparently badly injured. Her anguished groans could be heard a block away. Three firemen rushed to lift her up and carry her to a waiting ambulance.

A fourth fireman laughed at them.

"Leave her lay," he ordered. "She's the bunk. I've bumped into that gal before. That's Fannie the Flopper. She's been in more phony accidents than you've been to fires. She's one of the best little floppers in the business!"

It was Fannie, all right—Fannie busy working at her chosen profession. When the boiler exploded Fannie had been catching a Sunday afternoon nap in her furnished room three blocks away. The noise had wakened her. Like the able opportunist she was, she had jumped out of her bed, rushed to the building and, by running around to an alley, was able to climb into the ruins, pick a likely spot, and place herself therein without being seen.

Had not the alert fireman recognized her the chances are that Fannie would have been able to make good her claim that she had been passing the building when the boiler exploded. She might have collected several hundred dollars for her "injuries."

Accident faking isn't new and Fannie's escapade was merely an original adaptation of an ancient swindle, which has been going on for many years. It has become so extensive in recent years that the casualty insurance companies have been forced to take up arms against the fakers and their skillfully staged frauds. One group of insurance companies paid out $350,000,000 in accident claims last year. Of this sum it is estimated that more than thirty-five million dollars was paid to persons with fraudulent or exaggerated claims. This money came out of your pocket and of mine and of everyone else who buys insurance.

Obviously it is impossible to determine the actual percentage of crooked accident claims. Some idea of the ratio may be gleaned from the fact that in Massachusetts 62,000 automobile accident claims were investigated and 18,000 were found to be fraudulent or exaggerated. To determine accurately the extent to which accident faking prevails would require the analysis of every form of suspicious demand, from the full-fledged ambulance chasing ring's activities to the magnified scratch of an automobile fender.

The accident faker is not a criminal type. Usually he will be found to lack a criminal record. Many otherwise honest persons have gone in for this business in a serious way. Frequently housewives, clerks, business men and even professional men are caught swindling insurance companies through fake accident claims. The number of outright criminals—as we know the word—engaged in this business is relatively small. Your next-door neighbor might be an accident faker, for all you know.

In New York City a sedate housewife fell down the stairs of the apartment house in which she lived. Her knee was badly bruised. She made light of it and had not the remotest intention of claiming damages from her landlord. A friend visited her and, learning of the accident, suggested that she get in touch with a certain lawyer. Her visit to the lawyer brought forth the information that her injuries were probably worth $150.00. Subsequently the lawyer settled with the insurance company for this amount. When he turned his check over to the housewife he said:

"There's money in accidents, isn't there?"

The housewife agreed that there was.

"I know people who make a pretty good living out of accidents," he went on, conversationally. "Take that knee of yours. It still looks pretty bad. Some people would have a little fall in a department store and collect on that knee all over again."

The housewife wasn't a criminal. Nor was she strong-willed. Too, she had been losing at bridge and she was in debt to several tradesmen and, like all housewives, she needed some new clothes.

It wasn't hard for the crooked lawyer to enlist her in the ring of accident fakers which he headed. In a month she was "flopping" in various parts of the State. Within a year she was one of the best floppers in the business and her husband had joined the ring as a driver of automobiles which injured the ring's own victims. She and her husband worked several years before the law caught up with them. It will be three years before they meet again. They are enjoying the bounty of the State at separate institutions today.

Cases like this are not isolated. They are taking place in all parts of the country every week in the year. Sometimes a crooked lawyer heads the ring. At other times it is a doctor or a layman with a bent for organization. On the other hand, many persons get into accident faking without any urging from the head of a ring. They figure it all out for themselves. Tony did that.

As an infant Tony's ankle was injured. It has never healed properly. Even today it protrudes noticeably. Tony worked in a mill. One day he injured his wrist. The company's doctor examined him and noticed the bad ankle. Tony said that the wrist and ankle had been injured in the same accident. He collected on both injuries.

Easy money! From that day until the day they carted him off to jail Tony worked only at accident faking. He was tripped up when he used the same address on three different claims. At that, he collected several thousand dollars in faked claims in less than six months.

The individual accident faker more often than not uses an old injury to back up his damage claims. In a southern city not long ago a gentle appearing middle-aged man, apparently a business man, went into a restaurant and ordered a three-course dinner. As he proceeded to eat his soup with evident relish he suddenly coughed and sputtered and, waving his napkin in the air, motioned for the manager.

"I swallowed something that was in your soup," he explained to that distraught official. "It is causing me acute distress. Call a doctor at once."

The manager apologized in his best manner. He was worried and did his best to calm the patron while waiting for the doctor's arrival. He knew that even in the most carefully supervised kitchens foreign substances can and do find their way into soup. He knew also that the man had an apparently just claim against the restaurant and that the sooner it was settled and the entire matter hushed up the better it would be for him and his business.

When the doctor arrived the diner explained what had happened and insisted that an x-ray be taken. The x-ray revealed a tack lodged in the diner's windpipe. The patron wasn't greedy; he demanded a reasonable sum in settlement of his claim, obtained it and went out of the life of the restaurant owner. Several weeks later a similar drama was enacted in a restaurant in a distant city. This time the restaurant carried liability insurance. The insurance company's adjuster had no legal grounds to dispute the claim and arrived at a prompt settlement of the case. But his company did think that a record of this claim should be broadcast to other insurance companies. Not long after this one of the companies which had received a record of the case was called upon to settle a similar claim. Investigation

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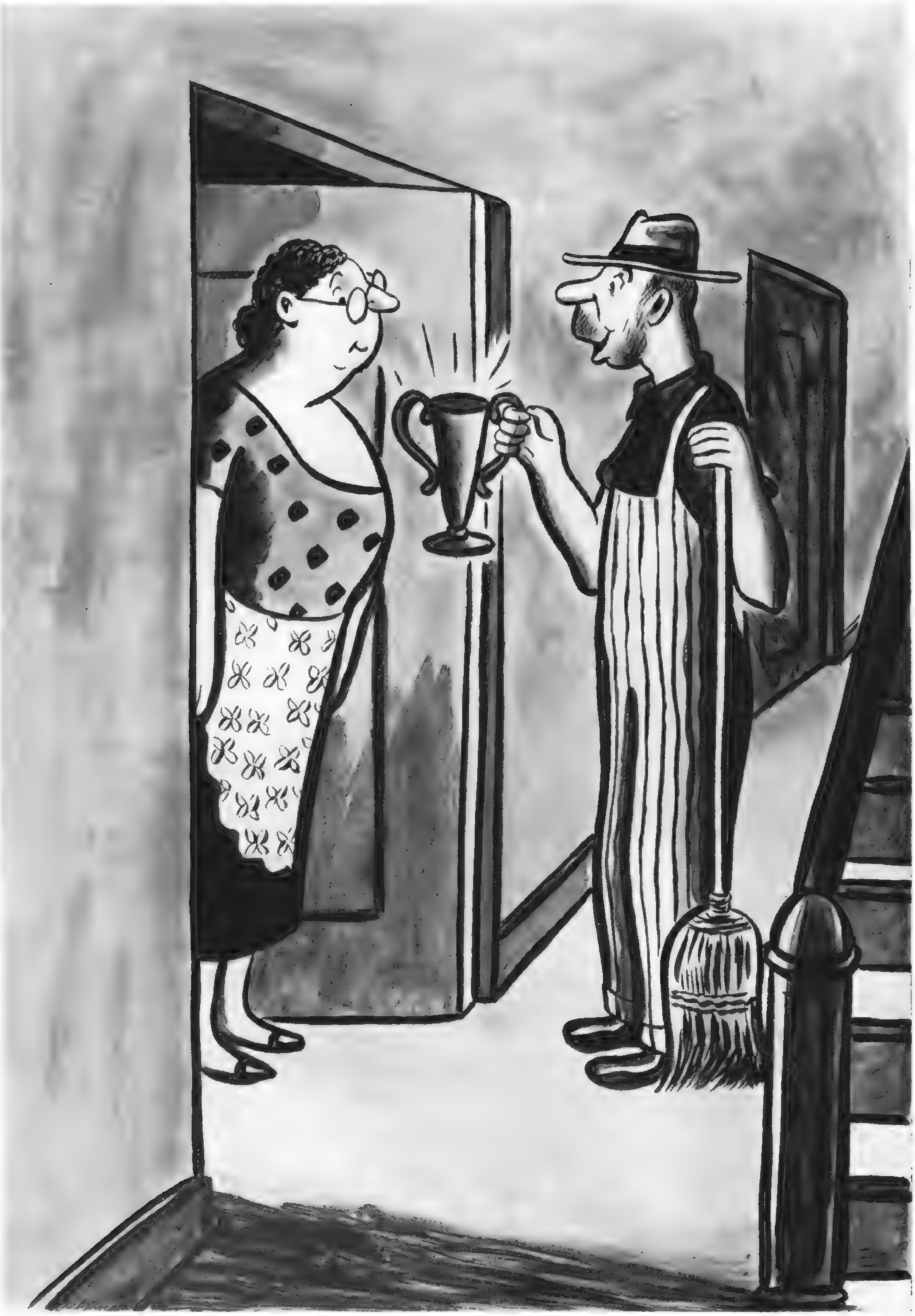

"The landlord sent this, Mrs. Kantor. You're the only tenant that pays her rent"

Old Injun John

He was that kind of man who could live a very long time and never give anybody any trouble

by HENRY HARVEY

FICTION

On the other side of the fireplace Injun John had fallen asleep in his chair. His chin rested on his breastbone. One bony brown hand in his lap still held the stone. The arrow shaft that he had been polishing with the stone had slipped to the floor.

Dan sat with his book closed on his finger, studying the old Indian. The criss-cross checks of wrinkles on the brown neck were stretched almost smooth with his head hanging forward that way. He didn't snore. His mouth didn't sag open. He looked dignified even in his sleep. He *was* a dignified old man. And always so polite.

Of course, a stranger who didn't know Indians' ways—particularly Injun John's—might not recognize it; but it was politeness just the same. His answer to an important question might be nothing but an apparently indifferent grunt. But Injun John knew only a little Spanish and less English. And he was too polite to ask for explanations. Also his philosophy told him that it couldn't be so very important anyhow. Nothing that didn't threaten immediate destruction could be very important.

Injun John was always smiling. When Dan looked at those even rows of white healthy teeth, he wondered why anyone bothered with tooth brushes and dentifrices. Injun John had never brushed his teeth in his life—unless chewing up strips of tough jerky could be considered as brushing them.

Dan wondered how old he was. Injun John didn't know. It was hard to guess an old Indian's age. Everyone said he was over a hundred. But practically every old Mexican and Indian in the country was said to be past a hundred. Dan had heard Old Bob Christopher say recently, in speaking of Injun John, "He looked just like that the first time I ever saw him. That was in '72." It was nineteen-thirty now. Injun John was one of the last of the Tehachapi Piutes.

There were no arms to the chair and Dan was afraid the old Indian would fall out. He looked so bony and brittle. He might break. Dan remembered hearing of an old man who fell out of a chair and broke his neck. He would have to try to tell Injun John about that.

Dan laid his book aside and picked up the arrow shaft from the floor. It was finished as far as Dan could see, but Injun John was still polishing it. There were several more on the mantelpiece. The old man made them for his grandchildren, or his great-grandchildren. Dan wasn't sure which. The work was begun with a knife but it was always finished laboriously with a stone. Every evening he would sit there by the fire and work on these playthings until he fell asleep.

Going to bed didn't interrupt the sleep much. He merely transferred himself from the chair to his bed across the small room. His boots would have been pulled off long before and somehow he got out of his trousers on the way between chair and bed. That was all there was to it.

Dan laid a hand on the old Indian's shoulder. He stirred.

"Fall out!" Dan said. Which conveyed the warning against falling out of the chair.

"Uuumm," Injun John said.

He smiled and straightened his spare frame. He took the arrow shaft which Dan held out and put it on the mantel with his stone. He seemed to handle those bows and arrows with a special tenderness. Dan wondered if this came from his affection for the children or from reminiscences of his own youth suggested by these articles.

Dan had been too busy to pay much attention to the old Indian since he came to the camp. He seldom saw him during the day. In the mornings they were both hurrying to get off. In camp again at night a few chores and the one substantial meal of the day took all their interest. After that a quiet hour by the fire brought drowsiness.

Injun John was fixing fence. He had an old black pacing mare that he rode, or drove to a light buckboard, as occasion required. Once in a while Dan's riding took him past the place where Injun John happened to be working that day. He always stopped for a smoke. The old Indian seemed always glad to see him. But their talk amounted to practically nothing.

It was strange, Dan often thought, how thoroughly two men could come to understand each other with so few words. Their life together at camp was well systematized. Their cooperation was perfect. Yet Dan couldn't remember that either had ever spoken any word about it.

In the mornings Dan, who slept outside the cabin, would get up first. He would start a fire in the cookstove and put the coffee on. Then he went to the barn to feed his horses. Usually at this time he saddled the one he was going to ride that day. He had a few weak cows in the corrals that he was trying to feed some strength back into and there were some "leppy" calves to care for. On his way back from the corrals Dan would go by the windmill for a bucket of water. By the time he returned from these chores Injun John would have breakfast ready.

Injun John sliced bacon like beefsteak. And in cooking it he merely seared each side slightly. One morning Dan decided to slice the bacon himself before going to the barn. He carefully cut the old Indian's portion as thick as usual, but his own he sliced thin.

When he came back to the cabin and sat down to breakfast, he found the thick slices, served in the usual raw state, on his own plate and the thin ones on his companion's. Not a word was said. Dan knew this was the old Indian's politeness again. *He* considered the thick slices preferable and he had given them to Dan.

Dan switched plates, laughing. Injun John accepted the exchange without a sign. Dan wasn't at all sure that the old fellow understood even now. But the next morning Dan not only sliced the bacon, but cooked it as well, making his own thin slices reasonably crisp and leaving Injun John's the way he had always cooked it himself. After several days of this, Dan left it all to his companion again one morning. When he came in to breakfast he found *all* the bacon sliced thin and well browned.

Dan looked at their plates; then at the old Indian. Both grinned and fell to eating. From then on Injun John ate his own bacon the way Dan liked it. And Dan never knew whether this was another instance of the red man adopting the white man's methods because he found them better, or whether it was just some more of Injun John's tacit politeness.

In any event Dan knew it was of small consequence to his comrade whether he ate his bacon thick or thin, cooked or raw. For in truth it mattered little to Dan himself. Such things might seem important to people for whom the serving of food was perhaps the most exciting business of the day. In a cowcamp you couldn't be bothered by such trifles. If you got enough to eat to keep going and feeling all right, that was all that mattered. And for an old Indian it seemed to be enough if he got anything at all to eat.

Observing the amount of work *this* old Indian did and the little food he ate, Dan wondered how he kept going. Injun John was about five-feet-ten and weighed around a hundred and thirty, Dan guessed. He looked all bone and sinew and leathery skin. He made Dan think of an old strip of jerky, tough and stringy, dried hard and cured to keep forever.

One day Dan stayed in camp to do some horseshoeing and washing. Fresh supplies had been brought by the company truck. Dan decided to have a *fiesta.* He cooked a big roast of beef, potatoes, cabbage seasoned with bacon rind, creamed onions, carrots and turnips. He made sourdough biscuits that came out of the oven with a smooth brown crust and an odor that would cure a dyspeptic. He boiled a pot of *frijoles* (red Mexican beans) with onions, tomatoes, chili peppers, garlic and other seasonings and served them with plenty of juice.

It was about three o'clock when all this was ready. Dan had told Injun John to come in early and he had just arrived, looking as lean and starved as ever. But not discontented. Never that. In fact Dan couldn't remember ever having seen the old man with anything but a benign expression.

He gave Dan his wide white-toothed smile as he sat down at the table bearing the feast. Dan had heaped the old man's plate with the choicest slices of roast beef and ridiculously generous helpings of everything. Beside this abundance was a separate bowl full of the savory *frijoles.* From each food rose curling columns of steam that carried irresistible odors.

Dan had never dished out the food this way on the other's plate before. But this time he wanted to be sure the old Indian got all he wanted to eat. For he had suspected occasionally that Injun John denied himself through his supersensitive regard for the amenities and perhaps, too, because of a life-long habit of frugality.

Dan saw to it, also, that he set his companion an open example. In this he had no trouble for he was hungry and it had been a long time since he had enjoyed the opportunity to sit down in leisurely manner before a feast so sumptuous. However, he kept a close watch on Injun John's plate. He meant to keep it replenished.

But there was no replenishing to do. For most of the original supply was still there when the old man arose, moved his chair over by the window and filled his pipe.

Was it because throughout his life this old Indian had lived so sparingly that now his capacity was actually limited to this small storage? Surely his timidity and excessive politeness had nothing to do with it this time. Dan had made it plain that he was expected to eat all he wanted. Yet after working at hard manual labor for seven hours outdoors on a cold day, Injun John had not eaten beyond the needs of a child confined to its bed.

When Dan urged more upon him the old man grunted and said, "Bvlenty"—using something like the Spanish "v" for "b"—"Bvlenty, uumm, mebbeso-I-guess-so."

Whenever you asked Injun John almost any question at all his answer was apt to be a grunt followed by "mebbe-so-I-guess-so." In actual words this was about all you could get out of him. And if he could give you the answer by pointing to something, or by an unmistakable gesture, you wouldn't get any sound at all. His "Uumm, mebbe-so-I-guess-so" was invariably run together as a single word. He made it euphonious too.

One morning Dan noticed the old man loading some new posts in his little buckboard to haul them up to the place where he was fixing fence. Was he going to try to drive the buggy all the way up to that fence line? It was in broken country with no approach except over steep ridges and narrow boulder-strewn canyons. Dan didn't think it possible for the buckboard to get there right-side-up. He watched to see if Injun John put his saddle in. Perhaps he was going to haul the posts as near as he could in the vehicle and then snake them, a few at a time, the rest of the way with a rope from his saddle horn. But, no, the saddle didn't appear.

Dan was kept busy moving some cattle until late that afternoon, but his way back to camp took him near the place where Injun John was working on the fence. Dan was sure the old man would have gone back to camp before this, but he was curious to see where he had taken that buckboard. He would just cut over that way and take a look at the tracks anyway.

Dan pulled up at the place where the last signs of work on the fence showed. It didn't look like today's work. Dan knew that Injun John had not been up here for several days past, because he had been cutting juniper posts near camp. The last tracks the old man had made in the red dust here had been nearly obliterated by the scampering chipmunks, packrats, scurrying quail, rabbits and the like. This was puzzling. There was no supply of new posts in sight either.

Dan rode on down the long ridge in the general direction of camp. He came to a break, an abrupt drop over a bedrock bluff. Before reining aside to go around this he paused for a look. Just below he saw fresh buggy tracks winding among clusters of Spanish bayonet, junipers, boulders, scrub oak and other obstructions. The buckboard had come almost to the bluff. Then it had turned and gone around one end of the rocky promontory, down along the steep slope at one side of the ridge.

"Holysmoke! Did that Indian try to drive along that sidehill?"

Evidently that was what he had done, but the wheel tracks ended abreast of the bluff they had been trying to go around. From here on down into the canyon there were signs of a small avalanche, hummocks of bunch-grass uprooted, brush broken and smashed, boulders overturned. And scattered fence posts.

Halfway down the steep sidehill Dan found the shattered remains of a buggy wheel; then part of one shaft, half of the singletree. By this time he was not amused any more. He was full of anxiety for his old Indian *compadre.* He had seen no sign of a boot track. The trail that told this startling news finally led straight over a sheer drop to the bottom of the canyon twenty feet below.

Dan rode to the edge and looked down, holding his breath. He looked down into a wrinkled brown face that smiled up at him showing even rows of white teeth. Injun John was pinned under the mare and the wreckage of his buckboard in the crotch of a narrow gorge with solid rock sides.

The black mare was wedged on her back with her tail close to Injun John's head. One of his legs and one arm were caught under the mare's weight against the rock. They had been there for hours. That old Indian must have suffered untold tortures. Yet there he was now, smiling up at Dan, just as he had smiled across the dinner table a few days before.

Dan slid his horse down the first possible descent and after straining effort got the old man out and laid him on a softer bed of clean dry sand at one side of the wash. Then by rope and saddle horn he got the old mare out. It was quite a while before she or her master could stand on their feet. When they were able to travel Dan transferred his saddle to the mare and lifted Injun John into it, ignoring completely his protests.

From the wreckage of harness Dan rigged up a sort of surcingle with makeshift stirrups to replace the saddle on his own horse. Without any sign of the pain he was suffer-

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Also Selected Short Subjects

Though some classic reels have been made, the movie short is still a neglected instrument

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

ON'Y FIVE SHORTS

You have managed to sit through the first feature and are waiting for a Silly Symphony or a reissue of a Chaplin comedy or something hot in the newsreel, and the trailers begin. Tomorrow: Double Feature. Paramount will make you weep and cry simultaneously and Carl Laemmle, Jr., will freeze your spine. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday: MGM will restore your youth and teach you a great moral lesson. Sunday: Columbia and RKO will knock you in the aisle with laughter and pick you up again and exalt you to the skies with a stirring melodrama of the Department of Street Cleaning. *Also: Selected Subjects.*

Timidly, almost forgotten, slipped in at the last moment, they appear, the selected subjects about which one thing at least is certain, that the word "selected" is grossly flattering to the man who runs the theatre and more or less chooses the program you see. Selected, indeed! They are either forced upon the poor exhibitor, or he dips his fist into a grab bag and shows you whatever adheres to his fingers. He assumes that you are as indifferent to them as he is, and can you name three occasions (leaving out the works of Disney and Chaplin) when you went to a picture house specifically to see a short subject? Or, conversely, can you name half a dozen features which were as thoroughly good as the best of the shorts, which would include newsreels, pictorials, retrospective and historical reviews, all the Keystone and other short comedies, Chaplin, all the cartoon comedies, as well as several thousand of the most tiresome reels ever invented by the mind of man? The short is the universal crucible of the pictures; into it go all those things which cannot be drawn to full length; out of it have come some rare pleasures. And once every five years someone says a kind or bitter word about the short subjects, stung to protest by some stupidity more conspicuous than the rest or moved to praise by such a surprising entry as Disney's *Three Little Pigs* or *La Cucaracha.*

There are seventy-eight separate companies producing shorts in a hundred series of subjects ranging from the *Adventures of a Newsreel Cameraman* through the revived Chaplins and down to *Pet Superstitions* and *Willie Whopper Cartoons.* There is a series of dumb-bell letters ("I cannot wash Willie because I have sewed him into his underwear for the winter" and so following) and another of remarkable legends on tombstones; there are several in the manner of Ripley; there is one which, my luck being in, I have never seen, but its name gives me a cold chill: *Travelaughs.* You can get *Minute Mysteries,* a junior newsreel, *Natural Science* and an *Outline of History.* Last year you probably got a whole series of Ruth Etting who can, usually, put over a song, but who cannot carry a plot, several bad comedians, and the rest of the tricks of a production. Always you can see vaudevillians not skilful enough to become ace comedians or adaptable enough to play minor roles in straight pictures; as it was in the beginning, so is it now, you can look down Martinelli's throat as he sings; you get orchestras and dancers, together or alone; you get travel, travel, travel. You get bored.

There have been some superb shorts. *Krakatoa* was a picture never to be forgotten, the factual record of an undersea volcano in eruption, as real as rain. Intelligently edited with other pictures of volcanos, this short (issued in two reels and in four) came to a climax of some ten minutes of the most awesome of all natural phenomena—accompanied by effective sound and, praise God, no comment. Another which I saw ten years ago was a Soviet ice-crusher opening a way through an Arctic bay. *La Cucaracha,* reputed to be the best money-maker of all short subjects, was supremely fine in color—it could not be otherwise since the color work was directed by Robert Edmond Jones; like most shorts, however, it seemed lacking in authority where action was concerned, as if it diffidently knew it was to be only a filler. Compilations of past events, the biography of Coolidge, the story of prohibition, have always been good. A little too knowingly funny, but fundamentally good entertainment are the glimpses of ancient movies—the kidding from the side of the screen is superfluous; the Chaplins with sound effects are Chaplin still and in three cases out of four the sound is discreetly put in; there was a series of shorts with Edgar Kennedy (the exasperated bald man) and another with W. C. Fields, which are excellent; the Grantland Rice compilations of sport are competently done, much better (to the non-sportive mind) than long technical discussions of golf-shots or strokes in tennis. And there my memory stops, since I have already mentioned Disney whose first *Mickey Mouse* in color (a short, too) is his masterpiece so far: *The Band Concert.*

FEATURE
SHORTS

It is not an impressive list, for some twenty years, and it would be better if the newsreel and magazine-feature shorts had remained as excellent as they were at the beginning. Even ten years ago, when the lavishness and prettiness and general phoniness of the features became too tiresome, you could count on something hard and real in the shorts. A branch of a tree in a storm, a cow swishing her tail, a child running across the street, all had a refreshing truth about them. And, of course, you could see the shorts directly in those days, without a fog of words from Graham MacNamee. If something funny occurred, it was funny without a Dutch comedian's dialect to prove it. With the microphone, all this changed and the newsreel became a little more rehearsed and artificial than Greta Garbo, directed by Mamoulian, fondling a bunch of grapes, or Marline Dietrich lost in a sea of birdcages. The newsreel cameramen obviously feel that nothing is good as it happens and that they must improve upon human nature. They've spoiled their pictures.

The March of Time is a sturdy newcomer in the field of shorts, running twice as long as the average, and combining as best it can within the limitations of time, the historical retrospective with the flash of current interest. It aims to give in each case the significance of an event and it has made steady progress from a weak, but not bad, beginning to solidly built episodes, four to each issue, in which good editing is still more notable than good technical handling, but both combine to make a satisfactory unit. In the early issues of *The March of Time* I felt that there was too much "re-enacting." I knew why, perfectly, because I had done an historical film myself and certain scenes were not available; certain events were not important enough to be recorded when they happened and their bearing became evident much later; or events had transpired without prearrangement—which means without cameramen. Thus the York, Penna., manufacturer who fought the NRA was shown in action; they got the man himself to go through the motions he more or less remembered having made when the news came that he was to go to jail. But the crispness of the original event was lacking. In other episodes, actors impersonated known figures—silhouette or profile or only a pair of hands showing. As an old believer in the literal accuracy of the camera, I was

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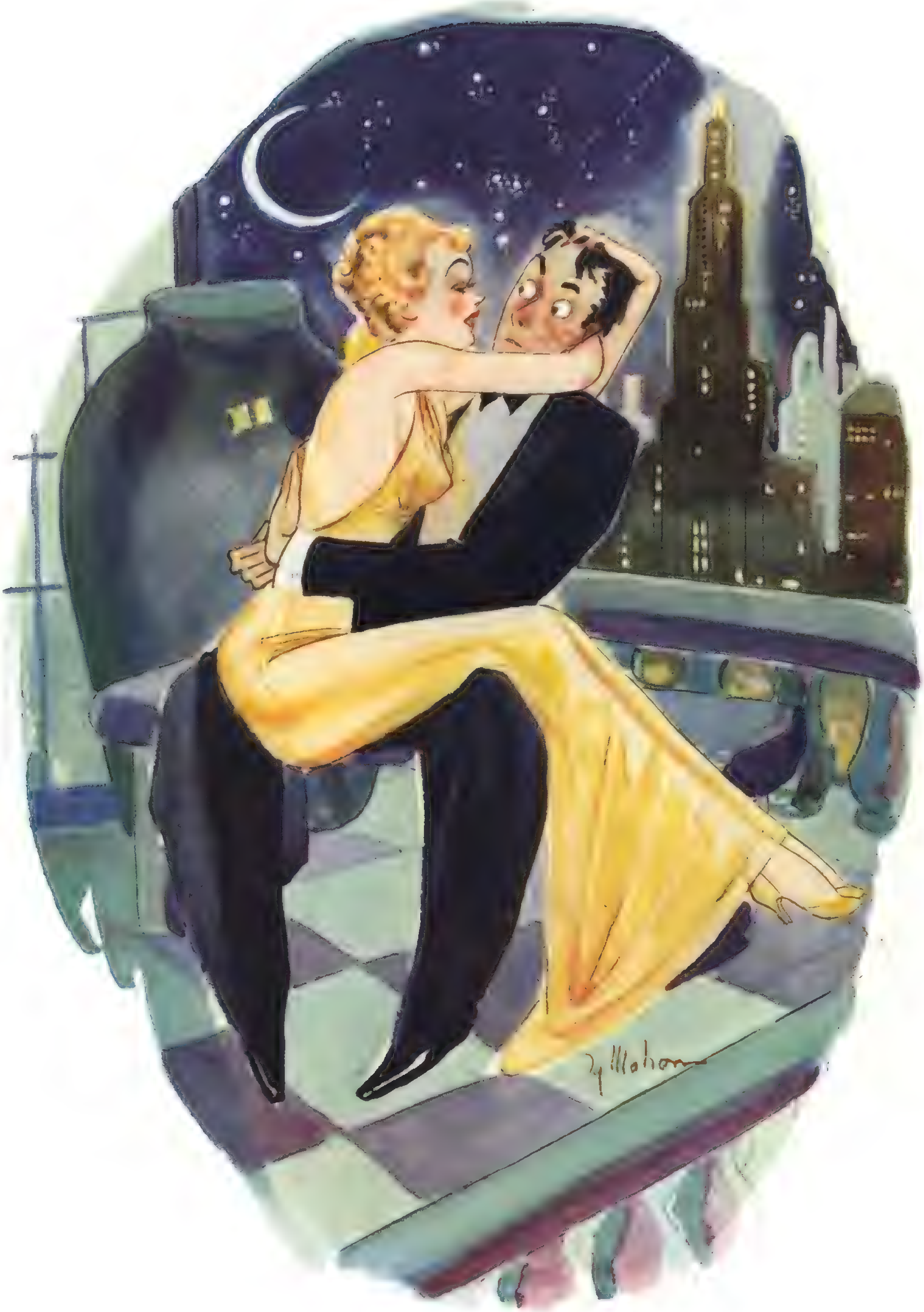
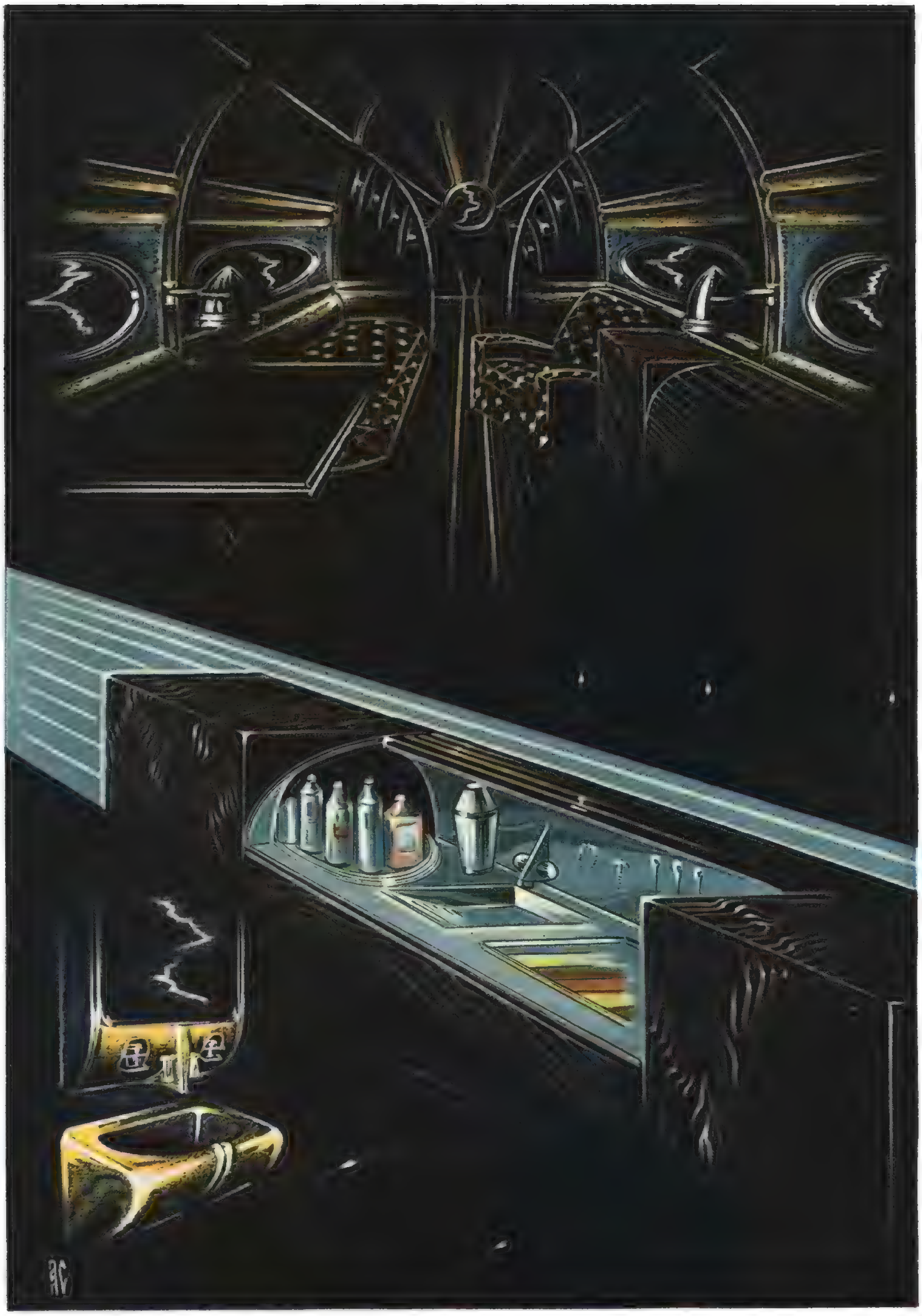


"My husband and I enjoy your parties so much, Mr. Green"



DESIGN FOR THE INTERIOR OF A CLIPPER PLANE

by ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY

Inspired by the growing popularity of privately owned clipper ships, we suggest this interior design. The upper sketch shows a full sized couch, convertible into a Pullman berth. A table which is hinged to the side may be conveniently folded against the wall. Of especial interest are the oval windows, placed far below the eye level so that passengers are enabled to look down, because it is our contention that this is the view most people prefer. The roll top desk contains a bar, pictured in the center, and featuring, at the left, a revolving tray for liquor bottles. A modernistic copper washbowl is especially designed for a small rest room, and contains protected recesses for drinking glasses.

The Pot-Luck of the Irish

Forever banishing the potato from the legend of that pure potation known as Irish whiskey

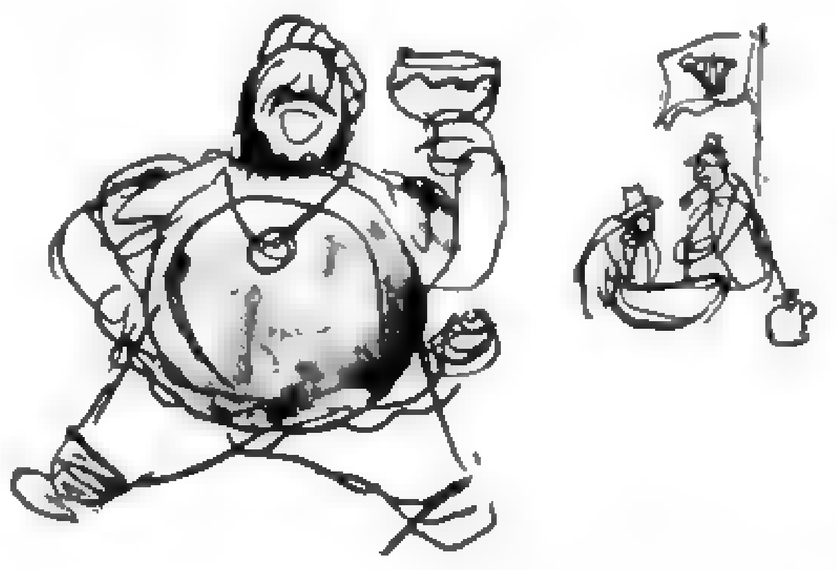
by LAWTON MACKALL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Among drinkers' beliefs none is less tainted with fact than the Spud Legend relative to Celtic liquor. Bluntly, it's the bunk. Yet throughout America one bumps into this notion continually, even bartenders declaring Irish Whiskey to be of mashed-potato parentage—which is about as reliable as would be a statement that absinthe was a product of eggplant.

Plausibility wouldn't be so strained if it were alleged that the spirit of Erin was distilled shamrocks, Kilkenny catnip extract, or attar of Blarney; but the conception of it as a sort of sublimated Irish stew, one hundred per cent tubered, is for members of the Hook, Line & Sinker Association only.

Anyone who has taken a dip into Gaelic history knows that the manufacture and consumption of Hibernian *usquebaugh* have been going on uninterruptedly since the fifth century, which was eleven hundred years before the first potato in Ireland. For it was in 1585 that Sir Walter Raleigh brought from the New World some sacks of eager-eyed novelties which he planted in the auld sod of his garden at Youghal, about twenty-five miles east of the pleasantly named town of Cork. Whether or not St. Patrick is to be credited, as tradition insists, with having introduced the art of distilling, the evidence is definite that it was part of the civilization he founded—a civilization in which nobody was a yes-man except when the drinks were passed, and the blind harper in the hall got his shot between stanzas, thus making possible the length, fervor, and untrammelled imagery of Gaelic poetry. They really *saw* things, those blind bards, thanks to the eye of the spirit.



By the time the Britons first intruded, in 1170, to find out what it was all about, still-activities had reached a point where not a king could complain. It was the enviers who were emerald-color. Scotland had copied, early in the game. Now certain enterprising Irishmen packed up their pots and mash-tuns and moved over to England. Establishing themselves in the land of the enemy, so popular was the job they did that, during several reigns, virtually a monopoly was theirs and their descendants'. King Harry the Hefty might manage his matrimony as he chose, telling his wives where to head in at, under threat of a block party in the Tower; he could even write his own tunes; but when he needed whiskey, as any six-time husband inevitably would, he had to apply to the Irish. For there *they* ruled.

I'm not saying that Irish whiskey of the time of Henry the Eighth bore much resemblance to what was eventually evolved and is still (thank heaven) being duplicated. Nobility was as yet in the bud. Though authentically Irish to the extent of being a strictly cereal proposition, the ensemble was a bit dog-fightish, with something of the bouquet of the American Prohibition oddity known as Block-Fall or Consumer Tumbler. By way of grooming it for the palate, the makers, possessing only a cook's idea of chemistry, resorted to seasoning with saffron, spices, and assorted pudding elements, totaling quite a disguise. And since people had never tasted better, it went down.

In the eighteenth century, era of finesse, along with greater amenities of social existence, came, appropriately enough, a boom in whiskey quality which seemed to shoot right up toward the zenith. And suddenly drinking was revolutionized. Instead of spiced botches there were bouquets: in wines hitherto unsuspected subtleties of the grape toyed with appreciative nostrils, and the supposedly simple kernels of the field—whiskered wheat and still more bearded oats and barley—took on nuances when magicianed through a goose-necked copper. Drinking had become a form of epicureanism in which aesthetic kick outdid alcoholic wallop. And Irish Whiskey, produced in its domain, seemed especially to have a way with it that destroyed indifference entirely.

And still does. It's as smooth a liquor as ever crept into your affections via your ravished sensibilities. Almost oily in texture and of a paler amber than whiskies produced over here, the feel of it on the tongue is soft, well rounded, lazily voluptuous. It boosts while it bamboozles. Taken neat it involves no grimace when it does its glad disappearing act preparatory to warming and luxuriating the esophagus inspirationally.

How come? Well, frankly, the methods of making are a bit leisurely and distinctly fastidious, smacking of the days when Sir Distiller thumped an angry cane in response to any suggestion that he save shillings at the expense of whiskey integrity. Acknowledging that the Patent Still, invented right in Ireland, can be operated for about one-fourth the running cost of one of his ancestral pots, he scorns any such substitution as treachery to flavor.

Care begins with the selection of ingredients. Each load of cereal is passed upon as appraisingly as though it were a candidate for admission to an exclusive club—except that admissions committees generally stop short of testing by biting in half as these distillers do with barley. And this is crucial. If found to be soft, instead of fracturing in a wide and suitably mealy manner, the suspicion is that Candidate B has ripened badly, or has gotten itself wet. A pale gray crack-up also augurs unfavorably, bringing the reproach of lardiness. Nor will brownish yellow do, either. As for *outside* appearance—and a smart inspector notices that too, between bites—the beau ideal is paleness accompanied by a trick upstart of husk known cheerily as a glume.

Once taken into the fold, the barley is screened with a meticulousness as of separating fly souvenirs from pepper; is tanked, floored, and sprinkled for the conventional three weeks of sprouting; then kiln dried. And here's where one of the differences between Irish and Scottish procedure comes in. For Ireland, possessed of an even greater peat supply than Scotland, never uses any of it in kilning malt—thus deliberately eschewing the "smoky" characteristics which the Caledonians so much revere.

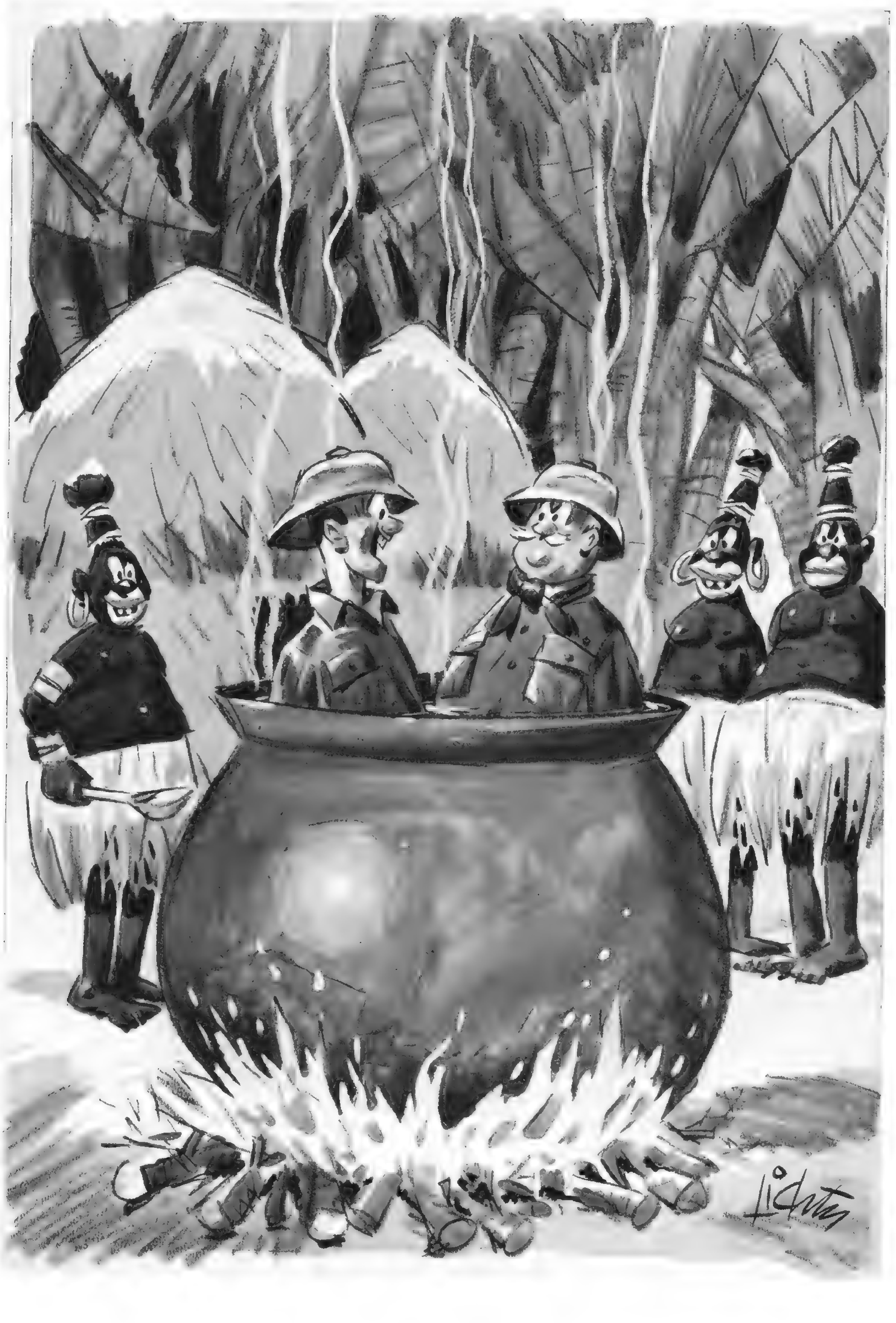
In compensation for the lack of this extraneous but interestingly tangy taste, Erin's product has a self-made individuality which, for those as yet unacquainted with it, may be described as a cousin to the flavor of bottled-in-bond American Bourbon. Indeed, there's a self-efficiency about it, a disregard of Scottish authority, which I as a descendant of Scottish people, can but deplore, especially in view of the excellence achieved. Most particularly do I take umbrage at the attitude expressed by an Emerald Islander who volunteered the opinion: "Sure and the only use we'd have for Scotch Whiskey would be to water down our own."

Really, that sort of thing is distressing. But it's typical. Ninety-eight per cent of the Irish have never tasted a drop of liquor from outside their borders, and wouldn't care to.

A chief vaunting point is the remarkableness of mash-tun technique. Instead of a mere messing together of dump loads of this and that, in the interest of general results, it's a basic flavor-combine schemed as lovingly as a head waiter assembles a salad. And secret. No visitor is permitted to know the aid and cheer that one cereal gives another in the mélange.

Compared to the Caledonian system which employs malted barley and nothing else but, unless subsequently a "stretcher" is blended in—compared to that simplicity of beginnings *this* offers unfigurable complexity. As a result, Irish Whiskey goes into the still

Continued on page 165



"Oh boy—a hot bath at last!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Estimating the worth of the book that was once available strictly at $20,000 per copy

by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

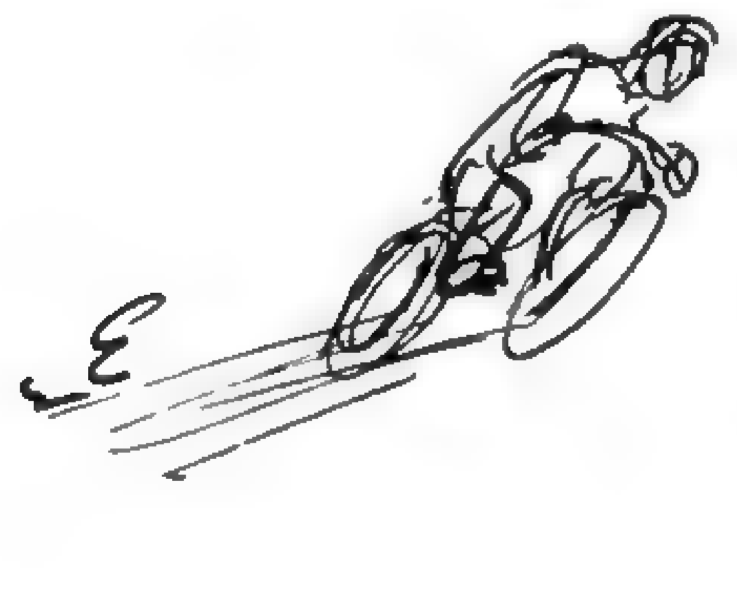
One day last May the brilliant eccentric who gave himself various aliases but who was best known as "Lawrence of Arabia" swerved his motorcycle while going 120 miles an hour and crashed into an embankment. For several days he lived, without regaining consciousness, and died on May 19th. He was forty-seven years old.

His origins were obscure but it appears that he was born in Wales of impoverished Irish parents who were in unexplained exile from their native island. He was graduated at Oxford with no distinction in his classwork but with an astonishing non-curricula erudition, having read an average of five books a day and mastered Arabic.

He was an archeologist in Syria, examining Hittite remains when the war came along. He volunteered and because of his knowledge of languages was sent to Mesopotamia in the British intelligence service. Thence he was sent to Arabia where he met and became friends with Feisal, son of the Sherif of Arabia. He conceived the idea of uniting the rival, nomadic tribes of Arabia into an army unit which should fight with the British against the Turks. He was successful in effecting this union and it had the desired effect upon the success of the allied campaign in Asiatic Turkey. He did it by force of personality; by military genius; by incredible displays of bravery which earned for him acknowledgment among the Arabs as a leader; and (it has been whispered) by liberal expenditures of British gold.

He had promised the Arabs that once the Turkish power was broken the British would grant them full independence, security in their possessions (richest of which were the oil fields), and would permit Feisal to establish a Kingdom of Arabia. The British officials had given him leave to make these promises. Then when the Treaty of Versailles was drafted and Lawrence was present as delegate for the Arabs, he saw the British delegates deliberately violate their promise to the Arabs.

He believed his own honor as well as the honor of his nation was stained; he told Lord Curzon before witnesses that Curzon was a fool; and left Paris a broken, embittered and disillusioned man. He carelessly mislaid his Croix de Guerre, refused a peerage, a knight commandership of the Bath and the Distinguished Service Order, declined the viceroyalty of India unless he was permitted to abolish the pomp of the office and mingle among the people like Haroun-al-Raschid, resigned from the army and took up residence as a hermit scholar at Oxford, devoting his time to a prose translation of Homer's *Odyssey* and rewriting *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* from memory after having lost on a train both the first draft and the notes from which it was written.



Seven Pillars of Wisdom is a 300,000-word account of Lawrence's exploits in Arabia; but it is much more than that. It is a minute account of Arabian customs and morals, a fearlessly frank protrayal of allied officers with whom he came into contact, a treatise on the metaphysics of war—and a mystical philosophy.

He put an arbitrary price of $20,000 a copy on the extremely limited, unexpurgated editions published in England and in America; for he knew the British war office would have to buy at least six and perhaps all nine of the English copies because of the military secrets contained in the book. The proceeds from the book he set up in a trust fund for the administration of relief among the poverty-stricken Arabs whom his country had betrayed. To this trust fund he also added the royalties from a severely expurgated version of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* which was published under the title, *Revolt in the Desert*, and enjoyed a great popular success.

Meanwhile Lawrence enlisted in the British air force as a private, taking the name of Ross. An officer betrayed his identity to a newspaper for $150 and, in the face of the ensuing publicity, Lawrence was forced to resign by the British High command. Taking the name of T. E. Shaw he got himself transferred to the tank corps, where he lived on the pay of a private soldier, pursued the humdrum life of an army mechanic and, for a queer diversion, raced through the countryside on a specially built high-powered motorcycle at the speed of 125 miles an hour or faster. By the few whom he permitted to know him at all intimately it was said that because of a mental quirk Lawrence had said that only by putting himself occasionally into a position of immediate danger, wherein death was only a fraction of a second away, could he think of himself as alive and sense the phenomenon of living.

It is one of the many ironies in the career of the queer being that was Lawrence that the manner of meeting his death did not allow for that sensation he anticipated in the swift, the instantaneous transition where a person is alive one moment and a fraction of a second later is dead. He was unconscious for days after the accident but he continued to breathe and his heart continued to act.

Since his death his legatees have consented to a general trade edition of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, at a price commensurate with the cost of manufacture instead of an absurd price of $20,000. There is a limited edition, 1000 copies in England and 750 copies in America, to be published in a special format and at a premium (in this country at $25) but the general trade edition will sell for $5. Both editions have 48 full-page illustrations, many of them portraits of Lawrence and of Arab leaders by Augustus John.

It will remain to be seen what the public reaction to this strange book is, although its popularity is assured from the curiosity aroused over it by mysterious reputation and many eccentricies of Lawrence and, of course, by the fact that the book until recently cost $20,000 a copy.

Seven Pillars of Wisdom is a strange book, a fascinating book, even an exasperating one. In some ways the style and the attack of the book seem to be based somewhat upon the style and attack of Doughty's *Arabia Deserta;* but Lawrence's prose is affected and finicky and awkward at times, whereas Doughty's prose is solidly Jacobean. Although Lawrence's translation of the *Odyssey* received a considerable amount of praise from those who are not scholars, it is my firm opinion that it is the very worst of all the translations of Homer, including Bryant's. It is Wardour Street prose; the cadences are not easy and natural. The style of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, however, is balder and more colloquial, and Lawrence's vocabulary, especially his epithets, is full of clear-cut images. I do not pretend to understand the metaphysics of the book. What Lawrence seems to be saying is that death is a beautiful adventure (whereas I think of it, mostly as an unpleasant, unavoidable termination—so far as we know—of all adventure, at least of the kind we among the living are conscious of); that war, in itself, is often a beautiful, hygienic and necessary thing; that pain and suffering

Continued in center of page 184

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

An end of the summer estimate of what the barnyard theatres produce for Incandescent Alley

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

• THEATRE •

Glimpse List

Anything Goes. Rounding out the first of what looks like a lot of years, this musical super-wow still crams in the customers. Benay Venuta has replaced Ethel Merman, and sings Cole Porter's songs nicely. Gaxton and Victor Moore carry on the good work.

Four touring companies have been announced for early routing, while London's version has clicked handsomely.

Earl Carroll's Sketch Book. This could be very much funnier if, as the man said, somebody would lend it a joke. A somnolent revue, but with but what women!

Gilbert and Sullivan. Repertory which requires you to forget the D'Oyly Carte troupe —maybe you'd better forget this company, instead.

Personal Appearance. It seems there was a movie-star who was a Dish, and on one of those Tours, the Local Yokel (not Alex) got pretty excited. So there was a barn near-by and . . .

The Children's Hour. It ought not to hurt you to think a bit and be harrowed, too, which is what this minor masterpiece will do to you. It's good literature and good theater, excellently cast and produced. Not to have seen it is not to know from nothing.

The Great Waltz. If you get a kick out of the Grand Central Station, picture-house Stage shows, heaps of scenery and Ye Olde Blue Danube, go ahead and join the milling mobs who squabble for standing room. If you're not so easily pleased, remind yourself to forget to remember to see this one.

Three Men on a Horse. If you live in a town of over 50,000, there's undoubtedly a company of this smash hit playing there. It's concerned with betting on the ponies, it's insane and gorgeously funny.

The Old Maid. The Pulitzer Prize Play. After a profitable run, this somewhat perfunctory costume-party—which, however, pleases many—is taking to the road soon. Attending it will be far from a waste of an evening.

Tobacco Road. The second year of this tragi-comedy about Georgia white-trash is almost completed, and from the continued approbation it begins to seem that you can raise your children to see it. It's tough to take—and well worth taking.

Showboat Buccaneer. So long as the weather holds up, you can have an amusing evening, dining on the Hudson River steamer en route, then watching what amounts to a fairly satisfactory floor-show.

Maybe the Summer Theater hasn't been as bad as I thought—or maybe it has been worse. Since my last month's catcalls shivered the welkin, a good deal of evidence on both sides has come in, and in addition I have made an investigatory pilgrimage in a dilapidated four-wheeled antique; the truth of the whole matter now appears to be that (a) the barnyard circuit is a slovenly abomination, concerned with a plethora of incompetents on all sides of the footlights (including the audience) and equally (b) that it is a gift to amusement-starved humanity, bringing forth valuable spectacles, well-acted and cunningly produced. This seems to leave us about where we started—at least it leaves you there; me, I'm in Chicago, do you care?

Meanwhile, I have listened to sundry howls from disgruntled mimes who claim that they have worked in moth-eaten revivals and jejune new hodge-podges, for hash and chicory, and have found themselves, at the end of engagements, merely well-burned, financially as well as physically. My ears are simultaneously filled with hosannas of delight emanating from other thespians of all sexes, who have announced that their experience was all one lovely lark, the plays were masterpieces of which many will find their way to the autumn list of dramatic goodies, and that they personally returned to the Big Burg rejuvenated, having eaten well, worked earnestly among delightful colleagues, and, in some cases, even found opportunity for some epithalamian nonsense of a gay and invigorating nature—leaping, as it were, from beds to boards.

Meanwhile, likewise, the air has been littered with the remnants of exploded enterprises, and there are many dismal reports of companies mismanaged, of brutal combinations of inefficiency, stupidity and worse. I have, for instance, just finished inspecting detailed descriptions of a somewhat flatulent fiasco which occurred in a suburb of this dandy show-town, in which all the horrors of pre-Equity trouping have been revived: tales of resilient checks, of collections and special benefits being scrambled together for the purpose of furnishing return fare for the stranded players, while sheriffs armed with warrants pursue the coy entrepreneur —and the cowshed goes back to the cows. On the other hand, the more stable of the stable-theaters announce that this has been a gala season. To give a few examples, Skowhegan has packed 'em in; Dennis has, as usual, thrived; Mt. Kisco, under the knowing guidance of Messrs. Tuttle and Skinner, broke all records with one offering and will finish well in the black; Jacoves' Hampton Players have carried on the successful campaign established by Potter and Haight, and have earned money by presenting plays which are very lousy (all except one, *How Like a God*, which has Broadway possibilities) with exceedingly fine production, direction and casting—keep your eyes open for Ruth Matteson and a Miss Campbell, who are obviously bound for future Broadway splendor; Locust Valley's Red Barn, under the skilful guidance of Hanna and Doran has unearthed three Metropolitan nominees out of five attempts; up at Ross and Taylor's West Falmouth shoppe business has been grand, and audiences leaped to feet and yelled approval of an opus called *On Stage*, by Benjamin M. Kaye; while Langner of Westport has wound up his joint forever (sez he) with a smaller loss than usual, having established several new highs to offset one practically all-time low.

A cagey gent, this Langner; I am almost inclined to credit the rumor that after the above mentioned flopperoo—something about a *Last Frontier* or *Lost Frontier* or something—ceased to stupefy audiences (except when it regaled them with the spectacle of a strange Indian tribe, perhaps called the Conances, members of which skipped and war-whoopsed like mad around the stage) he got a bit of his investment back by spreading the script carefully over the fields of his vast estate, thus greatly increasing their fertility. At any rate, no dog-day manager is more canny. This time he has developed one sure-fire New York candidate in a bawdy belly-laugher, a rakish adaptation of that Restoration knockout, *The Country Wife*, with Ruth Gordon tops in round-orbed naughtiness. Another first-rater, over which at present half a dozen Manhattan managers are snarling and snapping, is a most interesting anti-war play, of which none other than the Rev. John Haynes Holmes is co-author; title is *If This Be Treason*, and MacKay Morris is six, two and even, to reach, therein, the heights he has too long missed.

To me, the acme of the hay-season, however, was that same Mr. Langner's revival of Shaw's *You Never Can Tell*. I went to see it in a captious, not to say truculent, mood, for that somewhat bitter farce-comedy has a place deep in my sentimentality; my last—by public petition—appearance on any stage was made in a decidedly amateur production of it befo' de

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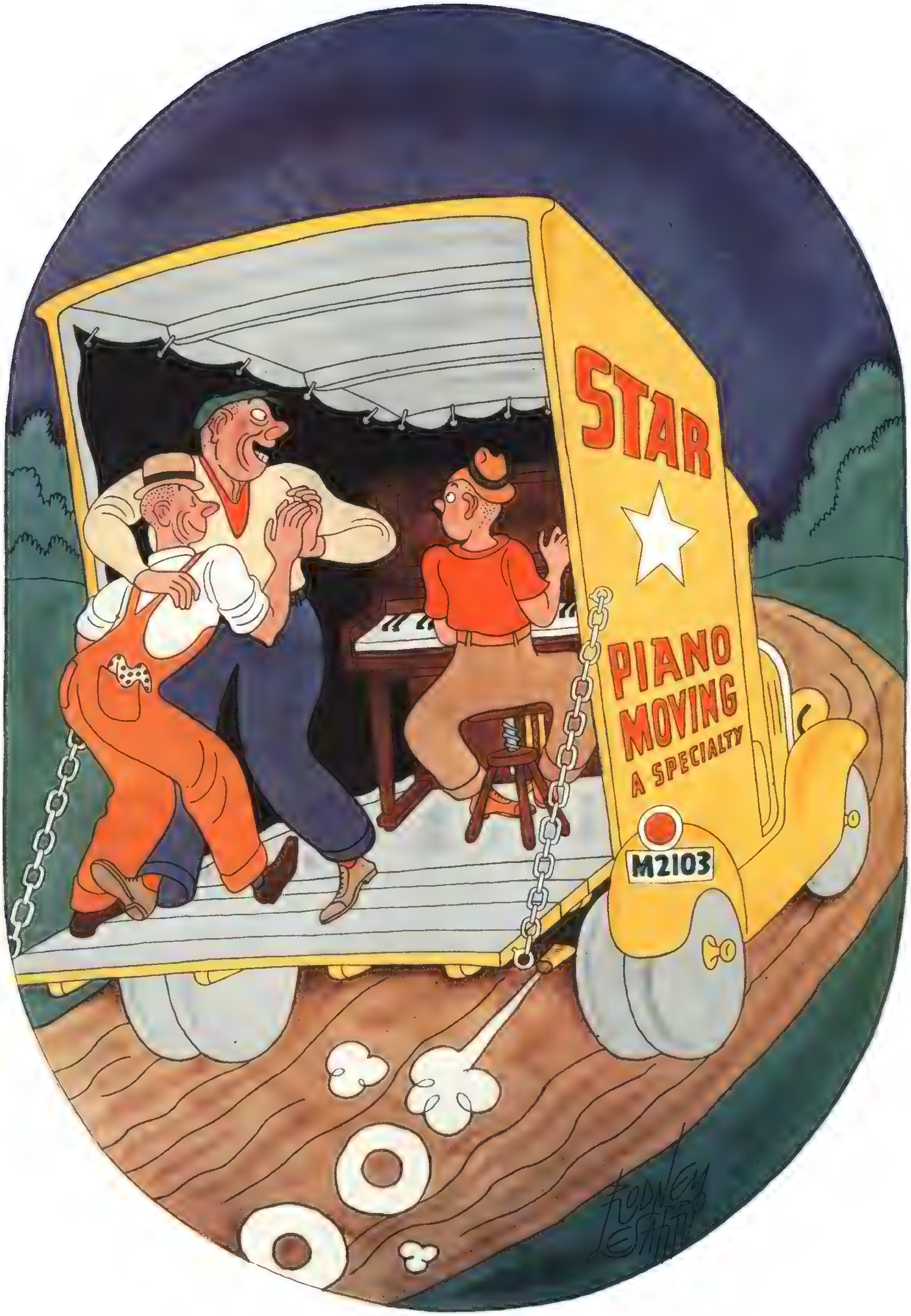
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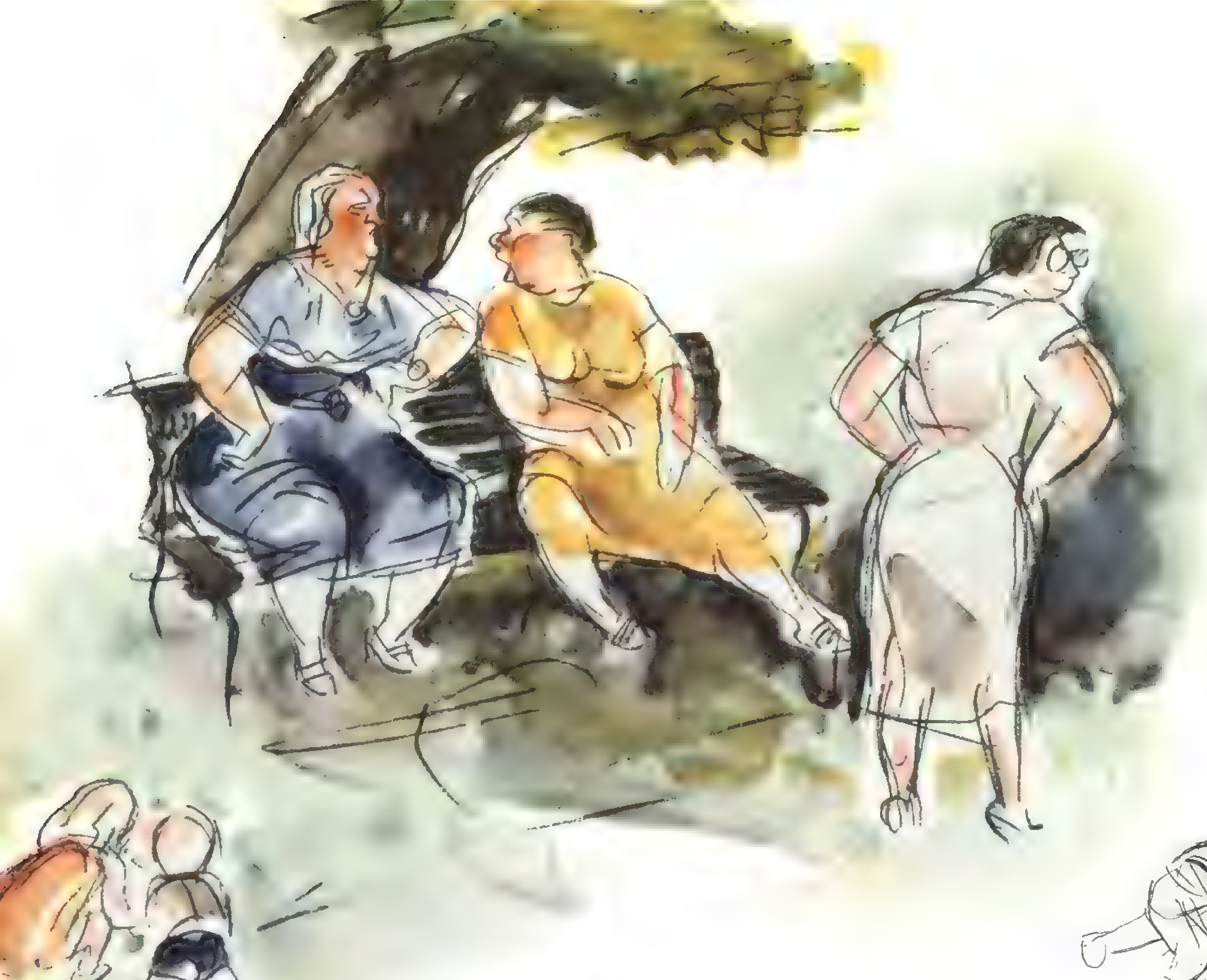
"Give us a rhumba, Gus!"

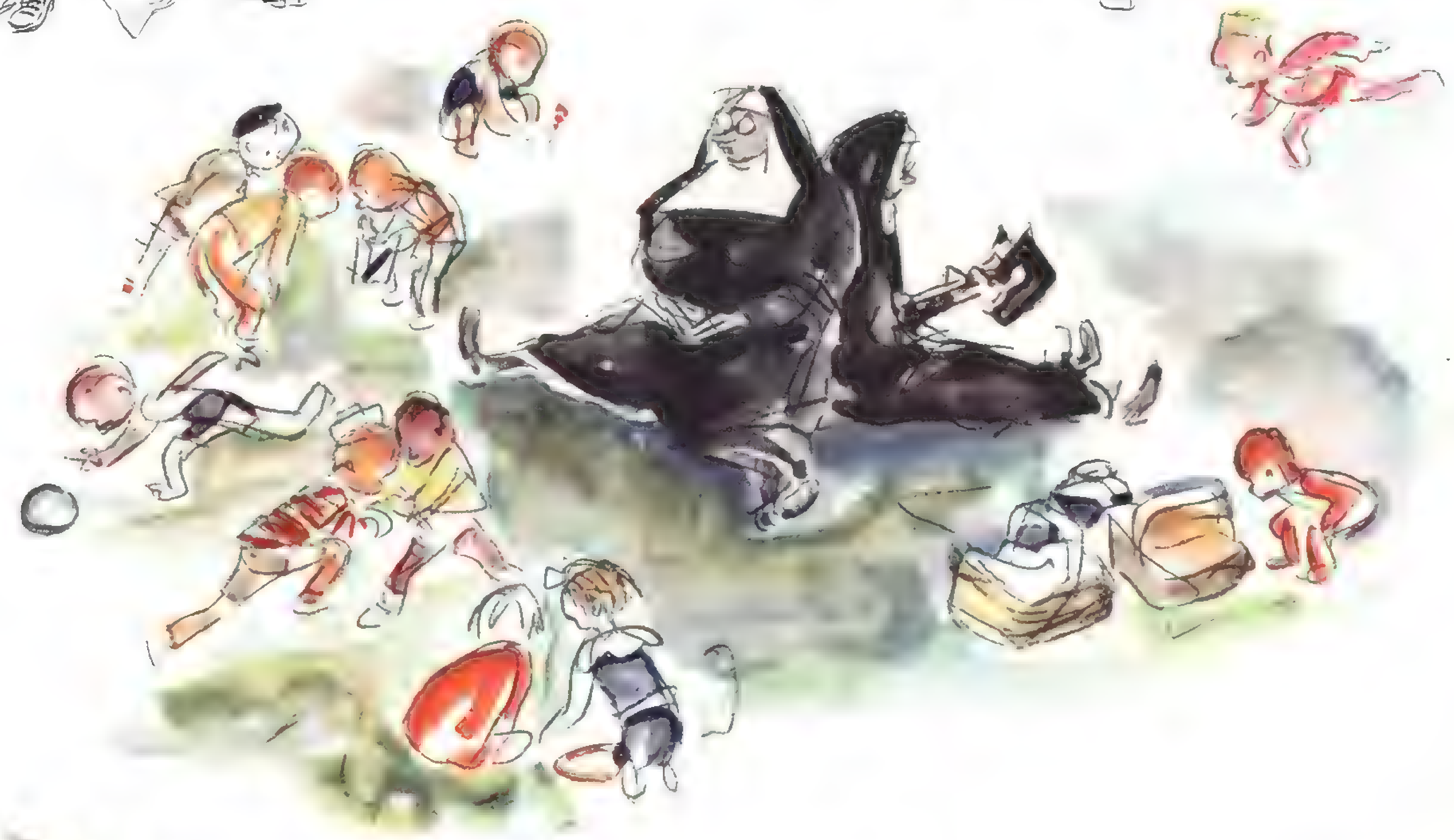


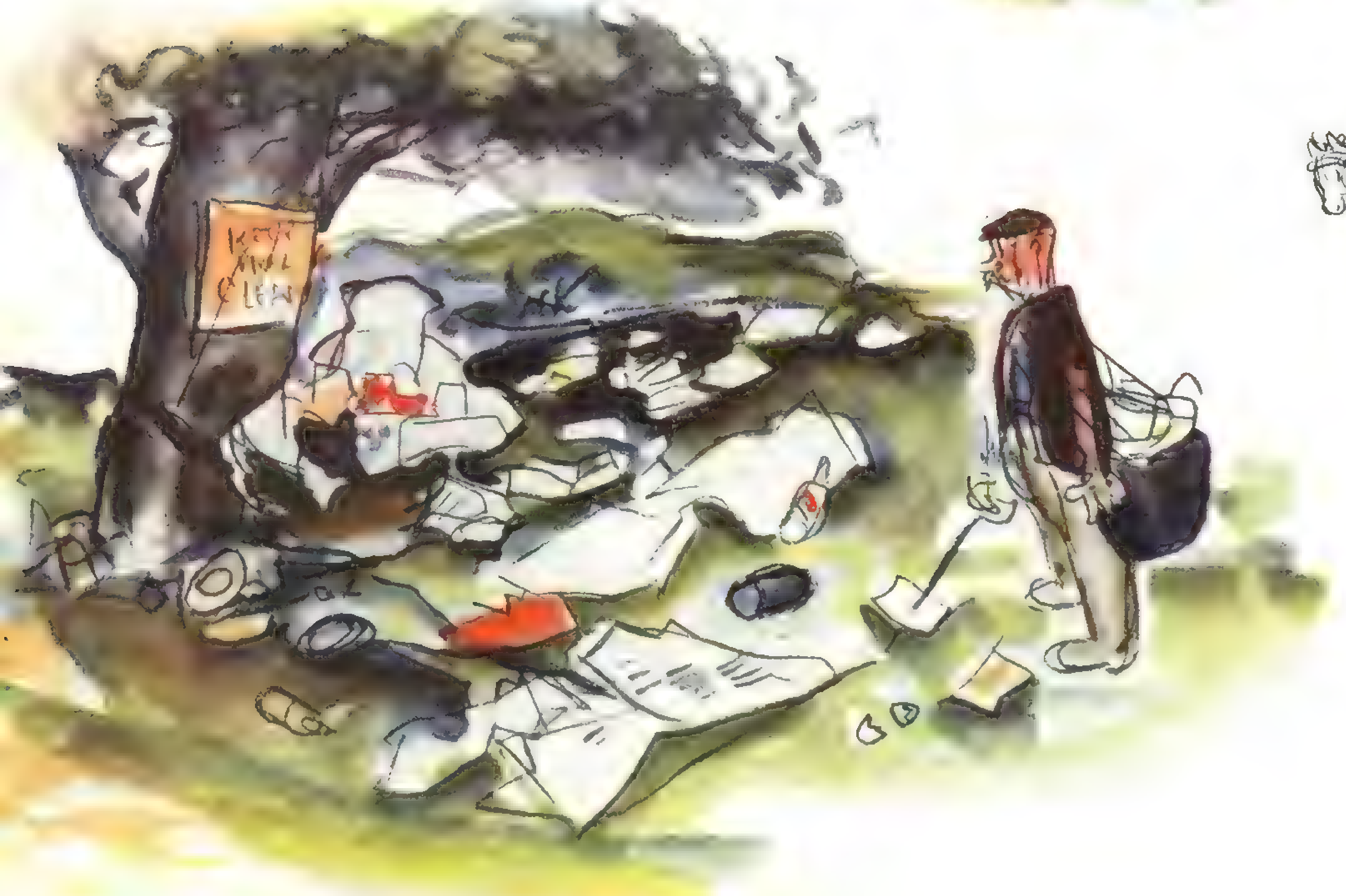
THE CITY PARK

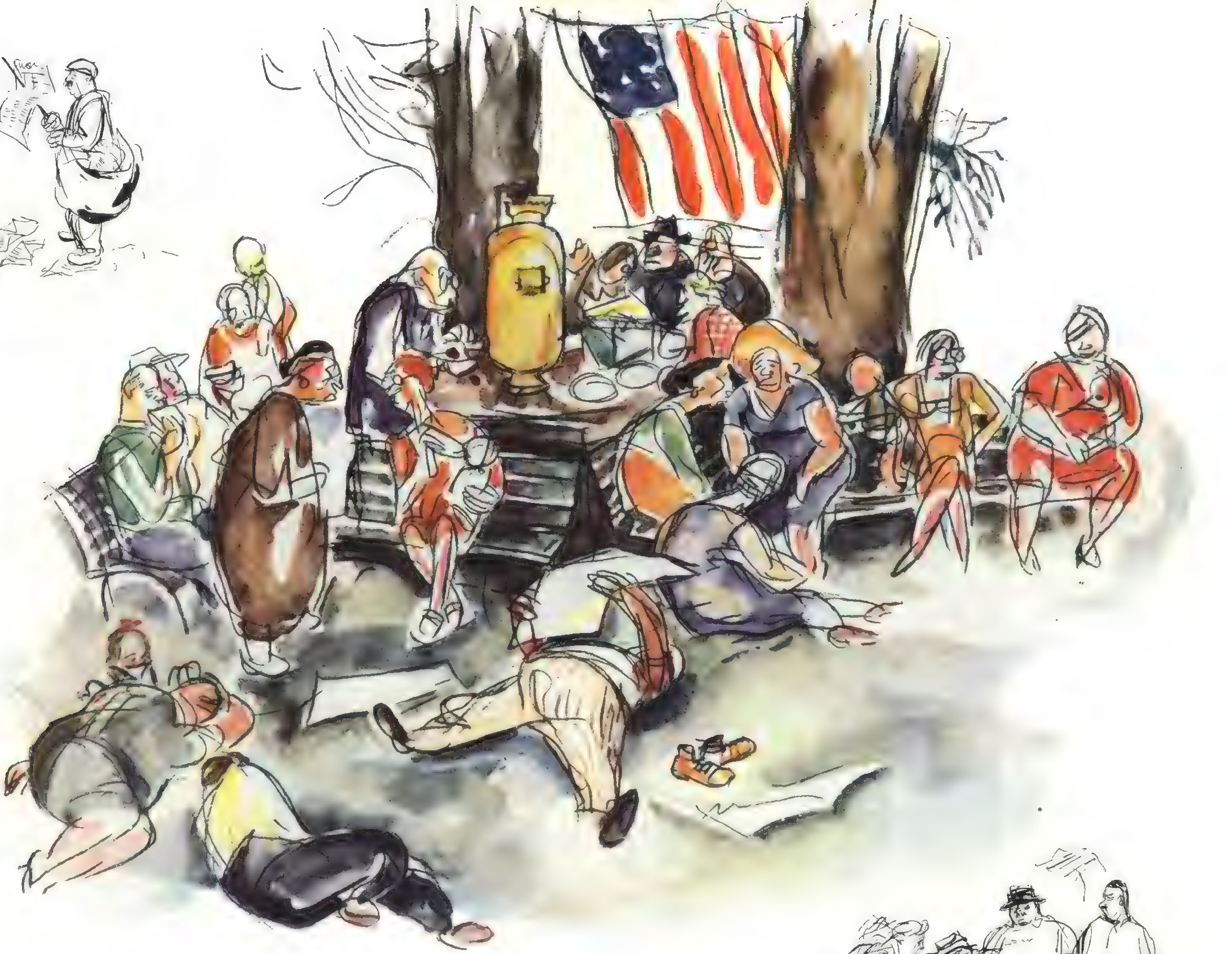
A Portfolio of Sketches

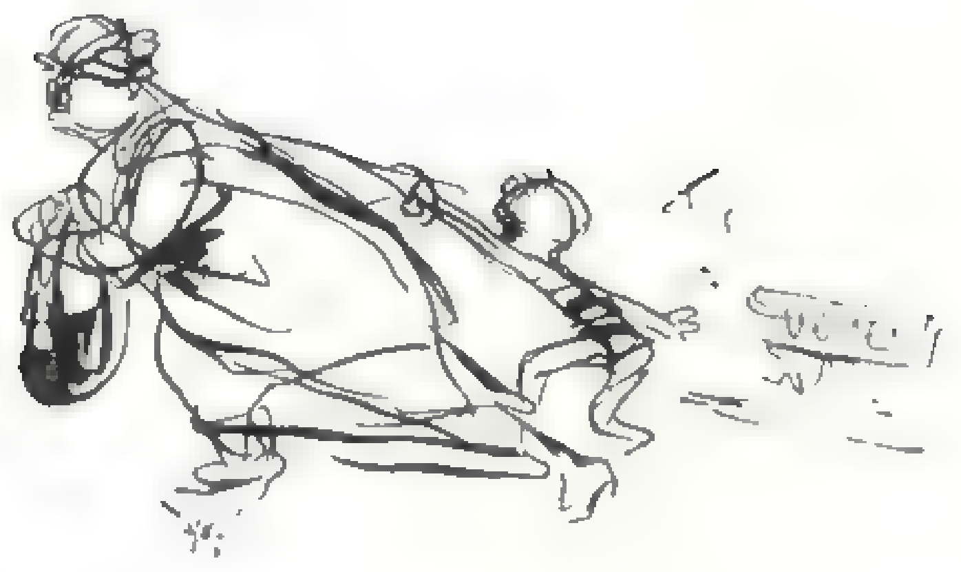
by JOHN GROTH

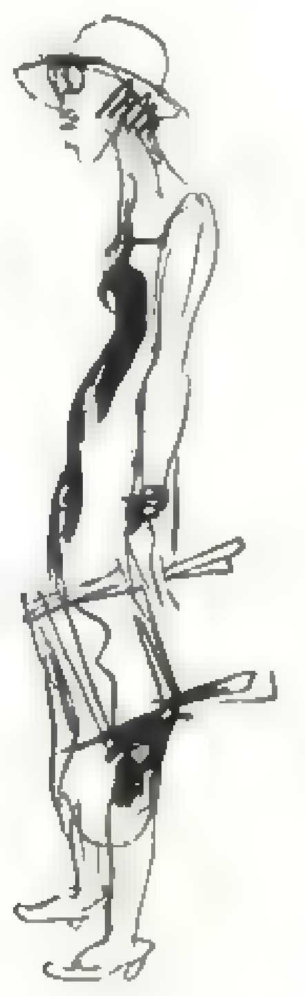
The park, the poor man's country club, where fresh air at least is free, where the bridle paths may be preempted by the city's upper crust, but where the kids, at least, may pony-ride for a nickel, where the yachts may belong to millionaires but at least a boat belongs to anyone with a quarter and the patience to navigate a crowded lagoon, where the submerged masses can come up for air and the slum dwellers can at least share a sky that is as high and broad for them as for anybody else. The park, the safety valve of the suffocating thousands in the cities' millions.

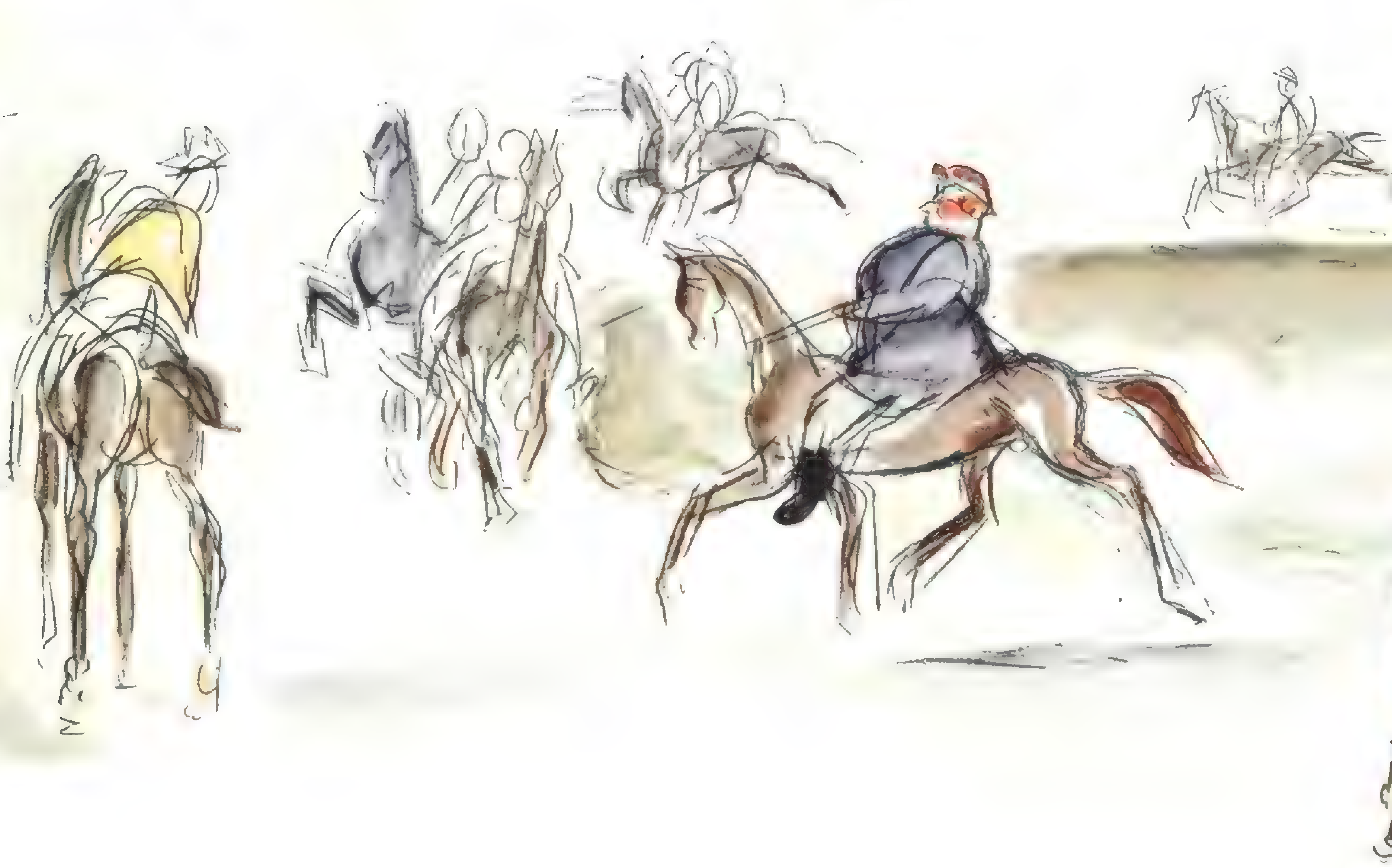


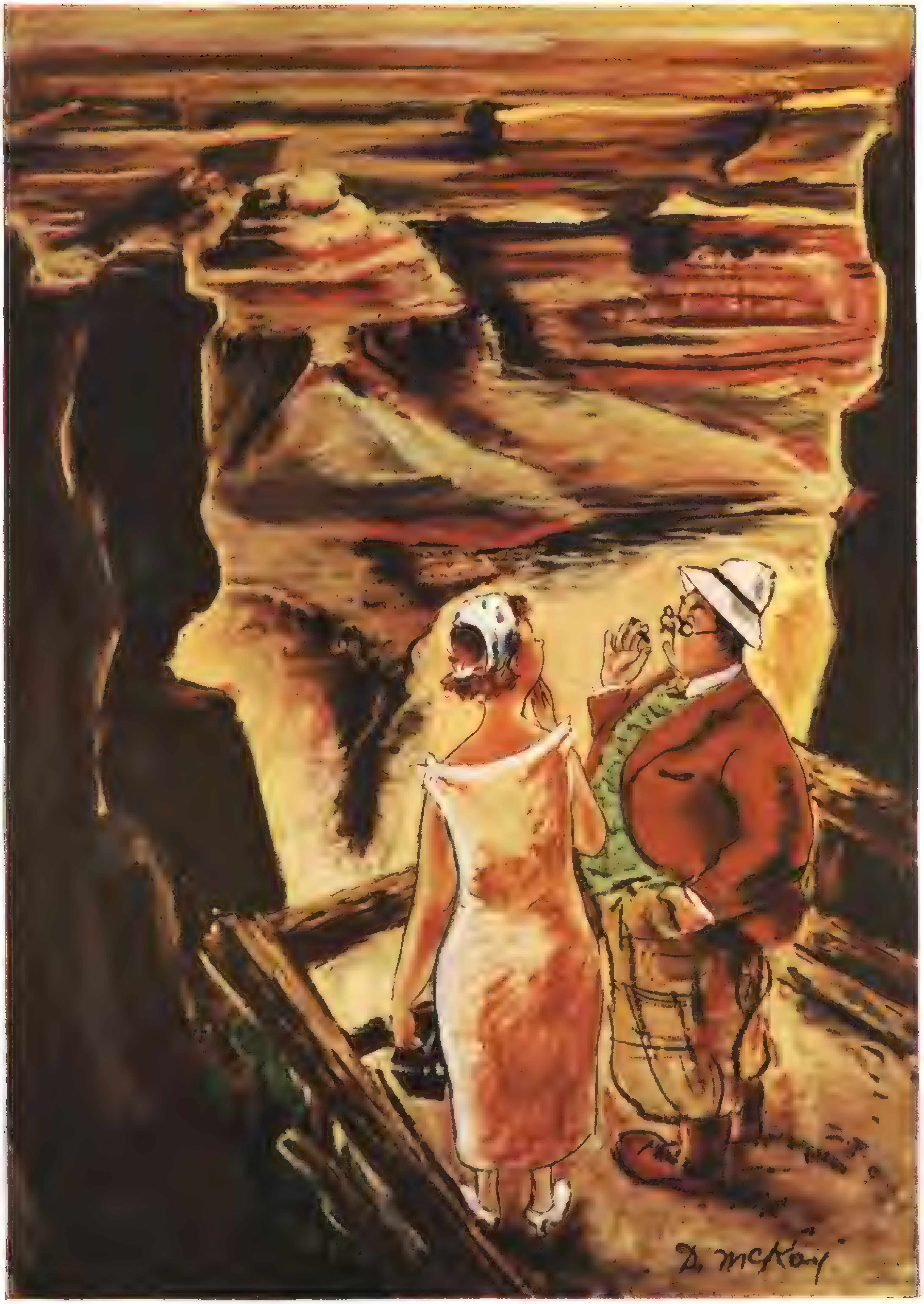












"It's too gaudy!"

The Candid Cameraman

Prostrate before a stupendous season of tremendous terrific colossal smashes and re-hashes

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Alice Adams: Any softness which Tarkington's style may have imparted to this piece is lost in the sharp focus of the photoplay. The inane little social climber is played with intensity and personal charm by Katharine Hepburn, but this cannot break the reality of the situations. She pokes her nose into parties where the hostess gives her the chill how-do; she hides her family from her high-class suitor, and goes through agonies trying to put on a swell dinner. This all attempts to be folksy comedy, but very often falls into savage satire. Much credit is due to Frank Albertson, who plays the sneering young brother who would rather shoot craps in the cloak-room with the negro porters than try to hobnob with the small-town's snobs. Fred Stone, making his screen debut as the simple drudge who has seen all his youthful companions become big shots, and been goaded for twenty years by his wife to make money, feels the part well enough but seemed to me to read his lines with an amateur's high pitch. The end, of course, is cheese-cake.

The Thirty-Nine Steps: A smooth, rapid, sophisticated, international spy piece, perfectly produced by the British. It is almost as if they had deliberately picked out all the successful tricks and plot motifs of the very best Hollywood entertainers, and put them together with amazing craftsmanship. From *It Happened One Night* they got the idea of having hero and heroine, supposedly disliking each other, forced by circumstance to spend days and nights together: they went Hollywood one better, and handcuffed the couple, on their jaunt over the Scottish moors.

The bright tone of Bulldog Drummond is evident, and all the dramatic stunts ever pulled in man-hunt yarns are employed here. The British are coming along. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the stars.

GO ALONG TO SEE

China Seas: A good action piece with Jean Harlow at her best, Clark Gable at his ordinary, and Wallace Beery chewing his mouth. Stunning scene when a steamroller gets loose on the deck of a storm-ridden ship, running over a few coolies before it is lassoed singlehanded by cowboy Gable; exciting pirate raid.

Curley Top: Some genius realized that people like best to see Shirley Temple do what their own kiddies do, so this film is chock full of straight footlight shots of Shirley singing and dancing. There is an entire sequence of a benefit show for orphans, in which she does a series of impersonations of the various ages of woman, and Shirley as a little white-haired old lady in a rocking chair is tremendously touching. Watch for a brief shot of the babe dancing the hula. It has all the grave grace of childhood.

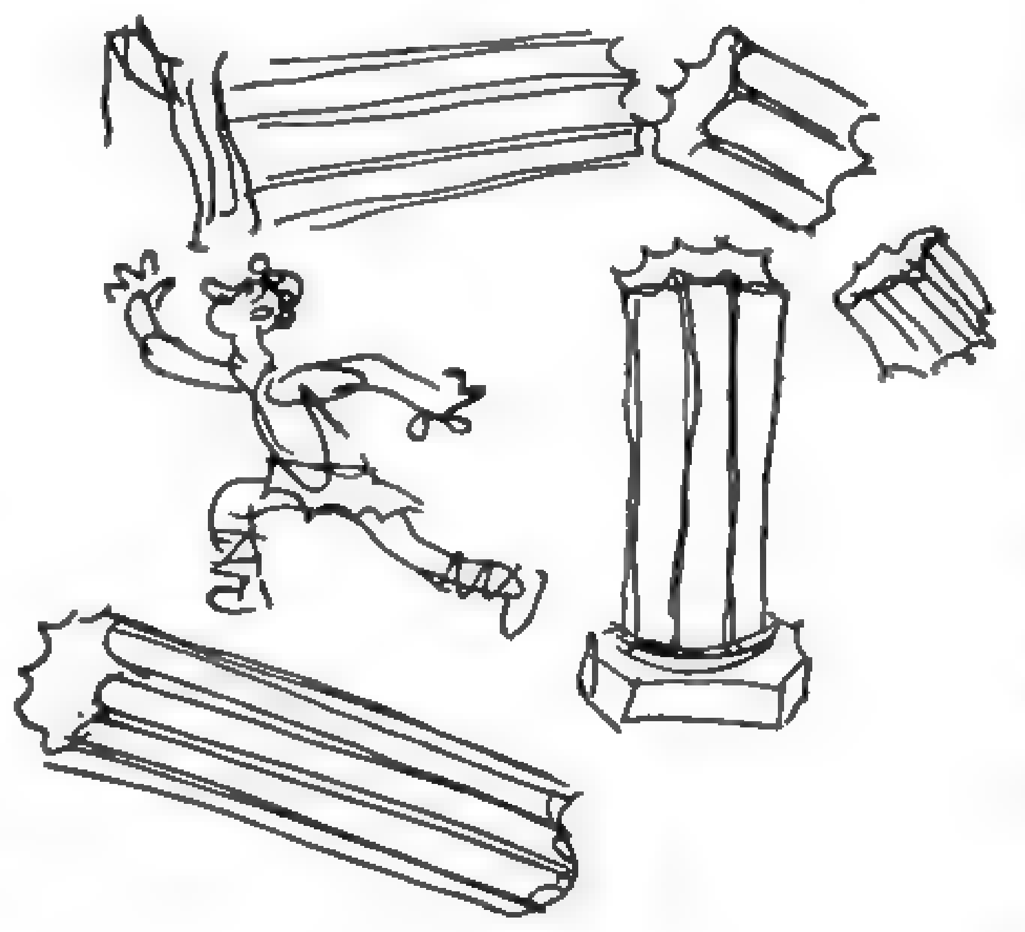
Diamond Jim: A character sketch of the sentimental greatliver who made the most noise in Manhattan, and yet sobbed over the Sweet Memory of Mama, and was broken hearted over a Girl. Edwin Arnold really goes to town in his characterization of Brady, but the story is episodic and weak, especially toward the sappy close.

The Farmer Takes a Wife: Slow sweet folk comedy, with stock types of the Erie canal days. I thought it over-rated as a play; its importance as a movie may be the introduction of nice Henry Fonda.

Steamboat Round the Bend: The last Will Rogers winds up with a stunning and hilarious sequence involving a race between a couple of famous river-boats. The comedians edging more and more toward a Tobacco Road portrayal of the South. Stepin Fetchit and Frances Ford (the spit-shooter) are the best of the gang. Irvin Cobb swell.

LET YOURSELF BE DRAGGED ALONG TO SEE

Accent on Youth: Effortfully effortless flippancy, the usual crap about a playwright and his actress gal, and some careless shots of Sylvia Sidney, but a screamingly funny portrait of a dignified secretary-butler by the portly gent who played the publisher's partner in *The Scoundrel.*



The Black Room: Karloff in a dual role, the Bluebeard theme, very competently done.

The Irish In Us: A bunch of sons slopping all over their good old Irish ma. Pat O'Brien as a cop, Frank McHugh as a fireman, and Cagney as a fighter are the byes. There is so much kissing and hugging and dancing with mama that male audiences will spew, but I heard a lady remark that it was such a beautiful picture of a real home! Has a good windup fight sequence.

Mad Love: Hollywood proves true to tradition in its first treatment of Peter Lorre, the psycho-pathological horror man who was in M. He is stuck in a bizarre shocker full of wax dolls and drunken old ladies with shrieking parrots on their shoulders, and Ted Healy as a comic reporter. Lorre goes through the motions, using every trick in his bag. As has been the case with so many good artists, the mannerisms hold, for a while, but with a few more such pictures he would be ruined. Fortunately his next one is *Crime and Punishment.*

The Man on the Flying Trapeze: W. C. Fields trying to get to a wrestling match. Some delicious scenes where he shows the value of his private system of keeping files, in an otherwise normal office.

Pursuit: One of those pictures that often gets so lousy it is funny; has some dizzy plot twists about a kidnapping, and is quite bearable on the whole.

WASTE

Red Heads on Parade: Would-be funny stuff about the rival makers of a red-head dyer, and a platinum blonde dyer. I couldn't take more than half of it.

We're in the Money: Joan Blondell getting kind of hefty around the jowls, but working awfully hard for the few funny moments in the usual gold-digger yarn. Hugh Herbert almost pulls this into a higher class with his dizzy driving scenes.

* * *

LATHER UP

Now comes that time of year when the great motion picture companies, MGM, Warner's, Paramount, R K O, Columbia, United Artists, Gaumont-British, fling open the doors of their treasure houses, and we poor worms, blinded by the blaze of gold bricks and the dazzling sizzling sputtering shine of diamonds, rubies, moonstones, and radium-painted beach pebbles, go gaa-gaa.

That's all we can say. Gaa-gaa. With a cold and stupefied expression. Something like a sardine.

Bommo boom boom (as Paramount puts it) go the guns of the stars. Wow yow pow (as Leo the M G M lion puts it) go the audiences under the deluge of Hits. Open season, boys, for the biggest, most colossal, titanic, stupendous, terrific series of productions ever thundered at the heads of a public that can take it.

The *Crusades* and *China Seas* are already upon us. *Midsummer Night's Dream,* and Chaplin's *Modern Times,* and *A Tale of Two*

Continued on page 183

The Talking Encyclopedia

Accidents will happen in the best regulated laboratories, so scientists are on the spot

by DR. ERIC CLARKSON

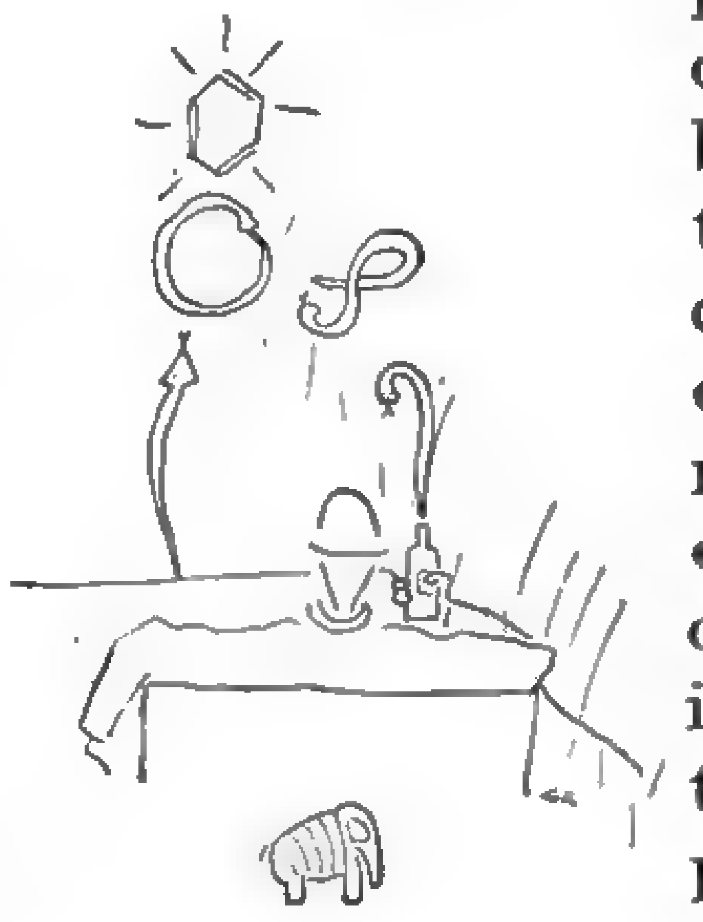
• ARTICLE •

Considering the number of important scientific discoveries that have resulted from accidents, one is tempted to assert that the best policy for the research worker is to wait for something to boil over, spill, get into the wrong beaker, or explode. Another good system is for him to go away for a couple of years, and, on returning, take a look at what was left in the unwashed test-tubes.

On the other hand, there are those who assert that there is no such thing as a scientific accident. A magician who reached into his hat for a rabbit and pulled out a duck's egg might feel embarrassed, but a research worker would buckle right down and find out how the egg got there. And when engaged in research, it doesn't matter whether a scientist hits upon his discovery or has it hit him: he is entitled to cry Eureka!

Dr. Nobel's career offers a good illustration of the accident that is not an accident. The celebrated chemist was in search of an absorbent material which could carry nitroglycerin, to be used in making explosives. While juggling his test-tubes, he spilled some nitro-glycerin onto the laboratory floor. When he had picked himself up, Dr. Nobel swept aside the broken glassware, scooped up part of the floor, and reasoned that the fullers earth used in the floor-composition would make an excellent base for his explosive. Hence, dynamite. Hence, the Nobel Peace Prize.

Pasteur's accidents were of a gentler nature, and more closely related to pure scientific curiosity. In scientific circles, the father of bacteriology, whose work has directly and indirectly resulted in the saving of millions of lives, is known as one of the luckiest scientists that ever lived. Others assert that Pasteur's lucky breaks prove that, in the final analysis, there is no such thing as a scientific accident. Pasteur was investigating cholera when he had one of his most celebrated accidents. The doctor was injecting fresh cultures of the cholera bacillus into chickens; unwittingly, he injected one chicken with a culture that had been standing around for some time. This chicken failed to get the disease. Upon checking back, Pasteur reasoned that the old culture had contained bacilli in a weakened state, to which the chicken could develop a resistance, and hence an artificial immunity to cholera. The entire science of immunology was developed from this incident, and today we have vaccines protecting us from many deadly diseases.



Another of Pasteur's discoveries, also of vast importance but less comprehensible to the layman, would never have occurred if the French had steam heat. Pasteur was at work in a chilly laboratory, studying sodium ammonium tartrate, a salt of tartaric acid. Until then, it had been taken for granted that this was an irreducible compound, containing only a single structure. But Pasteur spread the stuff on a table, took a magnifying glass, and detected two kinds of crystals, identical in structure, but the reverse of each other, as are our right and left hands. He took a pair of tweezers, and sat over the table for hours, separating the crystals into two piles. From this, he established the principle that natural compounds could be synthesized, and modern scientists synthesize such widely used medical products as cocaine, then thought to be attainable only in natural form. If Pasteur had been working in a comfortable room he would never have made this discovery, as at such a temperature the two compounds crystallize together, and are not separable with tweezers. Furthermore, the salt which he happened to study was the only one whose crystals separated out in a room that cold!

Man's capacity for taking advantage of this sort of accident goes way back to the origin of corn. In these days when children have to go to the zoo to see a cow, the fact that corn is the perennial virgin among plants is not too well known. Corn cannot reproduce itself, but must be cultivated by man. It follows, then, that corn was originally produced through the accidental union of two wild grasses, and that some man happening along, became curious about the strange plant, and cultivated it. To this day, botanists have been unable to discover the wild grasses whose illicit union produced maize; they are probably extinct.

That was a purely natural scientific accident; but the discovery of glass is one of the earliest repeated stories of a man-made accident of this type. Some Phoenician sailors landed on the coast of Syria, and built a campfire on the sand. They could find no rocks upon which to cook their food, so they hauled out some of their cargo, consisting of blocks of natron, used in soap-making. In the morning they found that their fire had yielded the substance we know as glass: they reasoned that the sand and natron had combined in the heat, and they saved the process.

Though scientists, as a rule, are a sober lot, they have often been aided by drunkenness of one sort or another. The berries of a plant growing wild in Turkey were eaten to excess by a herd of goats one day. The goatherd noticed his charges cutting up, followed them to the source, took some of the berries home, boiled them, and was the first to make coffee. When adulterated wine became common in Hungary, some years ago, the government ordered that all wine be tested by the addition of phenolphthalein, which would turn bright red in the presence of adulterants. The wine that did not turn red was sold, containing phenolphthalein; and there was a national epidemic of diarrhea. So now we know of, and use, phenolphthalein as a laxative.

The story goes that Kekule, the chemist who gained immortality in science by devising the hexagonal ring structure of benzene, made his discovery while riding atop a London bus, drunk, on the way home from a party. He had a vision of a snake with its tail in its mouth, decided that benzene molecules had the same structure, and hence got a medal for laying the theoretical foundations of modern organic chemistry.

Sir Humphry Davis went on another type of drunken jag when he discovered laughing gas. He liked the sensation, and introduced some of his friends to the fad; laughing gas jags were common in London night life for ten years before the material came to be used as an anaesthetic. And Crawford W. Long, one of the numerous claimants to the discovery of ether as an anaesthetic, submits as proof of his claim the evidence of ether frolics he had with his friends. Once in a while an ether frolicker overindulged, and lost consciousness. This gave Dr. Long the idea of using ether as an anaesthetic.

The gentler taste of a chemistry student named Fahlberg resulted in another useful discovery. In the course of his laboratory research, Fahlberg one day made some ortho-benzo-sulfon-imide. He washed his hands, and went home to supper. The bread tasted sweet. Puzzled, he put his finger to his mouth. Sweet. He licked his arm. Sweet. Fahlberg tore back to the laboratory, and tasted each beaker he had used that day until he found the source of the sweetness in the one in which he had made the ortho-benzo-sulfon-imide. He patented the compound, named it saccharin, and retired on the profits.

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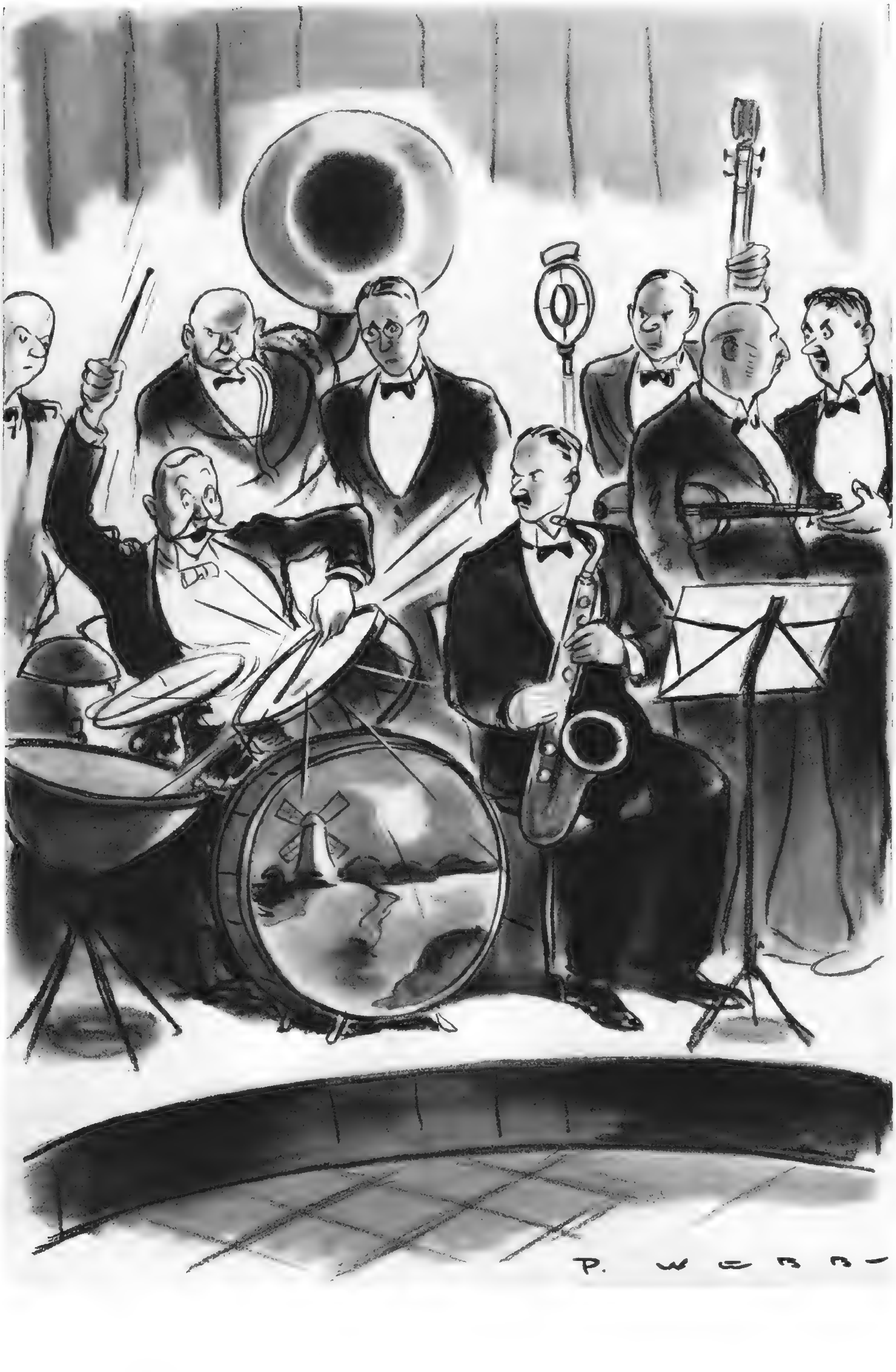


"I can't throw him out—he's the sponsor of the program"

The Horse Will Appreciate

Being a simple introduction to the art of getting on, sitting on, and getting off the animal

by RAYMOND BROWNE

• SPORTS •

Anyone's enjoyment of horseback riding will be improved by some acquaintance with the principles underlying horsemanship.

Some riding enthusiasts have the cowboy complex and imagine, quite mistakenly, that they are exhibiting the highest type of equestrianism when they ride as fast as possible.

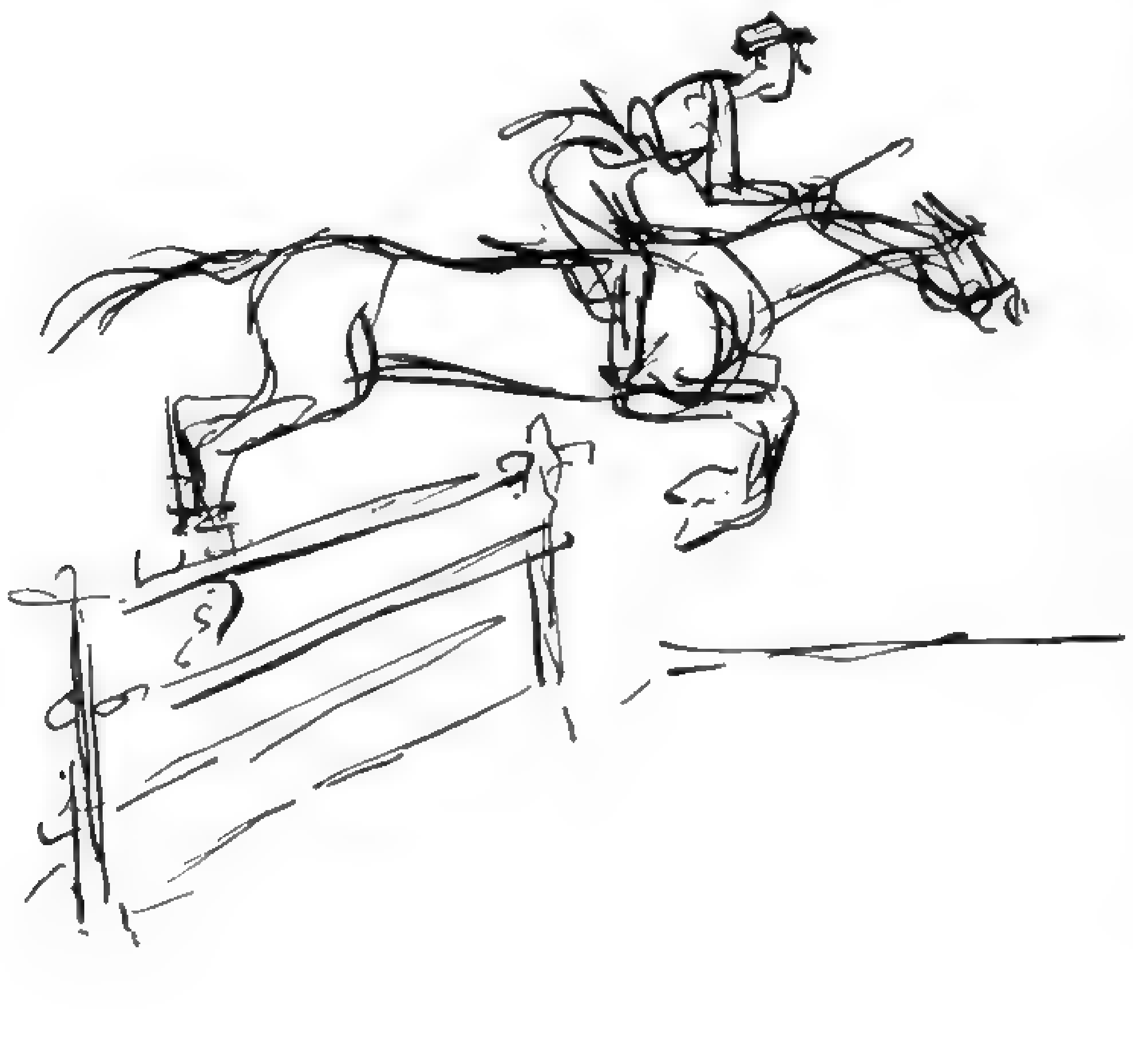
You will encounter others who assert they go riding for pleasure and exercise and would scorn any attempt at "fancy" riding.

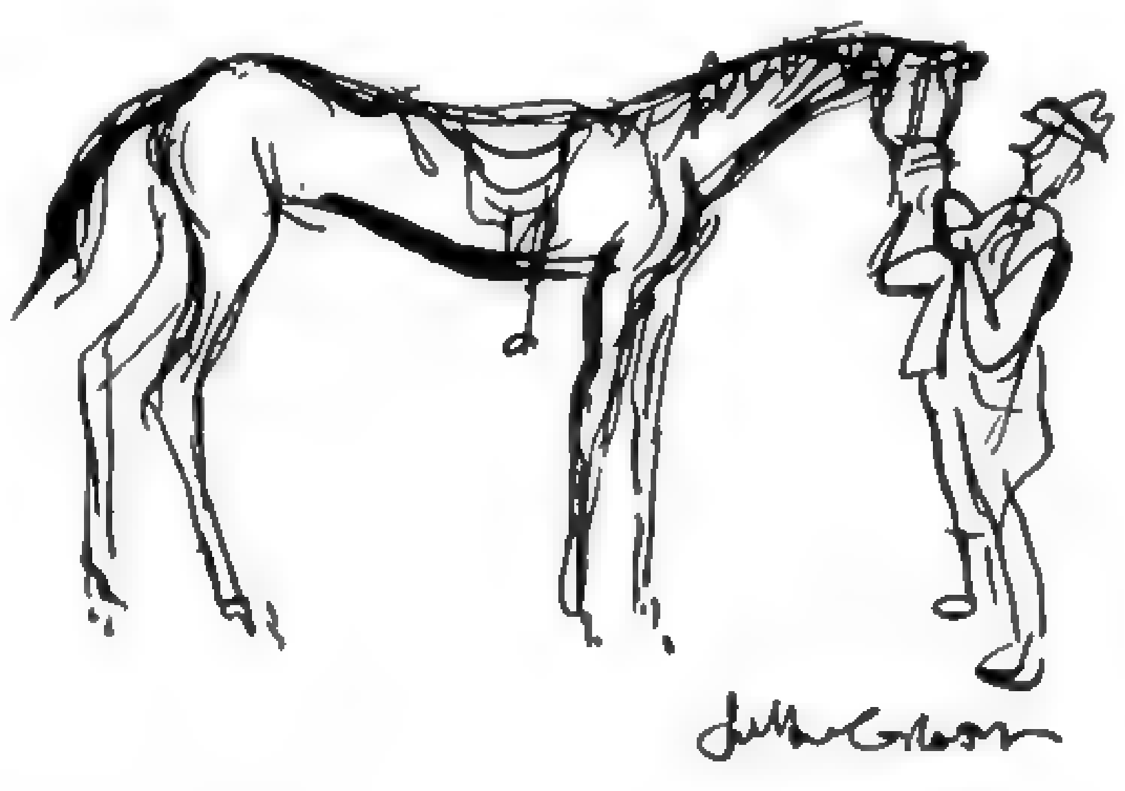
Yet no one need apologize for equestrian style. It is as essential to perfection in riding as form and stance are in golf.

It is important to good riding that the rider bestow upon his horse some affection, consideration and understanding of his mount's character. He may well occasionally wonder what a horse thinks about.

It is only fair to say, in speaking about form, that there are different "schools" of riding, each with a partly different practice. To some extent you take your choice. In the Army and through the West, wherever the deep stock saddle is used, they ride "hard," sticking tight to the saddle without posting. In an English or flat saddle one posts, or rises at the trot. Once mastered, either style is equally comfortable and presentable. Both require balancing the body vertically, aided by "knee-grip" or firm hold by the muscles from the knee up the inner thigh. Similarly, there are several approved ways of holding the reins, each with a different reason; in the left hand only, or with the right hand over the left, or with the right snaffle rein withdrawn in the right hand or with two reins in each hand. All these are chiefly matter of opinion. The horse has his own ideas about them.

Everyone, including the horse, agrees that the two main requirements for good riding are light hands and secure seat. The trained rider sits up very straight with spine supple and with just enough rein length so his mount feels the touch of his hands all the time but not an ounce more. We control the horse by putting a curb and a snaffle bit in his mouth, because it is a tender part, yet unless we handle him skillfully we can soon undo this means of control. Continual pulling paralyzes the sensitive nerves and makes the horse "hard-mouthed," after which he no longer feels a signal to slow or stop and, if sufficiently annoyed to bolt, cannot readily be brought down. Kindness to animals and self-preservation both suggest light hands.





Stable manners are not incompatible with table manners as long as one does not get them mixed. There are certain things one can do that will show grooms and others present that one has the *savoir faire* when it comes to horses. For example, suppose that the horse you are to ride has been saddled and bridled, ready for you to mount. You approach in a gentlemanly and dignified manner, the picture of composure whether you feel it or not. You do not raise your arms or voice or otherwise disconcert the horse. Instead, you come up to him at the non-kicking end and hold out your hand in a friendly way, palm up. He will probably nibble at it, expecting to find a lump of sugar or a carrot, although he knows neither can comfortably be eaten with the bridle on. You rub the sides of his cheeks where the leather chafes; you do not pat or stroke his face—and you leave his ears alone. It is perfectly proper to talk to the horse, if you know what he likes to talk about. Otherwise, prepare to mount.

It is at this point that the novice will betray himself. One should remember always that one can easily get oneself mistaken for a proper horseman or horsewoman, if one will go through certain simple motions. Take pains to examine the curb chain under the horse's chin, passing the fingers over it, (ostentatiously, of course), to make sure it is comfortable for him, then to feel if the girth is secure and next to inspect the stirrups for correct length. For this purpose you stand at the horse's left (called the near side, possibly because it is when one stands there), nonchalantly take the stirrup iron with the right hand and slide it down the full length of the stirrup leather. Taking a step back from the horse, you reach the tips of the fingers of your left hand to the buckle on the stirrup leather, where it is attached to the saddle, and with the right hand bring the stirrup-iron up under your left arm-pit. The length of the stirrup from buckle to iron should be the length of your arm. Take up or let out a few holes to adjust it exactly. Not forgetting that you have two legs, you pass around in front of the horse and in the same way adjust the stirrup on the off side. Return from the "off" to the "near" side via the safer route.

Picking up the reins is the next move preparatory to swinging gracefully up into the saddle. To the beginner it may now seem as if the horse had somehow acquired a whole bunch of reins. If temporarily confused as to their proper order, pause a moment. Look critically at the horse's neck as though to convey your poor opinion of the groom's curry-combing. This will give you time to recall that there are two bits, to each side of which is fastened one end of a narrow strap or rein. The upper bit is the snaffle; the lower is the curb. The snaffle rein has a buckle exactly in the middle, while the curb rein is sewn together. You place the snaffle rein on the curb with the buckle over the sewn spot and pull the reins through your left hand with your right. You now, unless you have performed some sleight of hand, hold four lines issuing from your right fist. It is a simple matter to extend the fingers of the left hand like a fan and insert one after another between the four reins so that the little finger is between the first two; then a finger, then a rein, until you have run out of fingers. You will be pleased to discover that you have thus separated all the reins with fingers and arranged them snaffle-curb-curb-snaffle, which is exactly as it should be. The ends of the reins fold over the index finger and the thumb is clamped down, tightly and permanently, over all four. Hold your reins lightly, with your wrist bent outwards, but keep that thumb there.

You are now at liberty to swing gracefully up into the saddle. It will help if you rest your left hand, which is holding the reins, on the horse's withers, just forward of the pommel. With the right hand take the stirrup iron, face the horse's flank or tail and raise your left foot very high, so you can place the ball of it on the stirrup iron which your right hand is holding ready. Next put your right hand on the rear end of the saddle. As you are now standing on one foot, the right one, it is the only one you can spring off. You aid the spring by pulling yourself up with both hands. As your weight is transferred to the left leg, you swing the right leg out over the horse, moving the right hand quickly from the rear to the front of the saddle, to get it out of the way of your right leg, and down you come to rest facing for-

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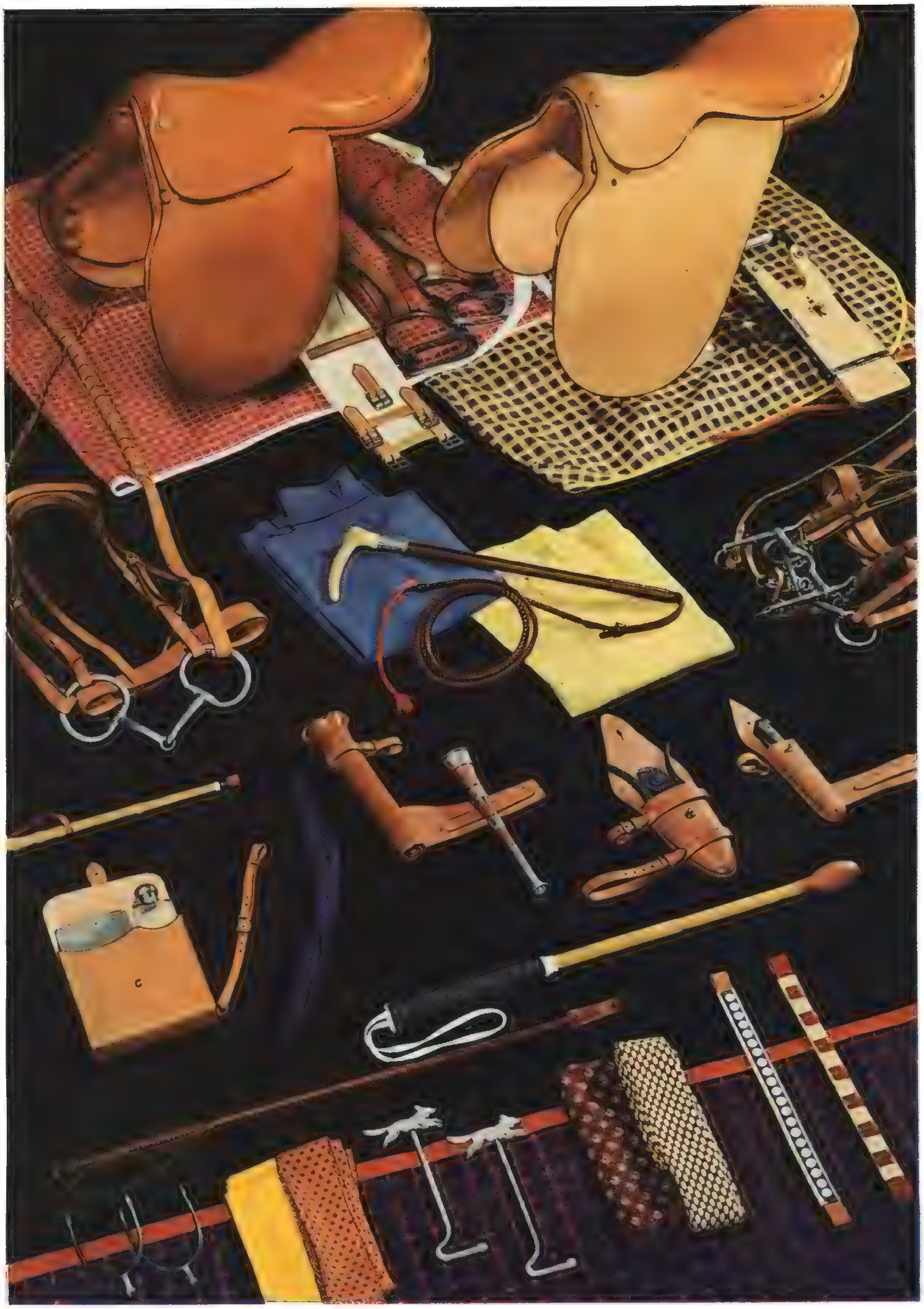
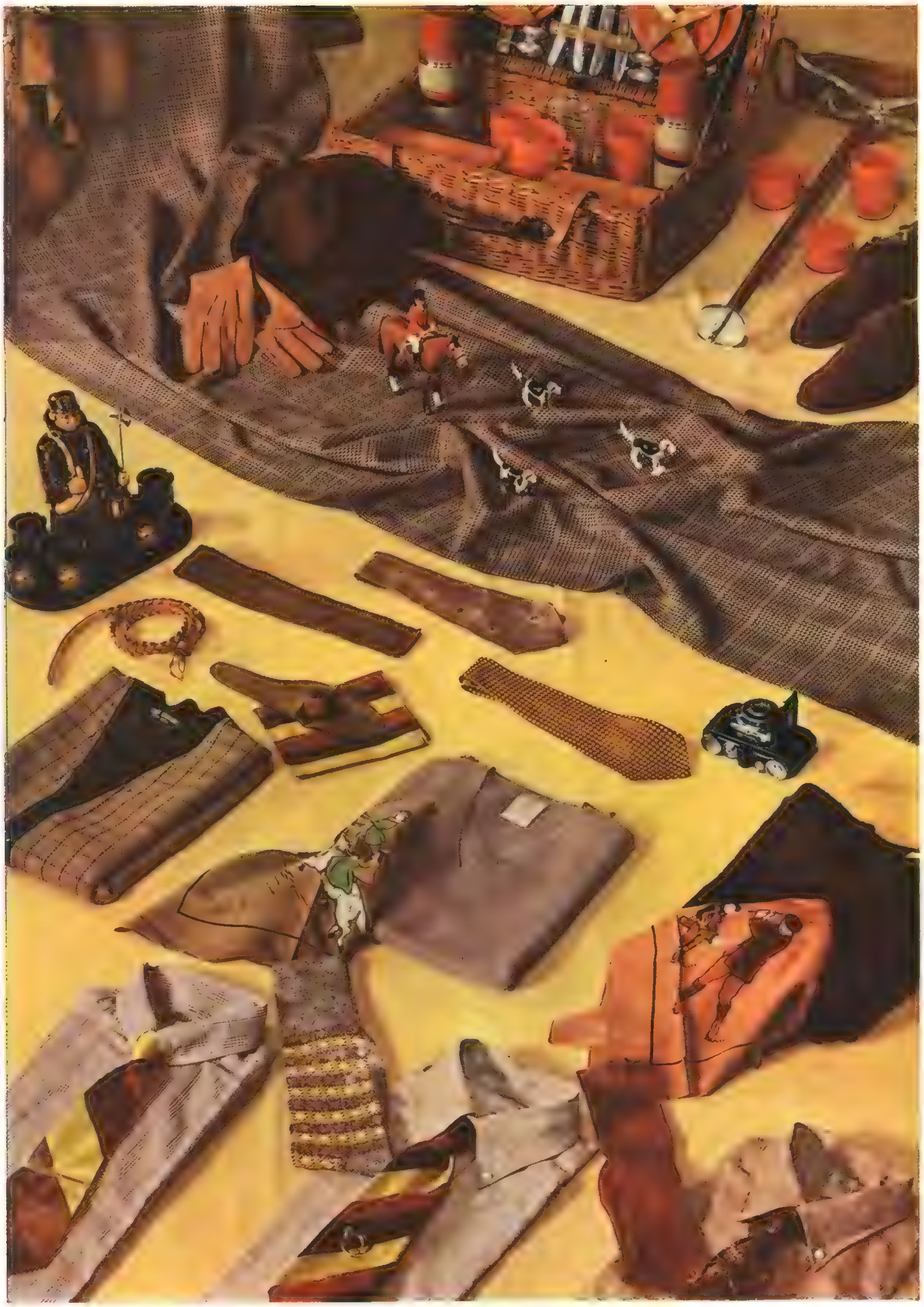


THESE, TOO, THE HORSE WILL APPRECIATE

This timely presentation for the most enjoyable months of the riding year (whether for country or park riding, or for hunting, no season is more propitious than the fall), shows an array of tack and accessories for the horseman. At left, a hunting saddle, at right, a saddle for hacking and hunting. Both blankets are cotton. The girth is of white canvas. The bootjack is a newly patented device. Both single and double bridles are shown, the former with laced reins. Both the pullover and the hunting shirt are wool. The other objects are a regulation hunting crop, a horsehair fly whisk, huntsman's horn and case, two cased wire cutters, those at left with extension handle, cased sandwich box and flask, braided leather riding bat, weighted polo stick exercising handle, wishbone spurs, four patterns in foulard stocks, fox handled boothooks, colored brow bands and woolen horse blanket.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y., for sources of articles photographed.)



FOR THE SEASON OF BROWN OCTOBER ALE

THE articles on this page, with the single exception of the miniature kodak, are keyed in color harmony with the browns, tans, and brighter shades of autumn foliage. The usefulness of the tea basket and the shooting stick-seat are obvious in the picnic season. Also self explanatory are most of the wearables on the page. The suiting length is a Saxony overplaided fabric, the hat is a felt porkpie, the shoes are monk front reversed calf, the sweaters are, left to right, a tweed front jacket with knitted back, an alpaca shell stitch pullover, and a brown Shetland pullover. The shirts, left to right, are a Glen plaid broadcloth, a button down oxford, and a flannel plaid. The tie on the shirt at the right is a Java print cotton. The Town Crier set, with bottle and cups, is of glazed pottery. The huntsman and dog figurines are wooden. The other articles may be identified, it is hoped, without description.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y., for sources of articles photographed.)

But for this . . .

A fantasy of the limitations of immortality that surround the memory of a common man

by LAJOS ZILAHY

• FICTION •

He didn't stop to wash the turpentine from his hands, but merely dried them on the rag that was hanging on a nail behind the door.

Then he untied the green carpenter's apron from his waist and shook the shavings from his trousers.

He put on his hat and, before going out the door, turned to the old carpenter who was standing with his back to him, stirring the glue. His voice was weary as he said:

"Goodnight."

A strange mysterious feeling had shivered in him since morning.

There had been a bad taste in his mouth.

For a moment his hand would stop moving the plane, and his eyes would close, tired.

He went home and listlessly ate his supper.

He lived at an old woman's, the widow of Ferenz Borka, in a bare little room which had once been a wood shed.

That night—on the fourth day of October, 1874—at a quarter past one in the morning, the journeyman carpenter, John Kovacs, died.

He was a soft-spoken, sallow-faced man, with sagging shoulders and a rusty mustache.

He died at the age of thirty-five.

Two days later, they buried him.

He left no wife, nor child behind, no one but a cook living in Budapest in the service of a bank president, by the name of Torday.

She was John Kovac's cousin.

Five years later, the old carpenter in whose shop he had worked, died, and nine years later death took the old woman in whose shed he had lived.

Fourteen years later, Torday's cook, John Kovac's cousin, died.

Twenty-one months later—in the month of March of 1895—in a pub at the end of Kerepesi ut, cabbies sat around a red clothed table drinking wine.

It was late in the night, it must have been three o'clock. They sprawled with their elbows on the table, shaking with raucous laughter.

Clouds of thick smoke from vile cigars curled around them. They recalled the days of their military service.

One of them, a big, ruddy-faced, double-chinned coachman whom they called Fritz, was saying:

"Once my friend, the corporal, made a recruit stick his head into the stove . . ."

And at this point he was seized by a violent fit of laughter as he banged the table with the palm of his hand.

"Jeez!" he roared.

The veins swelled on his neck and temples and for many minutes he choked, twitched and shook with convulsive laughter.

When he finally calmed down he continued, interrupting himself with repeated guffaws.

"He made him stick his head into the stove and in there he made him shout one hundred times 'Herr Zugsfierer, ich melde gehorsammst' . . . poor chump, there he was on all fours and we paddled his behind till the skin almost split on our fingers."

Again he stopped to get over another laughing spell.

Then he turned to one of the men. "Do you remember, Franzi?" Franzi nodded.

The big fellow put his hand to his forehead.

"Now . . . what was the fellow's name . . ."

Franzi thought for a moment and then said: "Ah . . . a . . . Kovacs . . . John Kovacs."

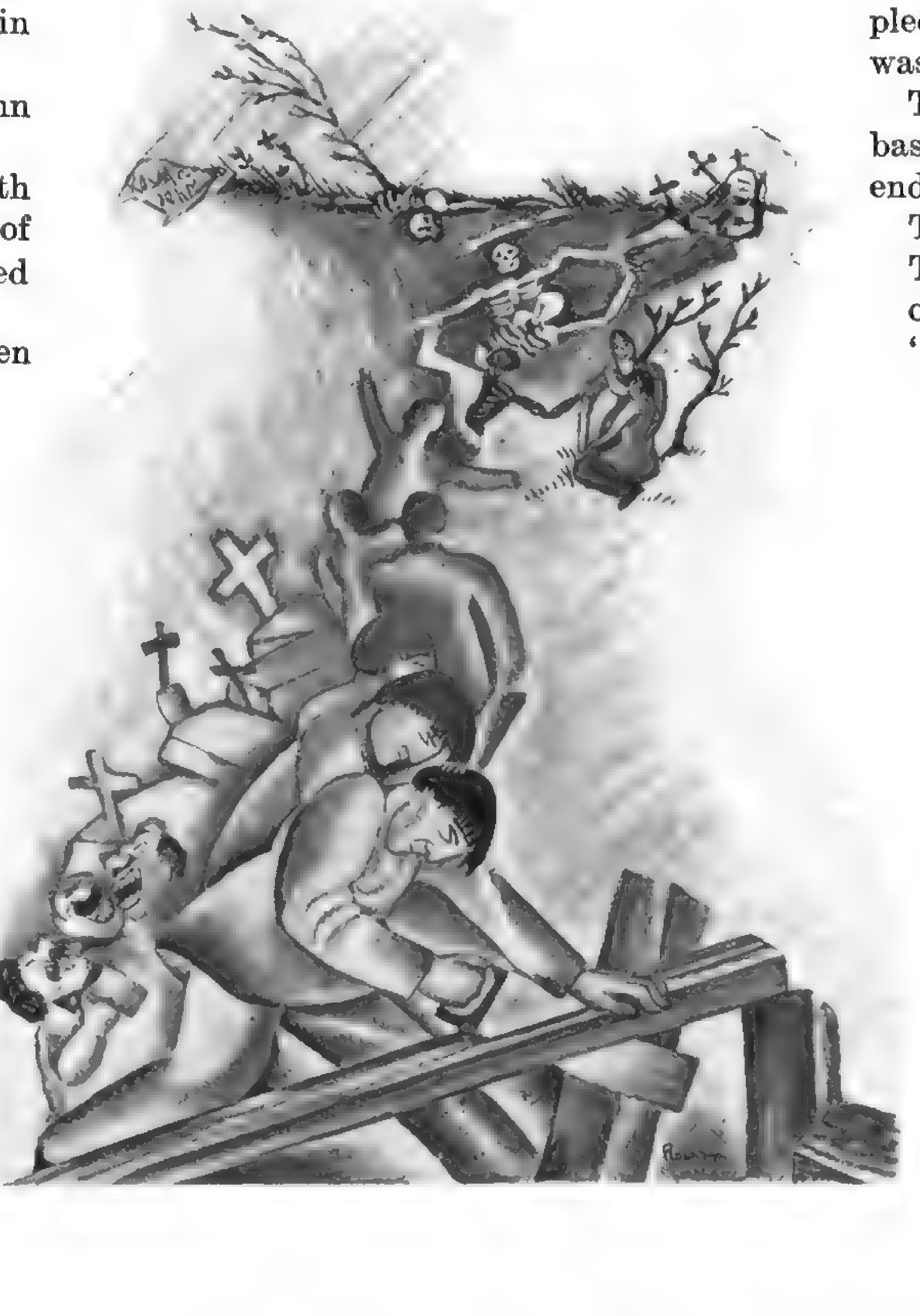
That was the last time ever a human voice spoke the name of John Kovacs.

On November the tenth, in 1899, a woman suffering from heart disease was carried from an O Buda tobacco factory to St. John's Hospital. She must have been about forty-five years old.

They put her on the first floor in ward number 3.

She lay there on the bed, quiet and terrified; she knew she was going to die.

It was dark in the ward, the rest of the patients were already asleep: only a wick sputtered in a small blue oil lamp.



Her eyes staring wide into the dim light, the woman reflected upon her life.

She remembered a summer night in the country, and a gentle-eyed young man, with whom—their fingers linked—she was roaming over the heavy scented fields and through whom that night she became a woman.

That young man was John Kovacs and his face, his voice, the glance of his eyes had now returned for the last time.

But this time his name was not spoken, only in the mind of this dying woman did he silently appear for a few moments. The following year a fire destroyed the Calvinist rectory and its dusty records that contained the particulars of the birth and death of John Kovacs.

In January, 1901, the winter was hard.

Toward evening in the dark a man dressed in rags climbed furtively over the ditch that fenced in the village cemetery.

He stole two wooden crosses to build a fire.

One of the crosses had marked the grave of John Kovacs.

Again two decades passed.

In 1920, in Kecskemet, a young lawyer sat at his desk making an inventory of his father's estate.

He opened every drawer and looked carefully through every scrap of paper.

On one was written: "Received 4 Florins, 60 kraciers. The price of two chairs polished respectfully Kovacs John."

The lawyer glanced over the paper, crumpled it in his hand and threw it into the wastepaper basket.

The following day the maid took out the basket and emptied its contents in the far end of the courtyard.

Three days later it rained.

The crumpled paper soaked through and only this much remained on it:

". . . Kova . . . J. . . ."

The rain had washed away the rest; the letter "J" was barely legible.

These last letters were the last lines, the last speck of matter that remained of John Kovacs.

A few weeks later the sky rumbled and the rain poured down as though emptied from buckets.

On that afternoon the rain washed away the remaining letters.

The letter "v" resisted longest, because there where the line curves in the "v," John Kovacs had pressed on his pen.

Then the rain washed that away too.

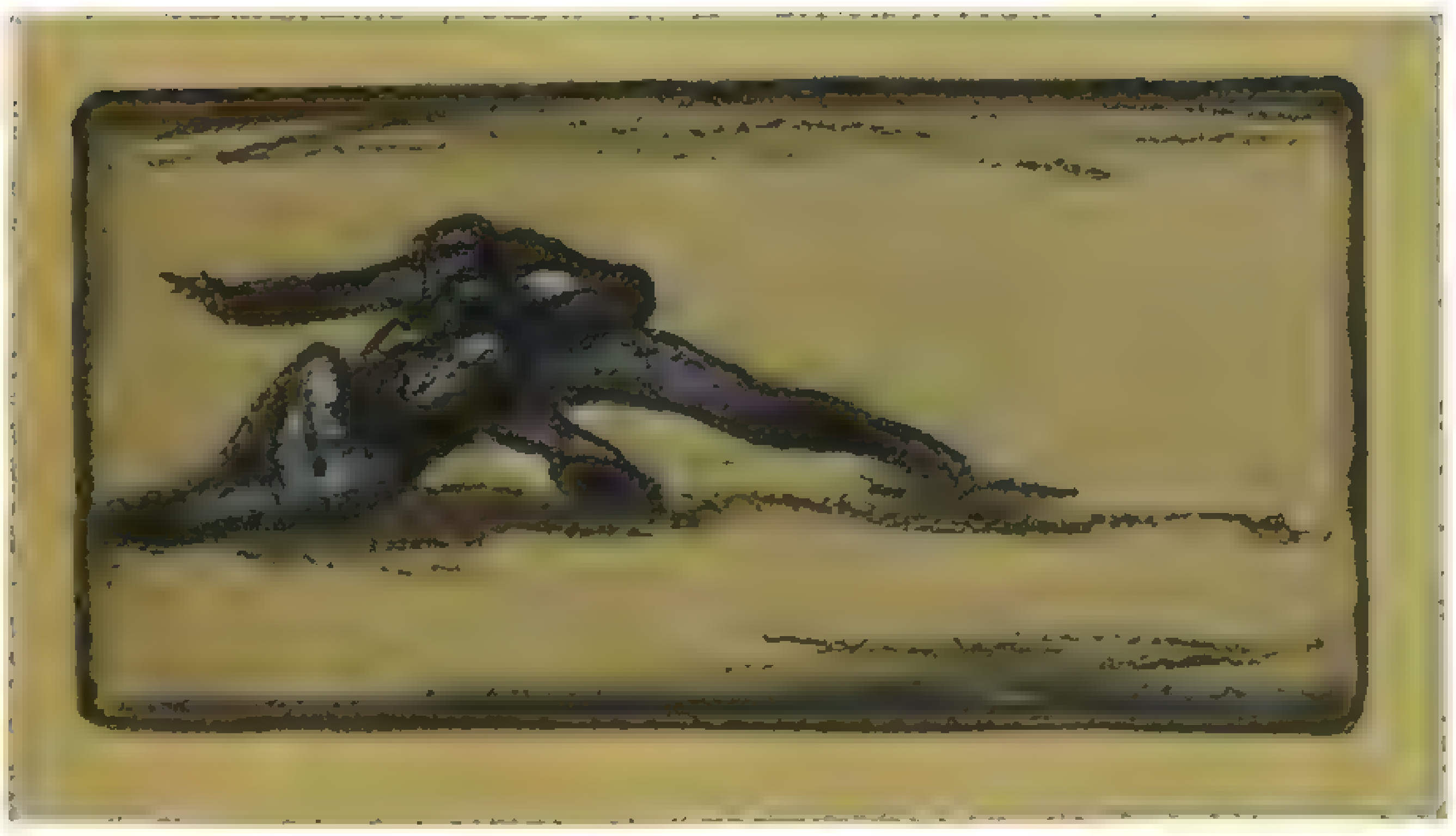
And in that instant—forty-nine years after his death—the life of the journeyman carpenter ceased to exist and forever disappeared from this earth. . . . But for this . . . ⧺

Sidelights on Winning Streaks

Analysis of the factors that make football teams get hot, as told to Frank J. Taylor

by GLENN S. "POP" WARNER

SPORTS ■



Why is it that even in a well matched conference of college teams one outfit will dominate the whole group with a display of gridiron strength that is unbeatable, often for years on end, then suddenly topple from championship caliber? What takes place in the making and breaking of a winning streak?

During the forty odd years that I have devoted to football I have been intrigued with the idea of discovering the secret of winning streaks. I guess every other coach has played with the same thought, and plenty of alumni enthusiasts, too. Every season when my squad comes out for preliminary practice, I draw on Elbert Hubbard's story and tell the boys that a football player is like an apple—as long as it is green it keeps on growing, but when it gets ripe it falls off the tree.

The same thing is true of football teams as a whole and that is the answer I give to football fans who brood because dear old Alma Mater's squad has its ups and downs, alternating periods of victory that gladden alumni hearts with long stretches of defeat that invariably spell years of gloom.

In my day I have seen a dozen or more teams rise to such heights that they completely dominated the football picture. Each, at the heydey of its winning streak, was unbeatable. Then, in due course, it got ripe and some insignificant rival knocked "the wonder team" off the apple tree.

I can see about five fundamental angles that enter into the making of an "unbeatable" team. Winning streaks may be launched by various combinations of these essential factors. They all seem to come to an end in the same way. The victory team gets too good. It can't stand success. The players cease to improve. They become self-satisfied. Win after win takes the edge off victory. The incentive isn't there and the underdog team that has been waiting around with a tongue hanging out hungrily for a taste of the sweet meat of victory finally tears in and wallops the champ.

In most cases the right combination of elements for a winning streak team in one school is accidental, but there isn't any good reason why it has to be left to accident if a school or an enthusiastic alumni group wants to build up a winning team. The makings of a winning streak are these:

First comes good material. No school can have a good football team without good players. That is fundamental. The boys don't have to be star players when they come to college, but they must be good athletic material. That means they must be strong, of good size, smart, and burning with the urge to be athletes. If they have been good football players previously, so much the better.

Paradoxically, the fact that a school has plenty of athletic material is no sign it is headed for a string of victories. There are hundreds of schools throughout the land that have the best kind of material for football but they turn out few winning teams. It takes something else besides material, except in the rare instances when a group of the right boys will roll into a campus simultaneously and produce a "natural" team that mops up on every rival.

Such an accident was the handful of players who happened to come to little Center College in Kentucky some years ago. Born athletes, these fellows just naturally made up a winning team. While they were at Center they cleaned up on its rivals, big and little. Center played clear out of its class and always won. But that was only a flash in the pan. It couldn't last, and it didn't. It was the exception which proves the rule that it takes more than athletic material to make a team capable of putting over a sustained winning streak.

The second factor is school spirit. I don't mean the kind of spirit that packs the bleachers with howling students and alumni or that is indicated by the greatest volume of noise and cheering. That sort of stuff is good for the fans, because it brings them out into the fresh air, gives their lungs exercise, and makes them forget their troubles. But I doubt if all that noise and cheering has any effect on the players at all.

Once the game has started, the teams don't even hear the cheers, except when they are trying to call signals. Then bleacher support is a handicap. Some of the best games my teams have ever played were on fields where the cheering was all against them. I would rather have it that way. I'd rather have my players the underdogs. I learned that years ago at the Carlisle Indian School. The Indian boys always played on the other fellow's field because we had no athletic facilities to speak of at Carlisle. It was no disadvantage to them to be the invaders.

There is another kind of spirit, though, that goes a lot deeper than the organized mass production of noisy enthusiasm at a big football game. It is a deep-seated determination on the part of every fellow on the team to win. Every player gets imbued with the idea that he is crusading for a cause. It is known as the "old fighting spirit." You hear of coaches giving their boys "the fight talk" just before the game to fire them with this spirit. Only occasionally can it be done that way. The spirit has to be there naturally, fired up by a few players who can imbue a whole team with it.

Or an incident may fill them with fight. It may be trivial, but it's the medicine the squad needs. I recall one game played by the Carlisle Indians when I was coaching them in which they tore loose and walloped one of the big eastern college teams . . . a much better team than ours. The Indian boys played away over their heads. I was just as surprised as anyone else, and after the game I asked, "What got into you fellows, anyway, to make you play like that?"

They looked at one another and then one Indian spoke up and said that the night before they were sitting in the hotel when they overheard a couple of traveling salesmen talking about the forthcoming game. Finally, one of the salesmen said, "Well, Pop Warner's Indians may not be much of a football team, but they always put on a good show."

For some reason that chance remark riled the Indian boys and stirred up the slumbering fighting urge.

"We just decided to show them that the Carlisle outfit was traveling as a football team," said the captain, "and not as a wild west show!"

That's the "fight" that makes lesser teams go out and wallop much better squads against all odds. There are days when a team will "get hot" and click so marvelously in the plays that no outfit can stop it—weight, experience, dope and everything to the contrary. On rare occasions a team having excellent material will become fired so deeply with that spirit that the embers don't die out. Then you have the makings of a winning streak—provided you have the other necessary ingredients.

Third comes good coaching, which boils down to two angles: making the best use of the material on hand, and originating new ideas for plays that will give the team the edge. Often a good new play that clicks consistently will give a team an advantage for at least a season. It may take the rivals that long to work out an adequate defense for the strategy. Give a growing team an advantage for a season and you have done a lot to fire up a winning streak.

The first winning streak I recall got under way in that manner. It was back in the 'nineties when Harvard, Yale and Princeton dominated the football picture completely. They were the Big Three and no outside team could touch them. They all played a push and pull type of football and the outfit with the most beef usually won. It was the behemoth era of football.

One of the outsiders, looking on hungrily, was Pennsylvania. When any of the Big Three teams played Pennsylvania, it was regarded merely as a practice game. Then, about 1893, George Woodruff, a great inventive coach, took charge of the football activities at Pennsylvania. He taught the Penn ends to play close in and smash interference. He originated the on-side kick by the quarterback, brought his guards back to run with the ball and form interference, and generally improved the game. Once the Penn players got the hang of his ideas they ran rings around the best teams in the country, including Harvard, Yale and Princeton. Pennsylvania so dominated football for several years that the Big Three conference was enlarged to the Big Four with Pennsylvania the gridiron boss of the quartet.

Item number four in the making of a winning streak is alumni support. It is one of the curious angles of college life that when old Alma Mater's team is going well the alumni take the victories as a matter of course.

But when the team is being walloped consistently by Old Rival, and the alumni are digging down into their check books to pay off the bets, it is another story. First they get sore and grouse around. Then they decide to do something about it. They demand that Alma Mater hire a new coach, and they begin scouting all over the countryside for promising prep school boys who ought to be pointed to the Alma Mater campus.

It is an odd fact, but any experienced coach will bear me out in it, that many good prep school athletes do not naturally point themselves toward the college whose team is enjoying a winning streak. A boy figures it out that it will be lot harder to make the team of the school that already has a star aggregation.

So unless he is an exceptional star himself, he decides that his chances will be better at another college. In this way the conference leader is cheated out of much needed material for future teams.

Finally—and this is a most important factor—there is the psychology of the situation. The team that is winning begins to take it easy, in spite of everything the coach can do to warn the players of the danger of becoming fat-headed. He is only one against a whole host of sport writers who are spilling buckets of printers' ink building up each boy and giving the squad the idea that it is a "wonder team." The players, after all, are just a bunch of kids, and praise tastes a lot sweeter than the words of the coach who's just an old crab and an alarmist.

On the other hand, all the other coaches in the conference are laying for the winner. That is each team's one aim in life, to break up the victor's winning streak. All honor to the underdog, who un-horses the champ! Even the alumni and the student body get to saying that it would be a good thing for the sport if the winning streak were broken. There is no thrill in having the same team win game after game, season after season. That is the real reason why winning streaks never last more than a few seasons. Nine years, I believe, is the longest one on record.

Take a look at the outstanding winning streak teams of the country. All of them had one element in common, good material. Also, championship spirit. Most of them were trained by coaches with new ideas. Alumni enthusiasm and the right psychological atmosphere were certainly factors. In their day every one of these teams were "unbeatable," but they were all defeated finally by outfits that looked inferior on paper. What is true of these national champions applies also to the less famous teams in their own conferences. What is true of colleges applies likewise to prep schools. Winning streaks all have a similar background.

When the University of Pennsylvania humbled members of the Big Three year after year in the early 'nineties, using George Woodruff's revolutionary tactics, the feat opened the eyes of mid-western colleges to their own gridiron possibilities. Penn was considered a "western team," at that time, in football parlance. Her winning streak fired the hopes of several other western colleges to produce championship teams.

The next winning streak of importance was that of Minnesota. About 1899, Dr. Harry Williams took over the job of coaching the boys at that university. He found plenty of good material, since the college drew from the farms of the Gopher State many a husky Scandinavian youth built to order for pushing rival giants off the turf. Williams wasn't content with pushing and pulling tactics. He was an idea man and a strategist. He invented a quick shift of the linesmen and the backs just before the play started one season, sprung it on his opponents. It was known as the "Minnesota shift" and was the first of that type of deception to be used in football. It took the rest of the mid-west conference teams completely by surprise.

The other coaches pooh-poohed the shift idea, but Minnesota went right on perfecting it. The big, fast Minnesota machine steam-rollered every outfit it encountered for several years to come.

A couple of years after Minnesota got under way, Michigan employed Fielding H. Yost to coach her football team. He found a wealth of material at Ann Arbor, and lost no time in developing a winning squad. Yost's teams never lost time either. He was always hustling them into play and soon earned the nickname of "Hurry Up" Yost. His teams played orthodox football but they differed from all other outfits in the speed with which they snapped into play. Before the other side was set, Yost's center had snapped the ball, and the Michiganders were romping down the field. In 1901, Yost started Michi-

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The Mother

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"It's great, it's beautiful—" she sighed: "Too bad!"

He held back a gesture of annoyance: "Yes, yes, I know!"

"If you had only discovered it last year . . ."

"No doubt, but—"

"I'd still have my little boy—"

"Really, it isn't my fault—"

"You could have worked harder," she insisted with gentle stubbornness, "and that's a fact—you used to go to the theater with Louise, you attended dinner in town—one night, you were in a great hurry—I remember very well—to go to a ball—"

"We all must live, Henriette."

"Not when one has charge of the dying."

"I forgive you, Henriette, but you are unjust. I killed myself with work—"

"Killed yourself! You're living!"

"Listen, Henriette, I am very tired—I have letters to write, urgent letters. You'll find Louise in her room. Dine with us. Is that all you had to tell me?"

"I have this to tell you: If you had found that—"

He drew nearer, was struck by the hard glitter of her eyes, by the nervous twitching of the mouth. His manner changed, he became persuasive, coaxing, realizing he was dealing with a patient.

"We're nothing, my poor Henriette. Resignation is needed. Particular cases are cruel, I know it. But there is humanity—"

"Humanity?" she caught the word, repeated it dully.

"Yes."

"What do I care for humanity? I lost my baby!"

"Be calm—"

"And it's your fault, do you hear, your fault! You should have worked quicker!"

Madame Guillepert rushed in at the cry. Henriette was bent over the doctor, and his wife thought at first he had fainted, that the woman was seeking to help him. Then Henriette rose, looked down at the motionless corpse, at the gaping throat. Then she explained softly to the woman frozen with horror: "Well, he should have discovered that last year." #

The Sour Puss

Continued from page 55

his big white eyeballs was a lemon yellow. He would beg Lennie with tears in his eyes to let him alone.

He didn't dare say a word to the cops, but he'd tell Lennie—Mistah Lennie, he called him—that he didn't want no trouble with him, and please, white boy, go 'way and leave this poor old nigger be. That was the funniest of all. A big laugh.

Now there is various ways of putting the business on a harness bull, but the safest way is for things to start happening in his district. Little things, see, but constant—like broken windows, fights, looted warehouses, busted street lamps, a few quiet burglaries.

Pretty soon headquarters has the bull on the carpet to know why. The chief never wanted no sissies in the Heights. Once the local boys got out of hand, there was no stopping 'em. There had to be somebody on the beat that could be friends and still be boss of them.

That's the way it was with Frank McCarthy. Nothing much at first, but the trouble kept growin'. First thing you know he was worried, and pretty soon he was doing some explaining in the precinct station. We all knew it and felt good about it. Frank was keeping his mouth shut and laying off the shine's hard luck in the Nickel Lunch, so that meant he was afraid and trying to get Lennie and the boys to forgive and forget. But Lennie was out for him; he was open to no offers. However, we was very much mistaken on Frank. We had him taped for a tough guy that had made too much ginger for himself and wanted to crawl out from under. We forgot he was ambitious, or didn't know what it was; few guys got ambitious in the Heights. Ambitious guys are generally real rats, take it from me.

Well, one day I am tooling my motor down Fourth with a hot wire in my poke when I get the office from Benny Cohn, who is standing on the curb. I stopped to talk to him.

"Come on in the shine's place," Benny says. "Lennie is passing it around that he has a new gag to work today."

"I wish I could," I says, "but I got a hot one here."

"Aw, come on," Benny says. "You got time for a belly laugh. You can have a 'burger on me."

I needed a laugh right then, because my old woman was feeling rotten—in fact she died not long after; so I go in with him. The sad-faced shine asks us what we will have. We both had to laugh at him. He was trembling. He knew what time it was and who was due to see him.

"Give us two without and a coupla cups of mud," Benny says. "You waitin' for somebody?"

We both laugh. The shine's eyeballs was perfectly yellow.

"Ah'm goin' broke," the shine says quavering. "That ain't so funny, boys—drivin' an ol' black boy out on the street."

"The hell it ain't," Benny says. "It all depends on how you drive a guy out on the street, Crackers."

We both bellered our heads off, as did a couple of other guys that were in there eatin'.

Benny was a kind of a comical guy. He said some more stuff I can't remember now. But the shine just stood at the stove and shook.

In a minute Lennie comes in.

"How is my old friend?" Lennie says. "I know you will be very glad to see me again."

We all laughed, and Lennie nodded to us. He was very nice and seemed in a good humor. Me and Benny even shook hands with him. The shine never said a word; he just got out everything he had and started to cook it.

"I got a grand plaster here," Lennie says. "I suppose you will bust it for me?"

"Ah ain't got much change, Mistah Lennie," Crackers says.

"Okay," Lennie says. "Then we will match quarters, you and me."

"Ah don't believe ah would care to, Mistah Lennie," the shine says.

"Oh, yes you would," Lennie says. "You are going to, also. Get out your dough when you finish cookin'."

He holds up his quarter for us to see. It was a phony coin, the same on both sides. We all nearly busted laughing. It was a cute gag, all right.

Well, I got an eye for blue. I bet I saw Frank McCarthy comin' in there in his uniform before anybody did. Right away it got hard for me to swallow. Frank speaks very soft.

"Lennie," he says, "I want to talk with you."

Lennie gets up off from the stool and faces him. It was most uncomfortable—and it gets more so right away, because Frank is deliberately fishing out his gun. That is extremely unusual for a cop. They was two tough guys. Lennie never batted an eye.

"What's the beef, flattie?" he says.

"It's you or me," Frank says. "So it's me first."

"I am going to get you, all right," Lennie says, "but not here."

"You are coming with me," Frank says. "But first you are taking that gat out of your pocket and handing it to me."

"I haven't got a gat," Lennie says, "and I am not handing it to you. If I had one, you would have to come and take it yourself. I am not pulling out gats on cops. Do I look dumb?"

Frank cocks his gun. There was no question but what this was the show-down. Both me and Benny gets ready for a quick dive.

"You can take your choice," Frank says, and he was talking barely above a whisper.

Well, Lennie was no sap. He knew Frank meant business, and he wasn't nuts about having his life stop right there. He was sure he would win in the end. So he reaches under his left armpit and hauls out the roscoe.

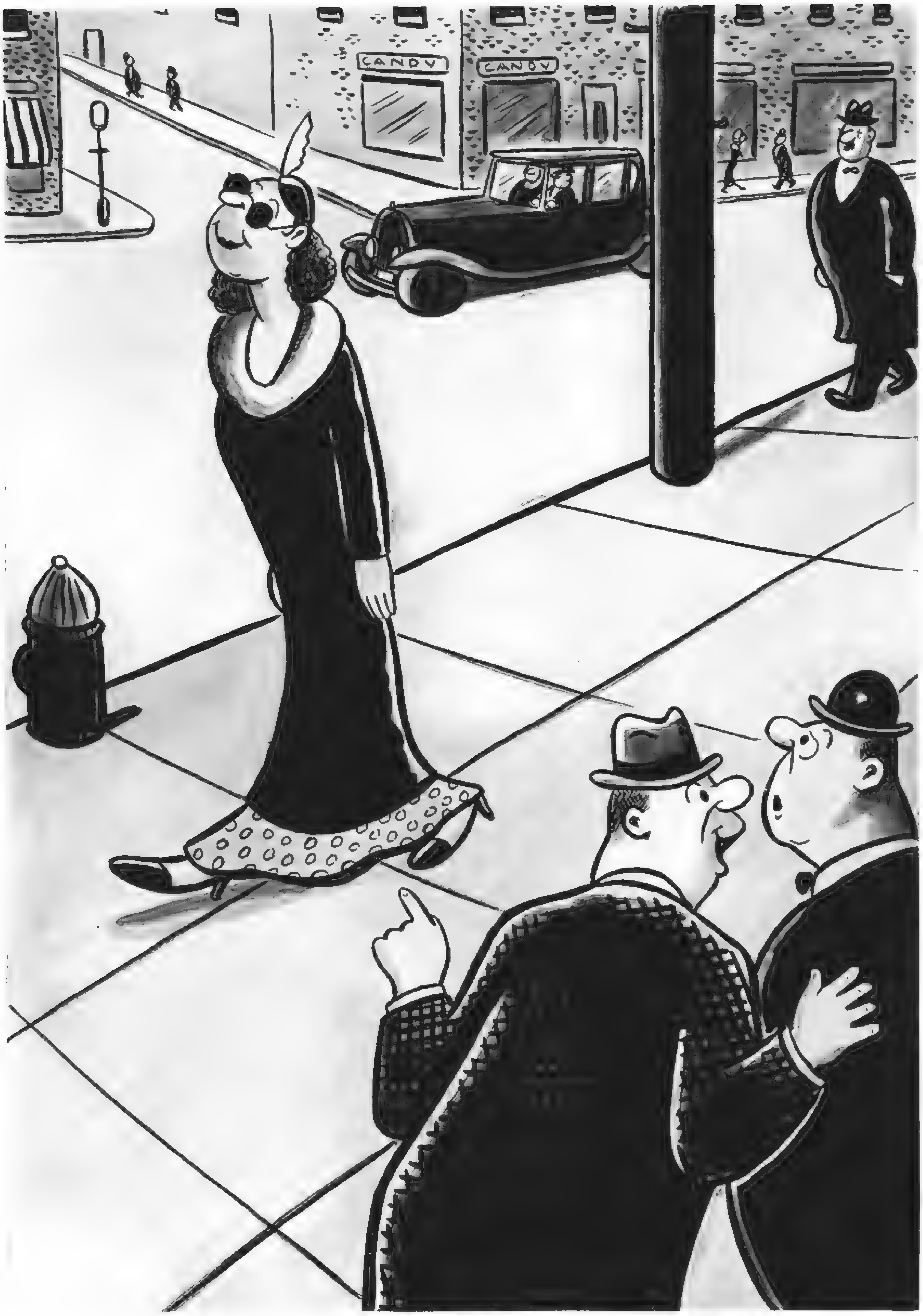
The minute he gets the gun in the open, Frank lets him have it twice, right in the chest. Lennie just stood there for a second, startled and surprised and scared to death, and then fell over backwards on the floor, the gat in his hand. He twitched a couple of times like a landed fish. There was blood pumping all over the front of him and his face still looked scared and surprised.

"I shot in self-defense," Frank says. "It was me or him. He pulled his gun on me, didn't he, Crackers?"

We all stared at the shine, most of us getting sick. Old Crackers leaned over the counter and looked at Lennie.

"Praise the Lawd!" he says. "He's daid, ain't he?"

Then the shine cracks one of the biggest grins I ever saw on a nigger, and they grow 'em big. You could see all his teeth, all his blue gums, most all of his throat. He must have almost sprung his jaws on that one. #


CANDY
CANDY

"Look, Larry—Garbo!"

Night of the Pig

It is a foolish thing for a man to get so hungry as to boast he can put all of a pig in himself

by ROBERT TOD STRUCKMAN

• FICTION •

"Tex-kt" is my name, gentlemen, and some call me Butch, and for a reason. But I never tell my right name, and for another reason. It is a dangerous thing, gentlemen, to have no story to tell at all.

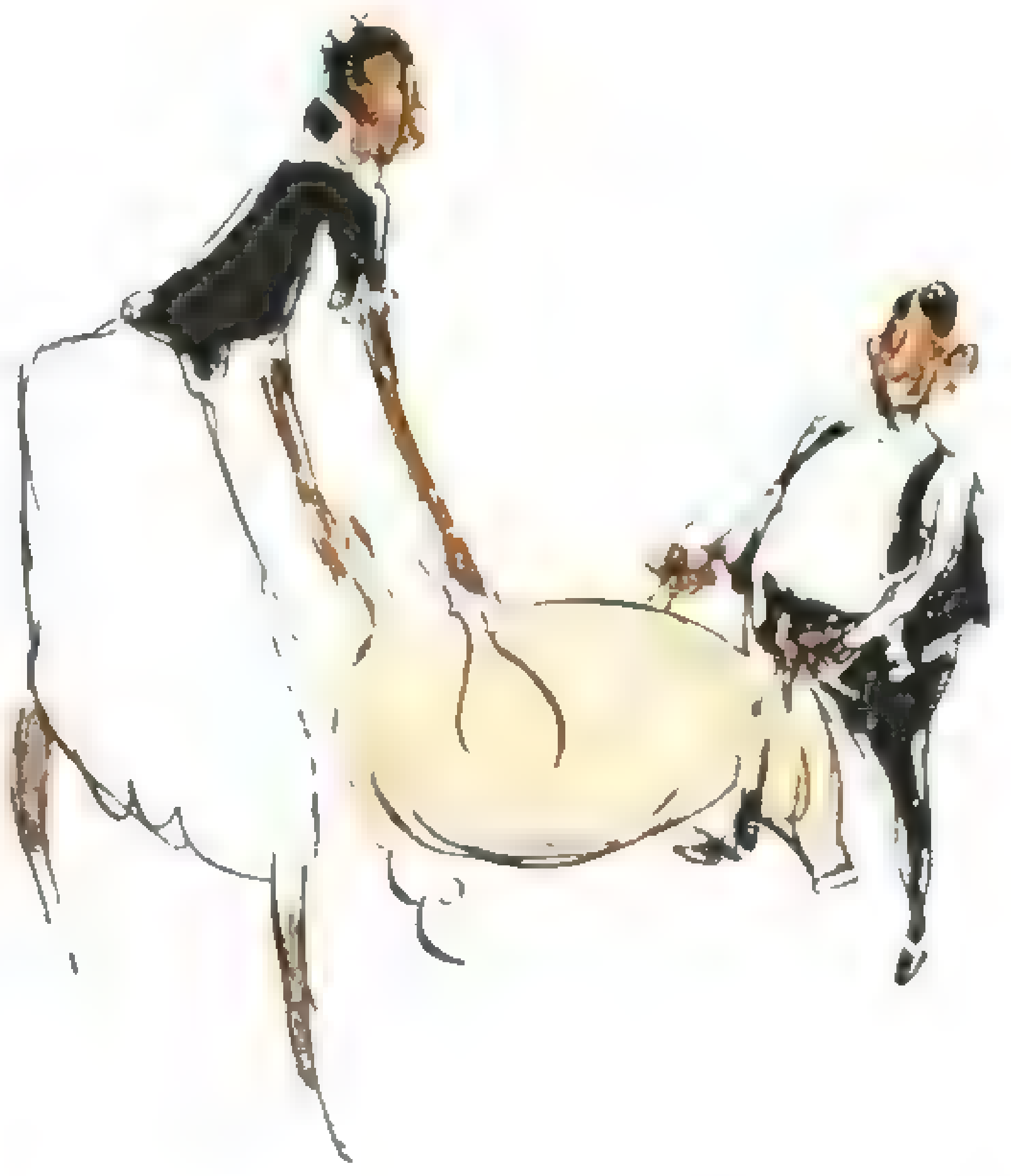
It was the black night I discovered that—the Night of the Pig. And you sit about here with plenty to eat and drink, saying you would look "high and low" for a man to do the work of cooking, and finish the eating and cleaning up. One of you said he was hungry enough to eat a pig entire, which is a loose statement. And none of you able to tell a story, which is a dangerous thing.

So on this weary night I was far in the country and it was black about the road. And I went to a house and asked for a bite and a place to sleep, and they turned me away; and I went to a next place, and it with hardly a light to the window. "Would you give me a place to sleep and a bite for my stomach?" I said, and they set the dog on me. So I went to the next, thinking I might offer to chop a bit of wood for them, although it was the dark night and I might cut my foot with the axe.

I knocked on the door and a man came, leading a great yellow pig, like a dog on a leash. The pig leaned forward and champed its ugly jaws at me. So I offered myself anyway: "I'm that hungry I would chop wood for a bite and a bed."

"Can you tell me a story?" the man asked as pleasant as his pig.

But never a story did I know to tell him, and me who has been from coast to coast so many times I'm a famous man. "I don't burn wood," said the man. "I don't like you and my pig doesn't like you. Go away or I'll loose the pig."



"I'm going sir, but I'm that hungry I could eat this pig entire," said I, not knowing the folly of a loose statement.

So the next place I saw was a little store, and a man sitting at a table, turning a beer-bottle about and looking at it, the while eating from a bowl of little herrings at his elbow. In I went, and the clerk was an ugly, snouty man, and looked at me none too kindly. So I eased over to the herrings and was about to dip when the clerk hit a rap on the counter. "Did you want to buy a drink?" he roared, as loud as you please.

Not a bit was the money I had, so I sat down easy at the table with the man and I asked him, just to start the conversation; "Why are you turning that beer-bottle side to side?"

"I was only reading," said he with a sigh.

"If you would buy me a bottle of beer," I offered, "I could then dip into the herrings."

"Can you tell me a story?" he asked.

"Not any story," said I, "but I've been from coast to coast so many times I'm a famous man."

And he asked me, "For what are you famous?" and I said, "for being from coast to coast so many times, and my name is 'Tex-KT'." I had never been called Butch in those days.

He sighed again, and the clerk-man motioned me outside with a lift of his ugly nose. "Don't," said the man at the table, not even looking up from his reading; "Don't come back to this black country without you can tell a story."

So I passed the next three places on the road, trying to think of a story to tell, but I was famished for a bite and a bed, and thinking up a story is none too easy in the black night. It was coming on to storm and there was not a blessed star in the sky. It was that dark you could look three miles into the sky and see no touch of light.

I could make out the rutty road by the light of my own eyes, and then I saw me a wall that was nearly destroyed, and a gate in it. So through the gate I went, to see if I could find the end to my weary walking. It was a tall barn alone, and not a light nor a house around it. Inside was the empty blackness, but I could smell hay above, and I thought to use the trembling fear I had of the place to make me forget the empty stomach, while I used the hay for a bed. Up above was the loft and I found a ladder at the wall and got up into it. The hay was mouldy and old enough, but I held back my sneezes for fear of the sudden noise, and climbed into the stuff for warmth. I made no noise, and I'm sure I didn't sleep for I was afraid, but not enough afraid to make a meal on. And I was sure I was well hidden, although there wasn't a thing in the barn to hide from yet.

So I heard a queer noise. Two people with uneven steps came into the barn below and they were dragging some great thing that sounded heavy and dead. "We'll roast him, for I never did like him at all," said a man's voice. "I'm glad he's dead, and I'm glad it was you that killed him," said another voice, and I shiver yet when I think it was a woman's voice. They dragged what they had dead across the barn to right under me, and you can think I made no noise from the fright I had, and I was glad I was well hid.

"You might start a fire," said the woman's voice. "I carried the body when we ran, and all you did so far was to kill."

"I'm that tired," said the man, "but I'll hold the match and you start the fire." Then there was a flare, and when they turned their heads I saw that they were frightful looking with great mouths on them stretched from ear to ear. And the great dead thing they had was the same yellow pig, but slaughtered, that the house-man had held on a leash.

The woman was four feet taller than the man, and a grim-looking figure with her great mouth. She pulled a manger apart with her hands and made to build a fire. The man touched it with the match, and his face and the barn were lighted red by the flame. One end of the loft was open to the below, and the light shone up to the tall ceiling. The floor in my part was shrunk and I looked through the cracks, but I was on hay, and under hay, and well hid. The flicker come up through the cracks made slats of light where it shone on the hay dust.

The woman speared the pig from each end with pitchforks and set it over the fire, like on a spit for roasting. She spun one fork with her hands, and the pig whirled so fast in the blaze that I could see it wasn't getting cooked a bit. "I'm tired," said the woman. "You spin the body for a while."

"I'm tired," the man said, "but hiding above in the hay is Otis Penty. Ask him to come down and spin the pig."

Now I gave a start, for my name is Otis Penty, but I never came down a bit because I knew I was well hid, and I knew they didn't know my name, me never even telling it to a soul for years; and I knew they didn't see me ever in their lives, and didn't know I was above.

"Otis Penty," yelled the woman, and such a yell to freeze the blood; "come down and spin the pig, I tell you." I made no move for I thought they must have made a mistake, not knowing at all that I was there. They took the great carcass off the fire and came up the ladder for me. I tell you it was a chase we had when they pulled me out; me dashing around the haypile, and they running through those slabs of light shining through the cracks in the floor, and the fire flaming up below and smelling the place with rank smoke. They caught me and handed me down the ladder. "Spin the pig," said the woman, "although I fear it's gone cold."

So I spun the pig a time or two, but I couldn't spin it as fast as the woman, and the hair caught fire and burned up in a nasty blaze. "I like it rare," yelled the woman, "and you've let it burn." She jerked it away from the fire and slapped at it with her hands. Indeed it must have been a hot fire and it was burning a little, with the tail stiff and flaming like a candle. "Just for that," said the woman, "you must help eat the body."

Well I was nothing loath, being so hungry from my going on the road, and we cut a bit here and there on the pig. "Too done," roared the woman and would not eat another bite. "I don't like pig," said the little man, closing his mouth from the side as if it had a zipper on. "And especially I don't like this pig." He stopped eating. "We can't leave it," snapped the woman.

"Then," said the man, "Otis Penty will have to eat the pig entire."

Well there I was hungry, and I enjoyed the first ham; and the first bacon went like a snack, and a layer of pork-chops you could wind around your head for a wreath. But then I began to feel mortally full, and as I exposed more of the great skeleton I got tired of pig completely. I wanted to quit, but they looked at me hard and I went into another ham. The next bacon was an effort, and the loin-chops a duty that was hard to bear. I excused myself, and thanked them, and started toward the door. The woman leaned out and had me by the leg. She shook me like a rat and bounced me up and down to make room for more pig. "The body must be put away," she said, and pointed her great, grim finger at the pig.

"He's eating none but the meat," said the man.

So I got to work hard before they made it worse, and the woman went to sleep, and the man sat looking at the door and the black darkness outside. I jumped up and down, and I ran around the barn to make more room for the pig, and finally I started out the door again, but the woman snatched me back, and I picked at the pig again and went on eating.

"What about the skeleton?" asked the man. "Give him time," said the woman, and went to sleep again.

Well I sneaked off into the back of the barn again, thinking I might have to fight my way out, or hide in the loft again, and the man sat there and watched the door and the blackness.

So I found a hole in the floor, and I let myself down and found a cellar place, and clung to the ground at the bottom. "I'm hid now," I thought, "and they won't find me here because they didn't see me go and they didn't hear me go, and they don't even know me, and never saw me before."

After a while the woman stirred and said, "Where's himself?" And the man, without making a move said, "He's hiding in the cellar, Otis Penty is." And I tell you it made my roach stand on end with fear the way he always knew where I was, and knew my name when I hadn't told it in years.

The woman threw more wood on the fire and it flared up. "He hasn't done the bones," said the woman. "He must be got up here again. And there's the ears, and the tail to be done."

"Otis Penty hides himself in the loft and in the cellar," said the man, "and who are we to go looking for him, high and low, through the night, just to feed him?" They got up and walked over to the hole in the floor and came down. The fire was bright again, and shining through the cracks in the floor to make slabs of light, like above in the loft. But these slabs were wide apart, and I could walk sideways and keep in the dark, and if they hunted me they went through the light and I could see them.

Then it was a chase, with me sliding along between the light, and they walking around with their arms out.

They drove me against the wall, me not able to cross from one section of darkness to another; so I slid under the woman's arms, so high they were with her such a tall woman; and I stepped over the man's arms, he being so little. And just as I did the fire burned through the floor above me and down it came in a great gout, pig and all, in front of me.

"Now, Otis Penty," said the woman as she struck me a mighty blow on the head, "now you will finish eating the body."

And since that black night I've hated the looks of a pig's tail; that being the part I ate last. I tell you, it was not my choice to be eating so much, but there was nothing else to it because the bit was put into me by force of that woman, and by her threat. I ate that great dead carcass entire, except the skeleton. "It won't do," I said, "there isn't any more room in me for pig."

"Then maybe there's room in the pig for you," they said, and they put me into the ribs and bones like putting a man into a cage. "Now you can go," said the woman, "for we don't want to be seeing you any more and having to look at you." Then I went for sure, and I climbed out of the cellar and ran out into the black night.

So I went as well as I could, considering the pig I had in me, and the pig I had outside of me, and the weight and weariness of the work and the walking I had done that day. And I know I didn't sleep that night for I didn't get the great ribs broken loose and the bony cage from my shoulders until dawn, and dawn found me out of that country and far away.

So for a long time I wandered and went, and I finally got to thinking I had dreamed the bad business. But in a town I came to I walked with the crowds on the street, and who should come up to me but the little man with his great cut of a mouth. "If it isn't Otis Penty," said he, looking up at me; and I made out as if I didn't know him. "Have you forgotten the Night of the Pig?" said the man, and he grinned up at me from his mouth. "Anyway Otis Penty, the next time you come to that black country you'll have a story to tell." #

Also Selected Short Subjects

Continued from page 86

doubtful of all this; it seemed to me on the high road to faking.

In later reels the proportion of re-enacted pictures dwindled and the editor's capacity to encompass a subject, show its highlights, and exhibit its relation to world affairs came out brilliantly. One issue (the third) was remarkable because it avoided all trivial subjects and had nothing deliberately humorous —there was plenty of humor in the treatment of Huey Long, including the lavatory sequence in a Long Island club. By no means perfect, and definitely weak at times on the pictorial side, *The March of Time* is an important pioneer in two ways: it is a long short and it is an expensive one.

Of these, the second is the more important. One reason shorts are so bad is that they are so poorly paid. Even the great newsreel companies work on a paltry budget and sell their product for a few hundred dollars when in proportion to time taken on the screen they should have five or ten times as much. It was shocking to learn that even the *Three Little Pigs* did not make a fortune for Disney; my guess had been a net profit of between a quarter and half a million dollars; it actually took in about $25,000 net, according to the Disney office. When you consider that this was without exception the most talked of film for months, that it ran week after week in the vast palaces of the movies and recurred dozens of times at smaller houses, this return is a revelation of the meagreness of short-reel profit.

The exhibitors say that the public doesn't care, doesn't pay to see the shorts, and therefore they can't pay more. The truth is, of course, that the exhibitors have to pay so much for the features, that they have little left for the shorts. Wherefore they advertise the feature and the public comes to see the feature, and the habit is so ingrained that even when the public hates the features and likes the short, the same thing happens all over again the next time.

Twenty years ago three producers met and made a sort of loose combine: Griffith, Ince and Mack Sennett made up Triangle Films. They provided the best programs of their day in this proportion: a feature by one of the first two (or by the companies they represented) was accompanied by a Keystone Comedy made by Sennett. This provided that Sennett made twice as many pictures as either of the others, but his were short and theirs were long. It seemed a perfect arrangement with one point of special remark: the Griffith and Ince pictures varied from fair to excellent and the Sennett shorts were almost invariably perfect.

I am the last man in the world to suggest that the independent makers of shorts should be absorbed by the big companies. But some arrangement should be made, by which the short would earn a respectable living and be known not by an exceptional fine reel among dozens of deadly bores, but as the real richness and variety of the movie programs. ⁂

The Rape of Rhona

Continued from page 73

trees. Our men will win today and lose tomorrow.

"These Romans have no shame. They may even attack the village without giving warning as fighting men do. They are fond of trickery and *nidingswerk*."

"They must be worse than swine," said Rhona.

"Well," said Altrude placidly, "if you ask me, I would say that maybe you are right about it. They are not up here for fun, and if you can't whip the enemy one way, why not do it another?"

But as Rhona walked away toward her father's hut, Altrude was muttering to herself about whelps of the evil one who burn houses of honest folk and steal their daughters and their cattle and their swine.

It was just before dark when some of the horsemen came tearing into the village. One of them reared his horse in his tracks and gave an exultant yell as he held up his spear, on the point of which was the severed head of a Roman. The eyes protruded grotesquely, and the corded muscles of the neck were still quivvering. Blood dripped from the ghastly trophy.

The horses were covered with lather. Although the men were bitter in their denunciation of the Romans, they said that the battle was satisfactory, and the number of heads attached to the harness gave testimony that this was so.

The enemy had not met them at the appointed place, but had made a surprise attack. They had even used pointed swords to thrust into the body, instead of hacking with an honest edge.

Rhona went as close as she could to the prancing horses to see if she could find the head of the soldier that she had seen in the wood. The faces were so covered with blood and grime that she could not tell very much about it, but she was almost sure that his head was not among them.

Claudebald swaggered a bit as he approached Rhona, and was about to launch into an account of the battle.

"Where is the head of the Roman of the pool?" she enquired. "Did you forget something?"

He reddened with annoyance, and went by without a word.

That night Rhona did not sleep well, but tossed about on the skin couch. She dreamed that she had been captured by the Roman soldier and that he was galloping away with her. Her father awakened, and told her to stop scratching at her couch and kicking and acting as if she had gone crazy. She did not sleep any more that night, but lay awake thinking about everything that had happened. Old Altrude had foretold the result of the battle, and when she thought of the other predictions it made her shiver.

In the early morning Rhona's father sent her away from the village.

"Urshaut will take you to a cave at a place in the uplands where you will be safe for a time," he told her. "These Romans may attack the village, and no one knows what may happen."

"Why must it be Urshaut?" she asked. "People say that he is crazy in the head."

"That has its advantages," said Brenner. "But those who know Urshaut know that he is not foolish. I would trust Urshaut's judgment when I would not trust another."

"He looks like a gnome," said Rhona, "and he stares and blinks all of the time, and says 'yes' to everything, whether that is the right answer or not."

"That is because you have nothing to say, and he is thinking about something else. He only nods and agrees with you because that is the easiest way to keep from being disturbed. Go with Urshaut and I will know that you are in good hands. I wish," he added wearily, "that I had more men that I could count on to say 'yes'."

He handed her his knife. "You may need it," he said simply.

Rhona shuddered. She seemed to feel that there was a definite plot on foot to make her a captive, and that this was the reason that an assault was about to be made on the village.

She left in company with Urshaut. This queer little man looked soft and fat, but he was perfectly at home in the forest. The way that his funny legs were able to carry him over the ground was amazing.

They did not stop to rest until they were sheltered in the rock upland, where a little stream tumbled down the rocks with a noisy clatter that sounded for all the world like a small boy trying to impress everybody with his prowess. Here they made a meal of ground grain mixed with cold water, for they did not dare to make a fire.

They ate in silence. When they had finished, Urshaut sat upon his haunches, looking into the forest and blinking his eyes, sometimes moving his lips as if he were talking.

"I wonder if the village is in as much danger as my father thinks it is," ventured Rhona.

"Ja," said Urshaut absently.

"I can't see very much use in coming here," continued Rhona, "When there is no danger at all."

"Ja," said Urshaut, blinking and nodding again as he continued to stare into the forest.

"I don't believe you are listening at all," Rhona said sharply. "Everything I ask you is 'Ja, ja, ja', and you haven't heard a word."

Urshaut looked up as if he had just discovered that she was there. "You ask me why do we come up here? Come with me and I will show you something." He pointed off to the east to a cloud of dust rising over the tree tops, and presently she could see a troop of tiny horsemen.

"See," he said. "It is the Romans. So you don't see why we come up here? Hah! There are more of them than there are swine in the wood."

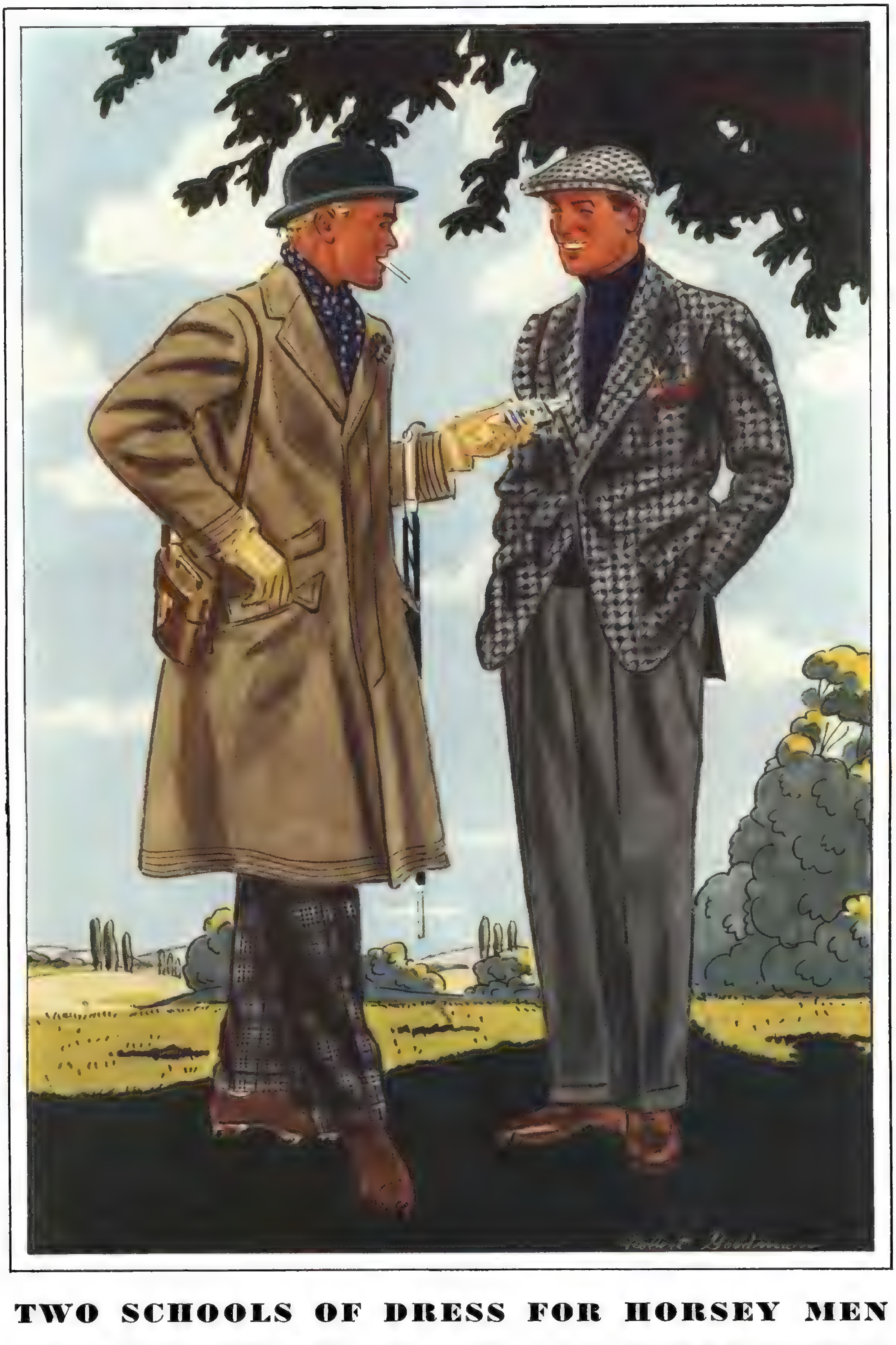
Rhona felt faint. The country below seemed to be crawling with tiny horsemen.

"It will be a hard day for those Romans," said Urshaut innocently.

"How can our men hope to fight so many?" she asked.

"We have seen worse days than this—

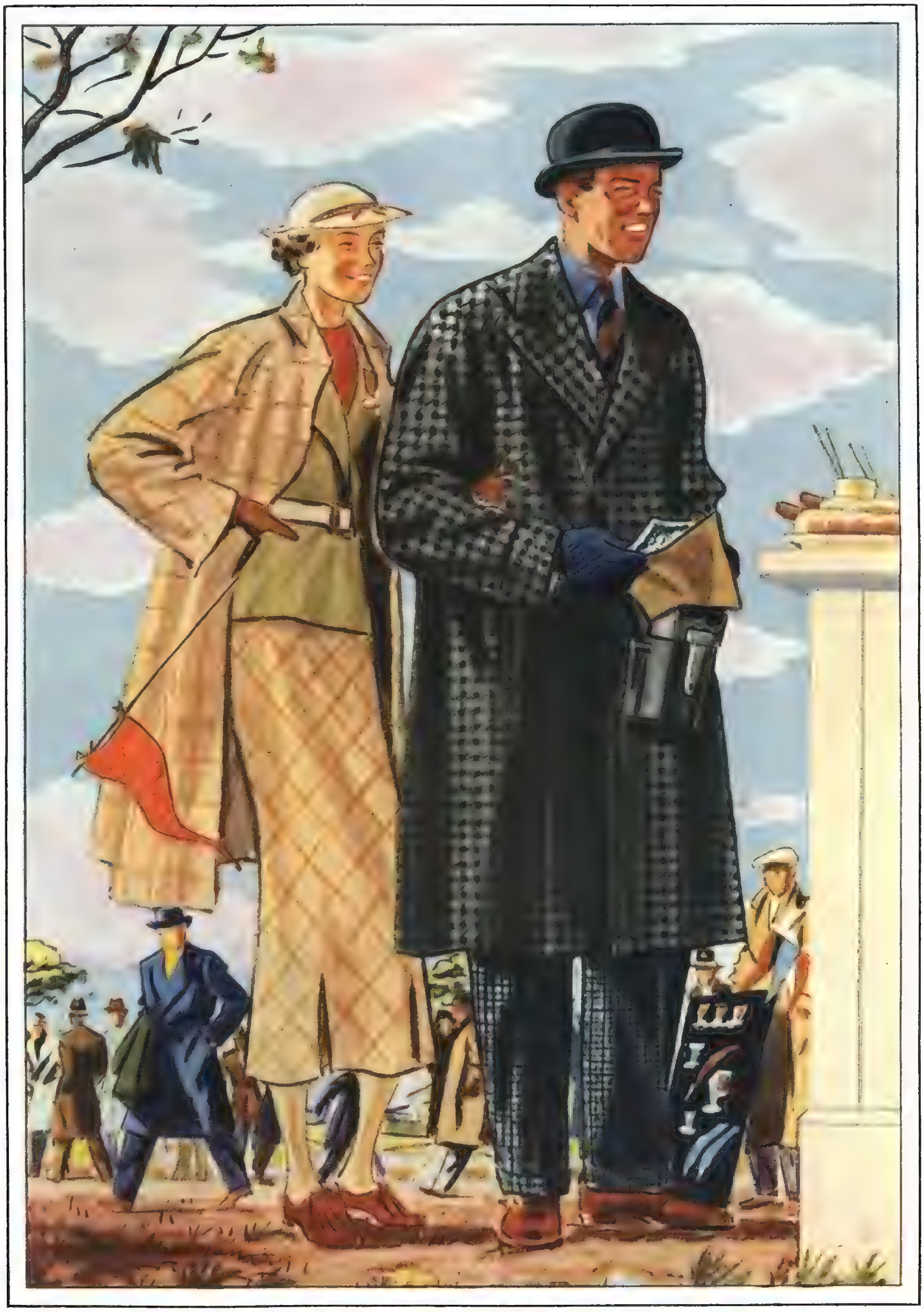
Continued on page 113



TWO SCHOOLS OF DRESS FOR HORSEY MEN

To obviate confusion at the outset, it is perhaps not too far out of order to remark that the man on the right is not M. Chevalier in character as an *apache.* Instead, the fashion department tells us to tell you that this scene shows two costumes, both correct, for horsey folk to wear at early fall point to point meets. High Horse, at left, models a scratch finish derby with flat set brim, at rear of which is a dingus where a stop-loss cord may be attached. The topcoat is covert, the muffler is foulard. The umbrella handle contains a pencil for recording betting notes. The suit is a gray Glen Urquhart with red overplaid and the shoes are reversed calf quarter brogues. Low Horse exhibits a shepherd's check cap, hound's tooth jacket, turtle neck sweater, medium dark flannel slacks and brown blucher brogues with plain uncapped toes. Note the breast pocket watch guard strap and the red foulard handkerchief.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



PORTRAIT OF A WITTY HOT-DOG SALESMAN

This young alumnus, escorting the girl with the incredible gams, is wearing the topcoat that has been made famous by fashion's Peter Pan, the Prince of Wales. We have tried, repeatedly, to get the fashion department to arrange to have topcoats made famous by somebody else. We suggested Huey Long. But our efforts have got us nowhere. We thought we would explain this because people are always complaining about the monotony of the fashion copy, and we'd like to have you know that it hurts us more than it does you. So, the pattern is a hound's tooth check in two tones of gray and the model is distinguished by vertical pockets, peak lapels, fly front and raglan shoulders. The bowler crown is slightly belled. The shirt collar sits higher on the neck and the points are wider spread. Gun club suiting, monk front reversed calf shoes, string gloves, dark toned rep tie, maroon carnation.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Rape of Rhona

Continued from pages 73-110

your father and I. These foreigners are no good. Our men fight." He swung his arm as if he were hacking a head from a body with a sword. "Once when we were in Gaul the enemy lay in wait for us. As we came upon them, Brenner was in the lead, with that great horned helmet that he wore, and behind him were such men as they had never seen. Those Gauls looked like children. They must have thought that it was one of the German gods followed by those who had entered into Walhalla, for at the sight of us they were so filled with fright that they threw down their arms and fled."

As he talked, Urshaut made weird gestures with his arms.

"That was the time that Brenner caught the Gallic maiden running away from her village," he said. Here he started into sudden ribald laughter, but he stopped himself as suddenly.

"He brought her home to be his wife. She was different from our people, and she never did quite understand our ways. That was your mother."

Urshaut lapsed again into silence, watching the dust rising in the distance. His forehead wrinkled into a frown and his lips moved as if he were talking to himself.

"How long do you think it will be before it is over?" asked Rhona.

"Ja," said Urshaut, and he blinked and nodded brightly, but in his thoughts he was already back in the village fighting a battle with the Romans.

After a while he motioned Rhona to follow. To her surprise they soon came to a well-beaten roadway that wound about the mountain.

"It is the only place we cross the road," said Urshaut. "The cave is above the road where men seldom go. The Romans may pass here, but they will not go near the cave where I will take you."

It was not long after dark that Urshaut let the pack fall from his shoulders and uttered a grunt of satisfaction. He pointed to an open space between two rocks.

"It is the cave," he said. He strode off and was enveloped in the darkness.

When the sound of retreating footsteps had died away, Rhona felt terribly alone. The place had taken on an eerie atmosphere, and the darkness was filled with unknown terrors. Trees reached gaunt arms toward the sky and made fantastic designs against the moon . . . she must have been there a long time. A fox yapped somewhere off in the forest. A brisk wind had arisen. Something passed between her and the moon and it became quite dark. A wolf howled in the distance. She felt the splash of a raindrop on her face, and she crept into the shelter of the cave. Something scurried past her in the narrow passageway that made her heart jump into her throat. There was a flash of lightning across the sky, followed by a terrific crash. Serpents' tongues of fire licked in and out among the clouds, accompanied by a clatter and crackling of thunder as the wind mounted, and the trees before the mouth of the cave bowed before it. Huge limbs were torn from the trees and crashed their way through the branches to the ground.

Everything was different in the morning. The air was brisk and the things about her seemed fresher and cleaner from the drenching rain of the night before.

Near the cave was a spring. She went about the preparation of breakfast with a new spirit, and soon a pot of gruel was bubbling merrily over a fire. When she had eaten her breakfast she felt much better, but she was far from being at ease. With nothing to do, her mind wandered over a great many unrelated things.

She thought of poor, blundering, inarticulate Claudebald, of the ungainly hands and feet. She thought of the youth who had once held her in his arms, and she felt guilty that she had even remembered it. Of course she thought of the Roman who had surprised her at the pool. Then she thought of old Altrude, and what she had said.

"Our men will win today and lose tomorrow."

The suspense was intolerable. Rhona scrambled down the rocky slope, the small stones tumbling about her. She did not notice the cut upon her arm which began to bleed. She continued to run, ignoring the branches that lashed her face. She arrived, her body bruised and her garment torn, at the place where the ledge stood above the trees below. She looked down upon the side of the village in dismay. The village was no longer there.

Wisps of smoke curled above ashes. She could see no movement. Weak and faint, she sat and looked down at the devastated village.

"Our men will win today and lose tomorrow. Some Roman—"

Rhona stumbled back to the place where she had crossed the road. She followed the road until it came to a place where logs had been placed across the stream as a bridge. At the water's edge were the hoof prints of many horses.

She did not hear the sound of hoof beats until they were quite near, and she scarcely had time to duck into the undergrowth. She parted the leaves. They were going to stop. It did not seem real to her, but as if she had caught a vision from a fantastic story. For one of the men had a girl upon his horse, and it was Clothilde from her own village.

Rhona lay as still as a shadow as they stopped at the pool across the road to water their horses. Cautiously she peered through the foliage. Now she could hear their voices, but their language was strange. That was a grim-looking warrior. Clothilde was holding her hands before her face and weeping silently.

Ah, there he was. Somehow she seemed to know that he would be there. How erect he was. The soldiers seemed to treat him with great respect. And he had taken no captive. She had noticed that when she first saw him. It was the young officer of the pool.

"Spawn of the evil one!" she muttered. "They will take Clothilde away and she will never be heard of again." Some day her people would avenge this outrage.

Again her eyes wandered to the young officer. Her fingers crept to her girdle as she felt the edge of her knife. It seemed odd that the youngest one of them seemed to be the one in authority. She wondered why he did not have the captive. Perhaps he—she reddened at the thought and the blood rushed to the tips of her toes—perhaps it was because he had seen her at the pool.

She looked over her shoulder for means of retreat. She could creep along through the undergrowth while they were in such earnest conversation. But there was no danger.

They were not paying the slightest attention to anything. It was rather fun to be so near. She could toss a pebble into their midst and they would never know where it came from. But what an idea! She fingered a pebble beside her. She weighed it in her hand and ran her fingers over its smooth surface. She wondered what they would do if she should toss it in their midst. They would likely not even notice it.

Rhona arose from her crouching position to get in a better position to see. How queer she felt. She was panting as if she had been running. The young officer was facing her. Now he had turned away. They were preparing to leave. She fingered the pebble. No, they were not leaving yet. Whatever had put the idea in her head of tossing the pebble? There! She had tossed it. It bounded and clattered down the mountainside.

Now the young officer was coming toward her. He reined his horse so suddenly that he reared erect. He *saw* her.

Rhona was paralyzed with fear. The soldier looked at her intently as he held his horse in check. There was recognition in his eyes. Then speculation. He pursed his lips as if he were weighing something carefully in his mind.

Turning, Rhona plunged into the undergrowth, not heeding the crashing of the brush through which she tore herself. Her fears lashed her into unreasoning panic. Tripping over a vine, she sprawled ingloriously upon the ground and her knife fell clattering. Her heart beats pounded against her ear drums as she struggled to free herself, but it was no use. She lay still, helpless and trembling. In just a moment now—

The young Roman hesitated. He shook his head slowly, as if answering his own question. "Perhaps in the next village—" He wheeled his horse and was off up the road at a gallop, the others following at his heels.

Rhona lay there waiting for something to happen. Nothing happened. The only sound that she could hear was that of the hoof beats, and they were growing dim. She raised herself and looked cautiously over her shoulder. The last of the troop was disappearing over a knoll.

She was alone.

She was safe. She felt a queer sinking sensation in the pit of her stomach that was distinctly distasteful. Yes, she was safe. The blood rushed to her face and suffused it with scarlet. They had gone off and left her alone when—

Wrath filled her soul. She clenched her small fists and beat them against a rock until the blood ran from her knuckles.

"Filthy swine! she choked. "Spawn of the evil one!"

She buried her face in her arms and sobbed. #

Fishes for Pets

Continued from page 74

them in his mouth and spits them into the nest, each egg wrapped in its own individual bubble. When he has gathered all that he can find, they embrace again, release a few more eggs, and continue the procedure until as many as five hundred eggs have been implanted in the nest. By then the male's ardor has been cooled and he suddenly changes from a tender lover to a jealous father. Viciously he drives the female away to the farthest corner of the tank—it is best to remove her entirely or she may be killed—and from then on he undertakes a relentless patrol of his brood which continues long after they are hatched and become free swimming fry. Sometimes, of course, he may eat a few when they grow large enough to be tasty.

The Paradise fishes and the Gouramies in numerous varieties are also bubble nesters with more or less similar traits, and all are air breathers to a certain extent. That is, they can take oxygen direct from the air as well as through gills from the water, and as a consequence come to the surface to breathe at frequent intervals. With a bow to Ripley, then, these might be termed fishes that can be drowned!

Habits among the so-called "egg layers" (as distinguished from the nest-building oviparous varieties) are quite different but still interesting. The Mouthbreeders lay their eggs in a sand burrow and, after they are fertilized, the female gathers them up in her mouth and carries them there until after they have hatched—a period of some two weeks during which she won't eat a morsel of food for fear of swallowing some of the eggs. Even for several weeks after they emerge, the mother's mouth is still a haven of refuge for the fry who madly swim back to that waiting maw and hide there at the slightest tap of a finger on the glass. Quite a different procedure is followed by the Copeinas who, during mating, will leap several inches out of the water together and hang side by side from some convenient leaf or twig while the eggs are laid and fertilized. For some time after the parents hover around the spot, splashing water on the eggs with their tails to keep them in proper condition until they hatch.

Among other varieties a great range of practices prevails. Some lay buoyant eggs that float on the surface; others are heavy and immediately sink to the bottom—some hide them in available nooks and crannies while others spread them out evenly and uniformly on leaves or stones or even on a glass rod that may be stuck into the sand by an obliging aquarist; one species shows a decided preference for tiny flower pots placed sideways in the sand. Likewise, some parents eat the eggs the moment they appear while others shower them with tender care, taking turns at standing sentry duty over the batch and evincing every form of parental solicitude when the fry emerge. Strange as it may seem, the young of at least two species, the Jewel fish and the Acara, cannot swim at birth and for several days must be content to remain wherever their parents see fit to put them.

Cypress Point Golf Course, near Camerl-by-the-Sea, California. Photo by John Kabel.

In our arbitrary Group 4 there are many oddities which prompt the outsider to doubt his eyes. Watch a Toxotes shoot a mouthful of water at a fly with such unerring aim and force that it knocks the insect helpless into the water—or a pair of Javanese Helostomas with their lips glued together in a two-minute soul kiss that would leave a Parisian groggy—or even an ordinary little fresh-water flounder changing color and pattern just as fast as you give him a new background to match—and you're bound to say "there ain't no sich animal!" The Climbing Perch and the Chinese Walking Fish are both genial pets whom you can take for a stroll around the floor, for both are not only able to live out of water for long periods but have the unique faculty, among fishes, of being able to retain their balance on land by means of their strong pectoral fins. Out of water they use these fins much as a seal does its flippers as a means of locomotion, and the Perch is said to be able to climb a few inches up a tree trunk in pursuit of whatever insect morsels may be there.

Still another quaint fellow is the Dormitator or Sleeping Goby, who earned his popular name through his habit of resting motionless in the water for hours on end, his mouth wide open exactly like an over-fed man in a sleepy stupor. In strange surroundings, the Gobies are often high-strung and nervous, and a sudden motion or loud noise near the tank may cause them to roll over on their backs in what appears to be a dead faint. Among the oddities still more or less scarce are numerous species like the Piranha, the smallest man-eater in the world, whose razor-sharp teeth will carve off the end of your finger as neatly as any surgeon could do it—the tricky Monocirrhus or Bearded Nandid, who looks and acts for all the world like a dry, dead leaf, drifting motionless on the water until its prey comes within striking distance—the most outlandish and grotesque of all, the Mud Skipper, whose telescopic eyes, moving independently of each other, convince you that this trick is also "done with mirrors!"

The Mud Skipper or Periophthalmus is also a "fish that can be drowned." Indeed, his tank should consist of more dry land than water, with a few stones and twigs to sit on—and it is there that you will find him most of the time. In his native land it is customary for him to chase insects all over the muddy beach, and by traveling in a series of leaps which may carry him ten or twelve inches in a single spring, he makes very good time.

In appearance, this is the drollest fish I have ever seen and one that astonishes you by brazenly winking at you after a prolonged and stony stare. Its eyes are amazing: bulbous and protruding while at rest; the next instant thrust out from the head on the end of a flexible periscope. The creature has an amazing trick of fixing one eye rigidly on you while slowly revolving the other in search of food.

Spending so much space on the curiosities, however, results in excluding many other species whose beautiful colors, graceful movements or striking forms endear them to the heart of the true fancier in spite of the fact that they are neither rare nor costly. Those who like a hobby with something more than a decorative appeal will still find a world of fascination in tropicals. If you merely want to breed your specimens, you will meet many diverse problems that will utilize your spare time to good advantage without being discouragingly difficult. If you want to go beyond this into more scientific phases of fish culture, hybridizing, heredity research, chemical control of the water, the study of parasites, the field is limited only by your own scientific background and your ability to apply it.

For those who demand more action than this, the field of collecting specimens is still open, spelling travel and adventure for those who like it—and plenty of heart-aches! Burma, Ceylon, Indo-China, Siam, Malay, Northern Africa, the jungles of the Amazon and Orinoco countries: all have something to offer the collector which isn't difficult to take. Nevertheless, some of our most publicized animal procurers have been dismal flops at fish importing, for the bitter truth is that it is not nearly as easy to bring them home as it is to net them! Fifty per cent of the average shipment is a good survival number for the most experienced hands, and when you get into the realm of the delicate Rasboras, twenty per cent landed alive on the docks will do you credit. And you can do worse than that without half trying!

There is a game for a gambler with a tough hide, albeit a phase which is gradually waning in importance because of the increased skill of domestic breeders in propagating their stock on hand. In time, as in the orchid business, the chief function of the "hunters" will be to furnish rare and exotic specimens for the carriage trade.

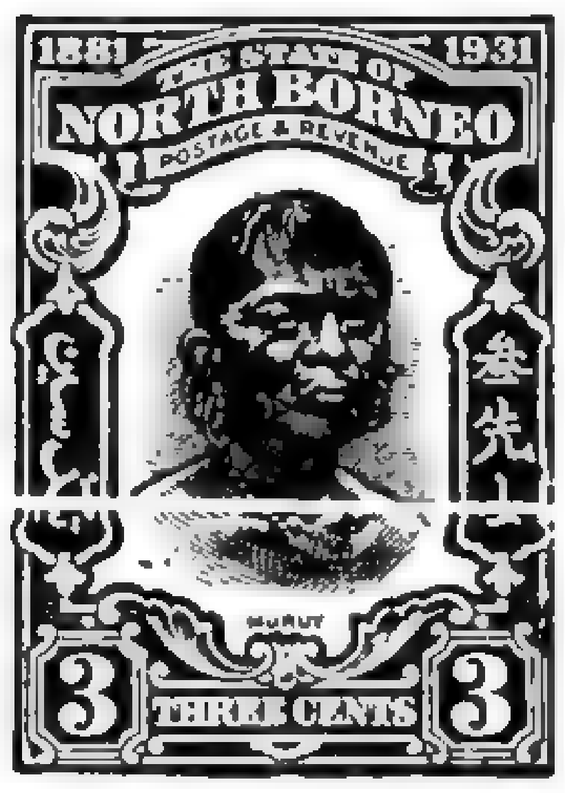
Meanwhile, the fancy is in full swing because it is a hobby that offers comparable rewards to the schoolboy and to the millionaire with the result that in two years the four old-time aquarium societies around Greater New York have multiplied into sixteen separate organizations with similar developments all over the country. A teacher who started a junior organization in an Eastern city was literally swamped by its rapid growth, and as a result of her experience she writes: "I firmly believe that tropical fishes, artistic, attractive and educational, have come into the home to fill an empty corner with exotic life—that they have come to the office to calm taut waiting lists—that they will stay in the classroom because they express simply such facts as are desirable for teaching where often words fail."

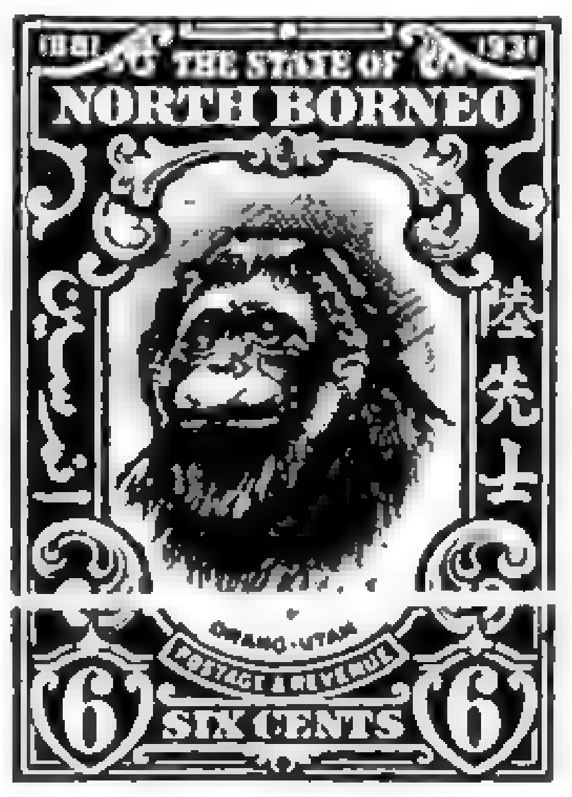
The confirmation of this seems to be the increasing adoption of tropicals by grade schools for general purposes and their spread through high schools for biological study, and medical colleges for specialized research. The natural upshot of these various related and unrelated appeals to many minds is the fact that, without ballyhoo, the 50,000 amateur fanciers of five years ago have swelled to more than 200,000 today. And the most logical explanation in this era of pinched budgets is that they must be getting a lot of fun for their money with fishes as pets! #

Merely Postage Stamps

Continued from page 63

The State of North Borneo brought out a stamp containing a bust of Murut, a distinguished local chieftain, but the very next stamp in the same series shows the bust of an orangutan. To see the two stamps mounted together is likely to be most disturbing to any devout fundamentalist.



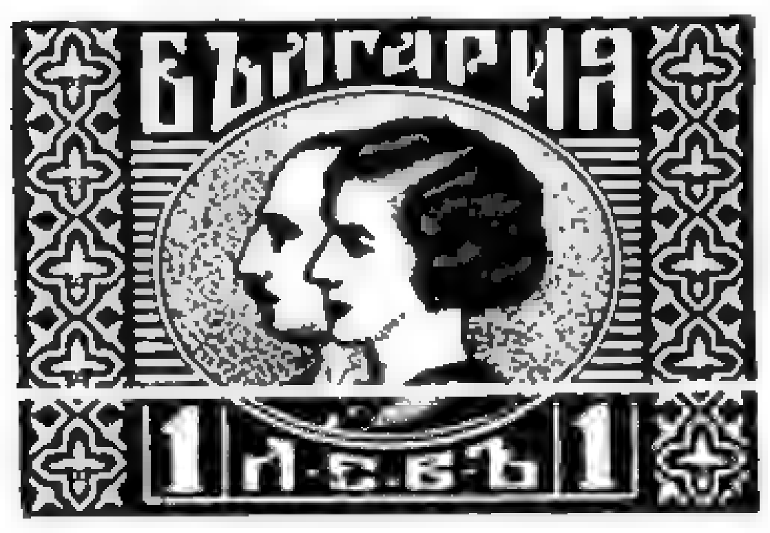


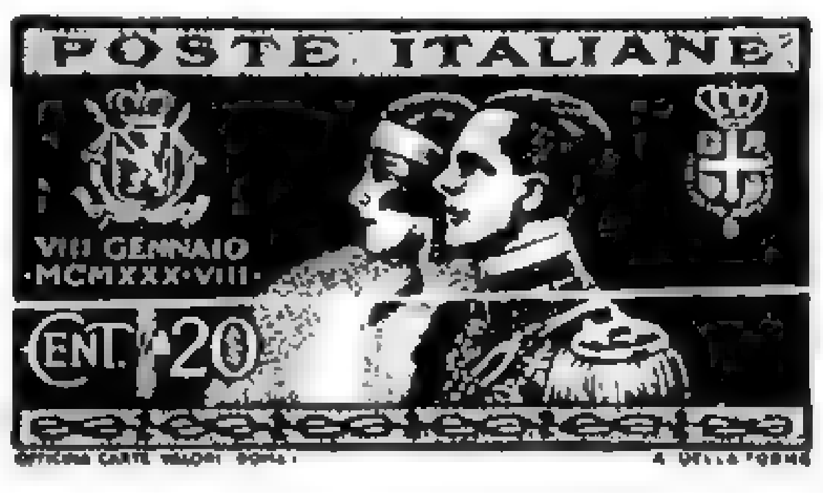
An adhesive issued by Salvador to advertise that country's coffee shows a coy and plump Salvadorean brunette with bobbed hair and a cute little "spit curl" in the middle of her forehead. Which may be the reason why so many Latins prefer cocoa!

Women do not appear on stamps nearly so frequently as men. Masculine rulers have ignored their consorts in this respect, so it is understandable that one of the first women to gain philatelic recognition would be one who ruled in her own right—Victoria of England, whom her son—impatient to reign—described as "my immortal mother."

There have been a number since. In addition to Pocahontas and Martha Washington we have shown Queen Isabella, but no other woman. Austria, too, has shown but two women, the remarkable Maria Theresa and the last empress, Zita. The most attractive stamp containing the portrait of a woman is, in the opinion of many philatelists, that of Luxemburg showing the Grand Duchess Adelaide.

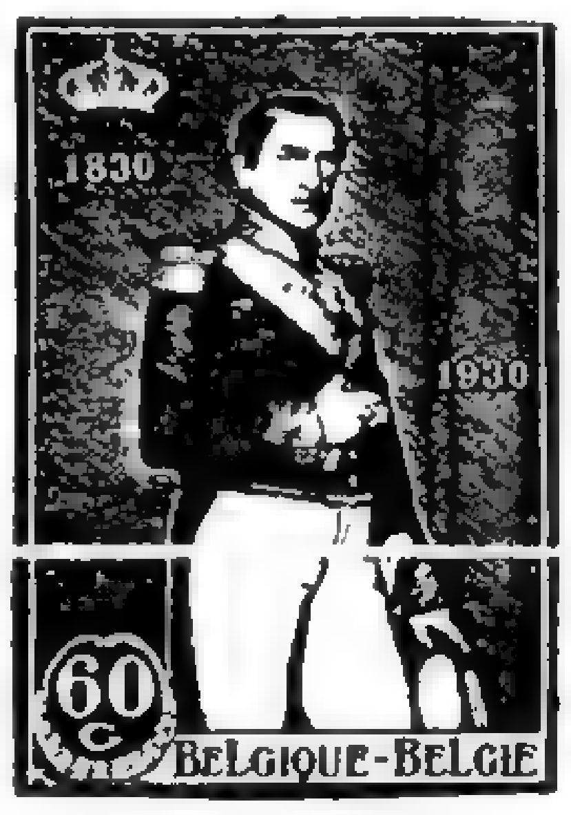
Royal couples may be found on stamps. When Boris of Bulgaria was married to Princess Giovanna of Italy, a stamp commemorative of the royal wedding was issued showing the new rulers together. That was the second royal wedding issue within a short time which showed a member of the Italian royal family. When the crown prince of Italy, Humbert of Savoy, married Marie José of Belgium the union was fittingly celebrated philatelically.

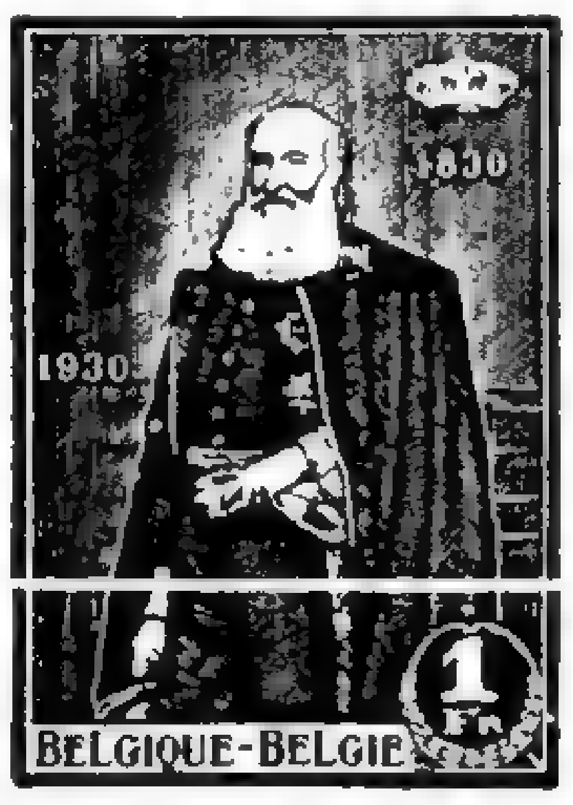


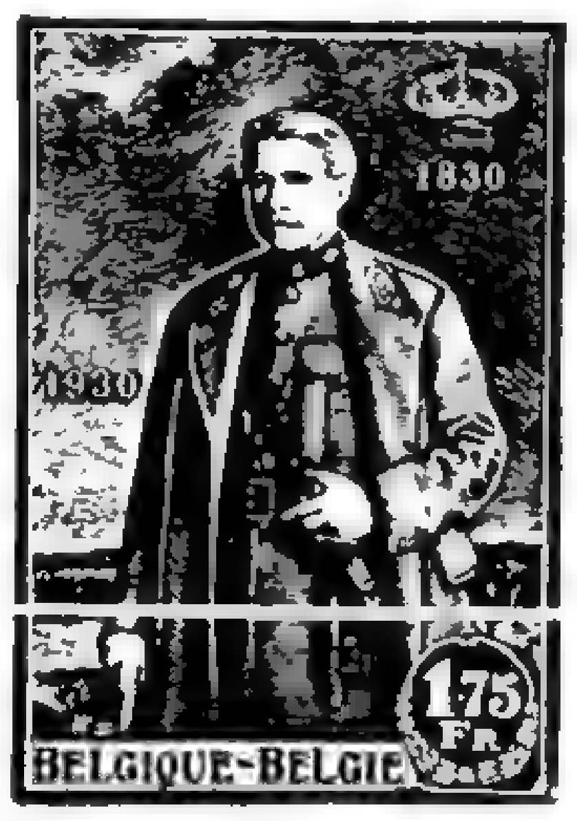


We in America may regard such occurrences—both the weddings and the stamp issues—as unimportant, and to us they may be. However, to historians and students the stamps are important, if the events they commemorate are not. Unfortunately, there is no one living who can accurately prognosticate the future. No one knows what the Fates hold for these royal puppets. It might concern us. William Hohenzollern was a mere upstart compared to the lineage of some reigning monarchs, and he caused us plenty of trouble before he was deposed. Oddly enough, he never appeared on a stamp of Germany. His vanity was so great that he could not bear the thought of his proud features being defaced by cancellation marks!

That does not concern most rulers, however, for Elizabeth of Belgium is evident on the stamps of her country, as is Albert, who looked strikingly like General Pershing. He occupies one stamp in a series of three which show his two predecessors—Leopold, who founded the dynasty, and the bewhiskered gentleman who figured in the letters of Victoria of England as "that dear, naughty Uncle Bertie." There seems to be some doubt that he was dear but none whatever that he was naughty.







Princess Juliana of the Netherlands is shown apparently quite unconcerned by the fact that she is, by the old standards of matrimonial royal alliances, the only woman left in the world whom the Prince of Wales can possibly marry.

Gustaf of Sweden appears, too, and no reader of the rotogravure supplements could fail to recognize him as the Mr. X who played so much tennis with Suzanne Lenglen on the Riviera.

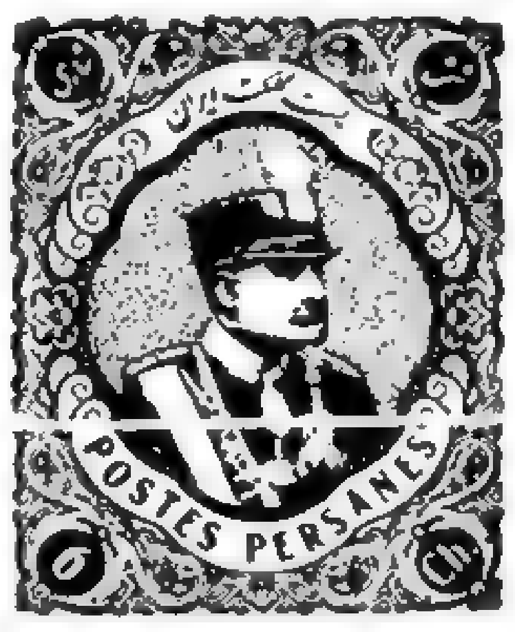
Masaryk, the erstwhile college professor who now governs Czechoslovakia, distinguishes the stamps of that country. It was he who first expounded the doctrine of self determination which is generally accredited to his friend, Woodrow Wilson—and he happens to be the only man ruling in Europe with an American wife! He met Mrs. Masaryk while he was living in Brooklyn, N. Y., and was married to her there. But that is no more remarkable than that the first Soviet Dictator of all the Russias one time pressed pants in the Bronx. Trotzky has never appeared on a Russian stamp and likely won't while Stalin remains dictator, but the other half of the duumvirate has—Lenin, now practically a Soviet saint.

Two of the most interesting among the gallery of royal portraits are those of Zog of Albania and Riza Kahn of Persia, both of whom fought to regal status after the humblest—and very similar—beginnings.

Zog was a stable boy, enlisted in the Army and rose to the presidency of his violently peopled, mountainous little country. Then he immediately had the national constitution altered and his own status changed to that of king!

To celebrate his recent thirty-fifth birthday, the current stamp issue was surcharged with the words, "Long Live the King!", not an inappropriate sentiment in a country where more than a thousand of his subjects have sworn an implacable blood feud against the monarch, which can be terminated only by his death.

Riza Kahn's origin was as lowly as Ahmed Zogu's (the original and plebeian name of King Zog), for he was the son of a Persian farmer—a condition characterized by poverty, oppression and illiteracy in that oriental country. He first appeared in Teheran, the city where he now occupies the throne, as a stable boy for the British envoy of the court of the Shah.



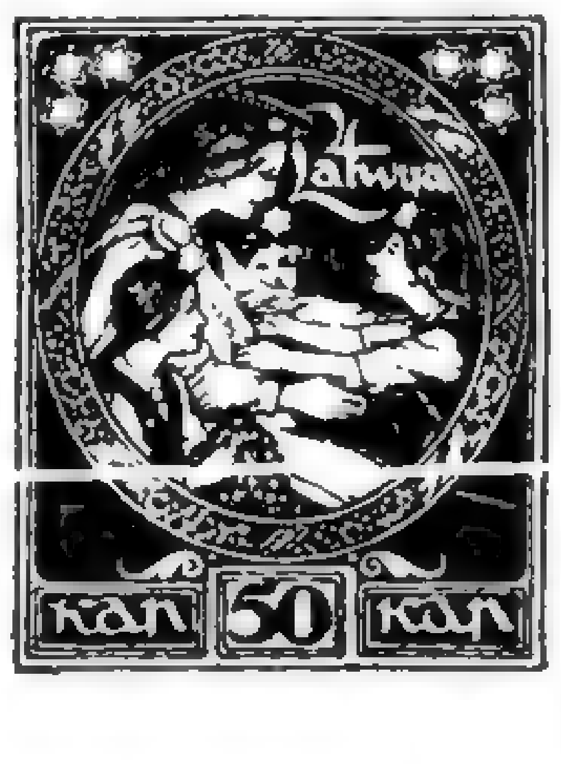
When the World War began he enlisted as a cavalryman, and won promotion to the rank of major. Then his actions became more noticeable and his men began to give their loyalty to him, rather than to the country for which they fought. He presently commanded three thousand troops, descended upon Teheran, overthrew the government, became Minister of War, Premier and Shah in succession.

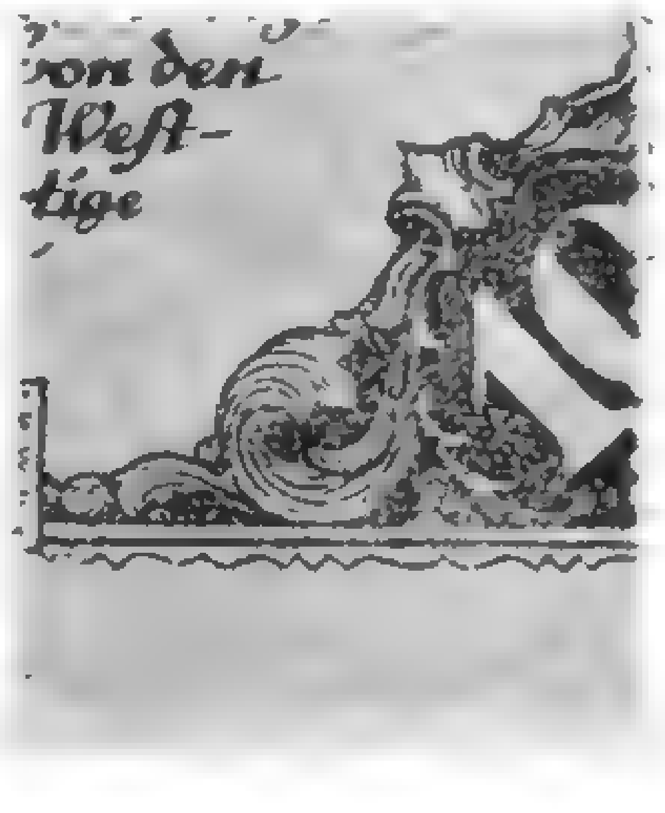
The Romanoffs, just prior to their wholesale assassination by the Soviets, brought out a commemorative issue of stamps showing every member of the family who had ruled, even the insane ones. To provide for wide distribution of the adhesives it was decided to make them available for use as fractional currency as well as postal service. No doubt many a *mujik* found that at last money would stick to his fingers!

Such use of postage stamps seems extraordinary, but we have done the same thing ourselves. Immediately after the Civil War, when "hard money" was hoarded so thoroughly that there was very little of it in circulation, Congress authorized the use of postage stamps as money and little metal disks covered with mica to protect the attached stamps circulated freely as cash for some time.

A somewhat different combination of stamps and money is found in a Latvian issue brought out shortly after that nation was created at Versailles. A Latvian printer was engaged to make a great bundle of banknotes for the Soviets. He learned, after he had printed one side of the notes, that he was to be paid with some of the worthless money he was making.

He stopped operations—and when paper later became very scarce he simply used the blank side of those unfinished notes for a Latvian stamp issue!

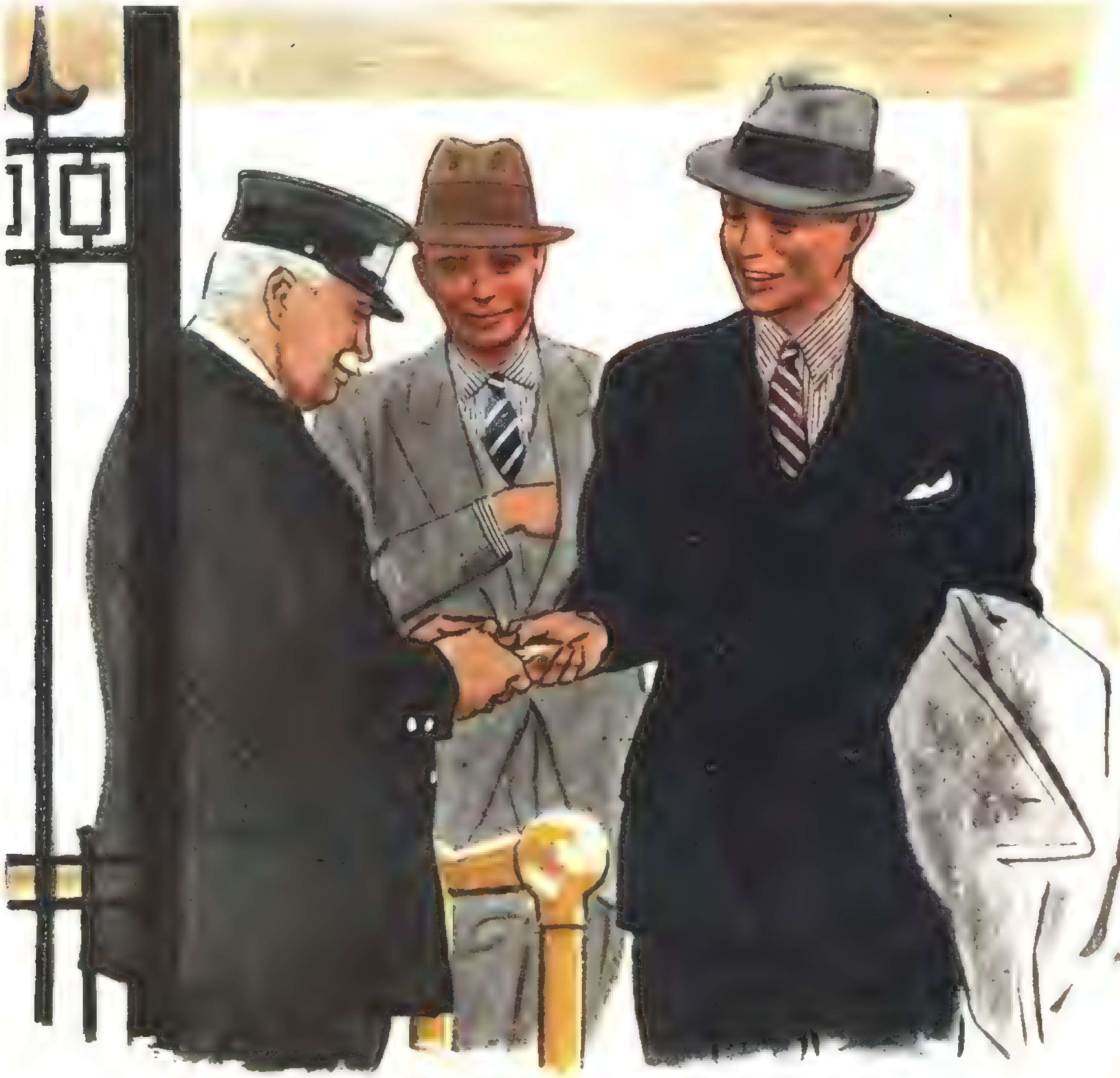


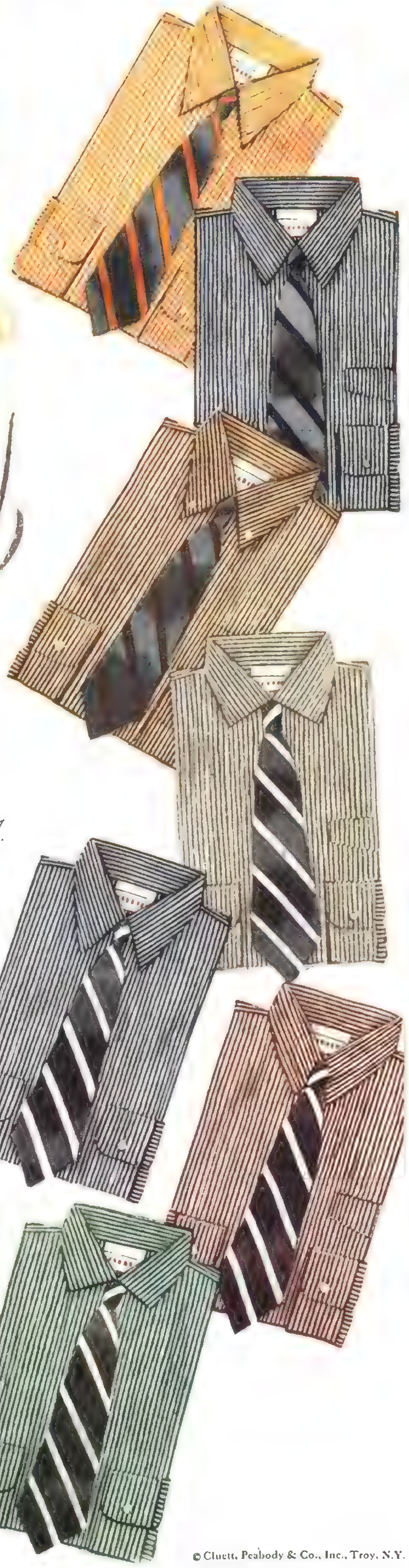


Mustapha Kemel is the only dictator who has caused his portrait to appear on stamps. De Rivera never appeared on the stamps of Spain, although it would have been easier for a philatelist to trace the gradual steps

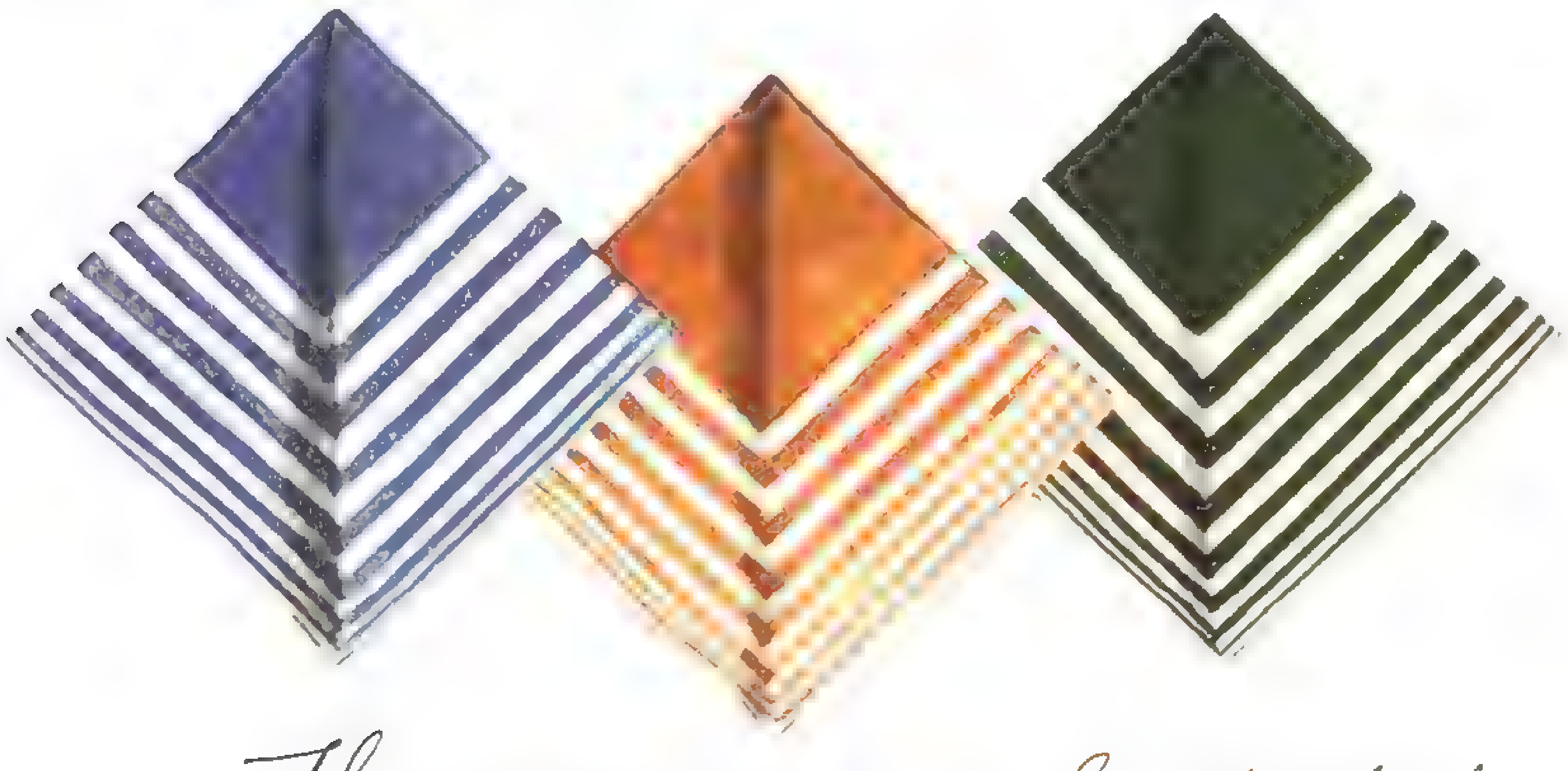
Continued on page 119

Candy-striped shirts... as Arrow styles them





Pembroke is the name of Arrow's new candy-striped shirt In 9 brisk colors—and 4 smart collar styles Sanforized-Shrunk. Form-fit Mitoga design $\$2^{\underline{50}}$ Arrow ties designed especially to match \$1.

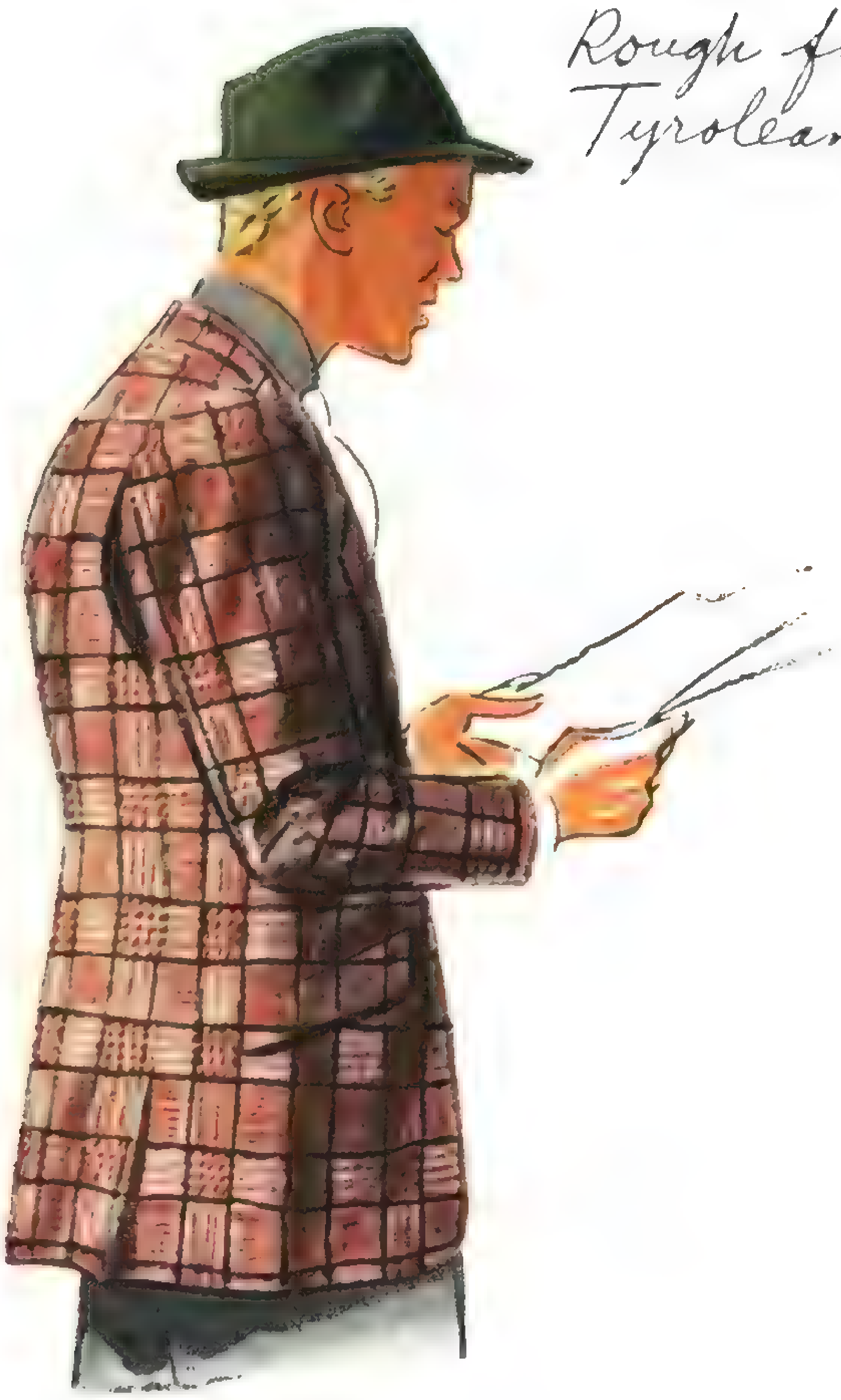


The stripe motif in handkerchiefs. An Arrow idea for the breast-pocket. Generously sized 35¢ others 25¢ to $\$1^{\underline{00}}$

If it hasn't an Arrow label it isn't Arrow

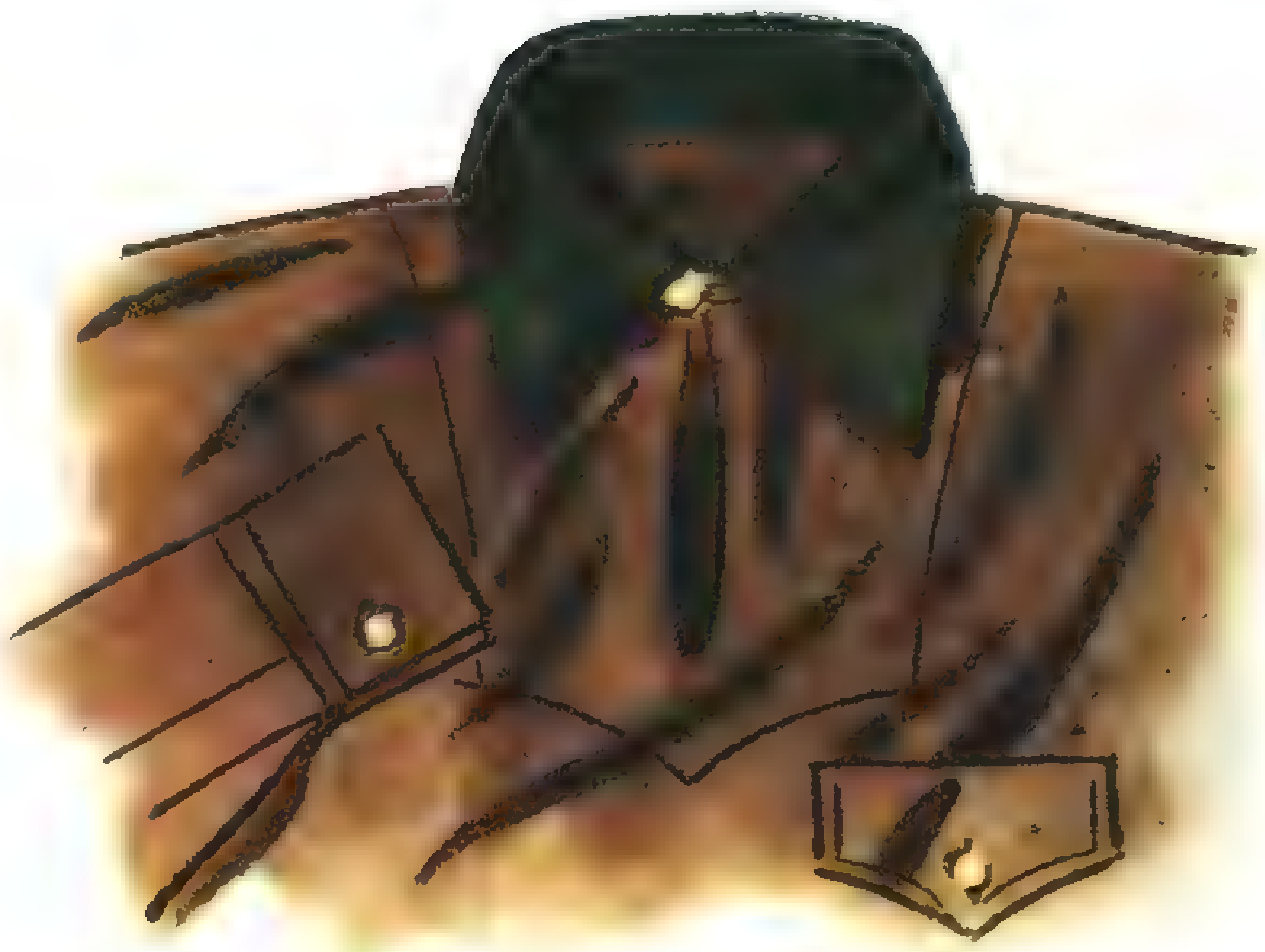
ARROW
SANFORIZED SHRUNK
SHIRT
WITH
ARROW COLLAR

© Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

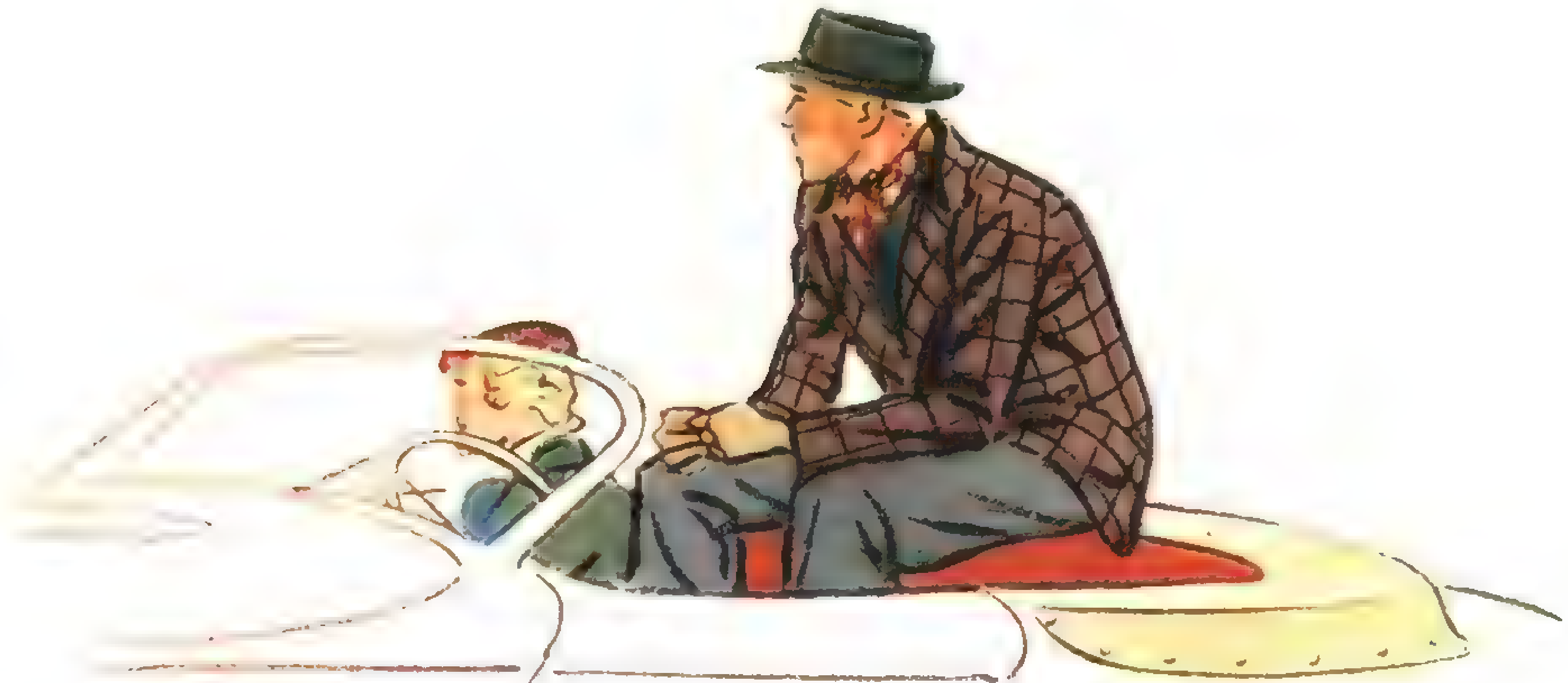


Rough finish green Tyrolean hat—

Jacket of Prince of Wales check with side vents, gusset back and slanting pockets—

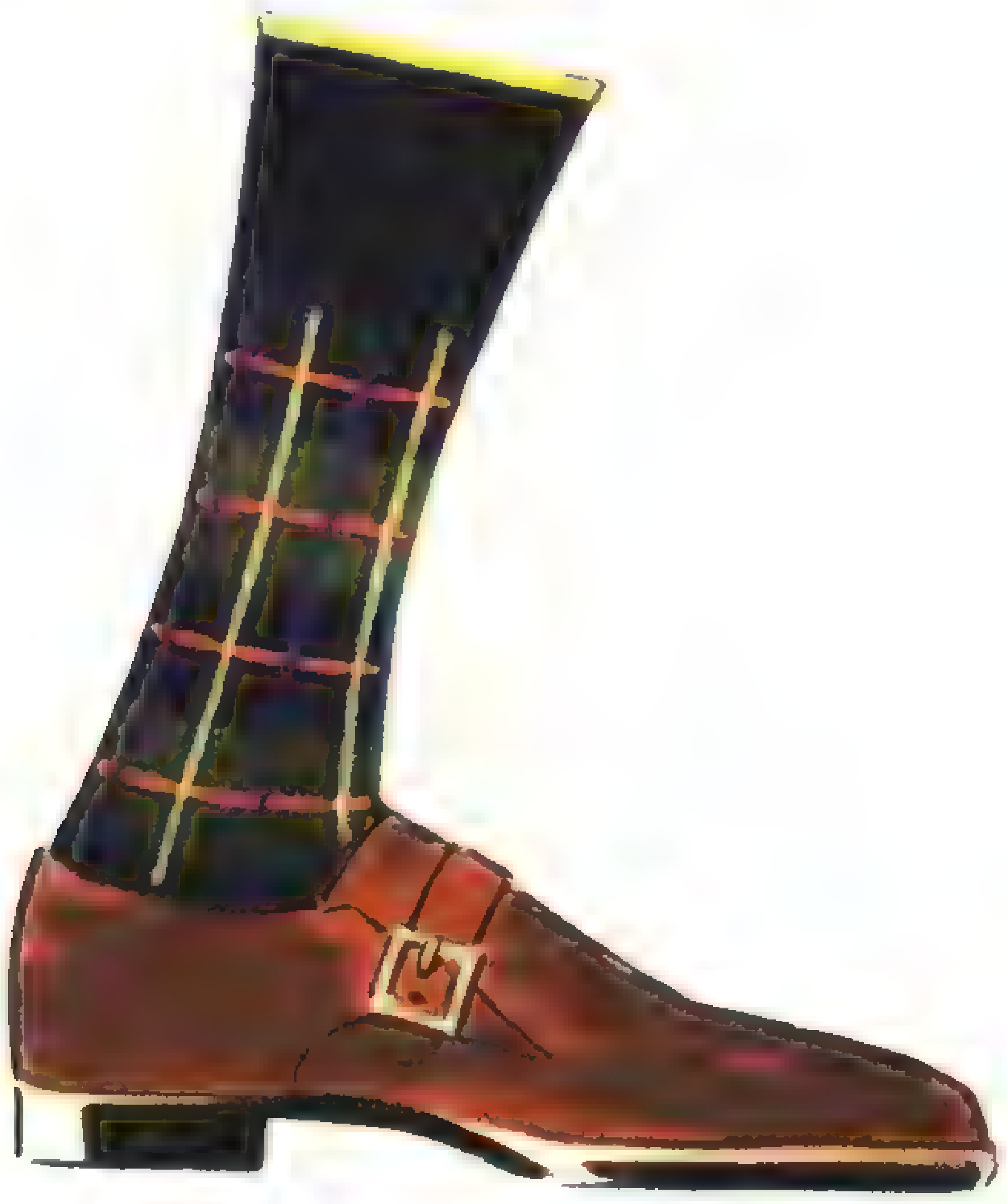


Long sleeve sport shirt in deep colorings—Contrasting collar and bib.



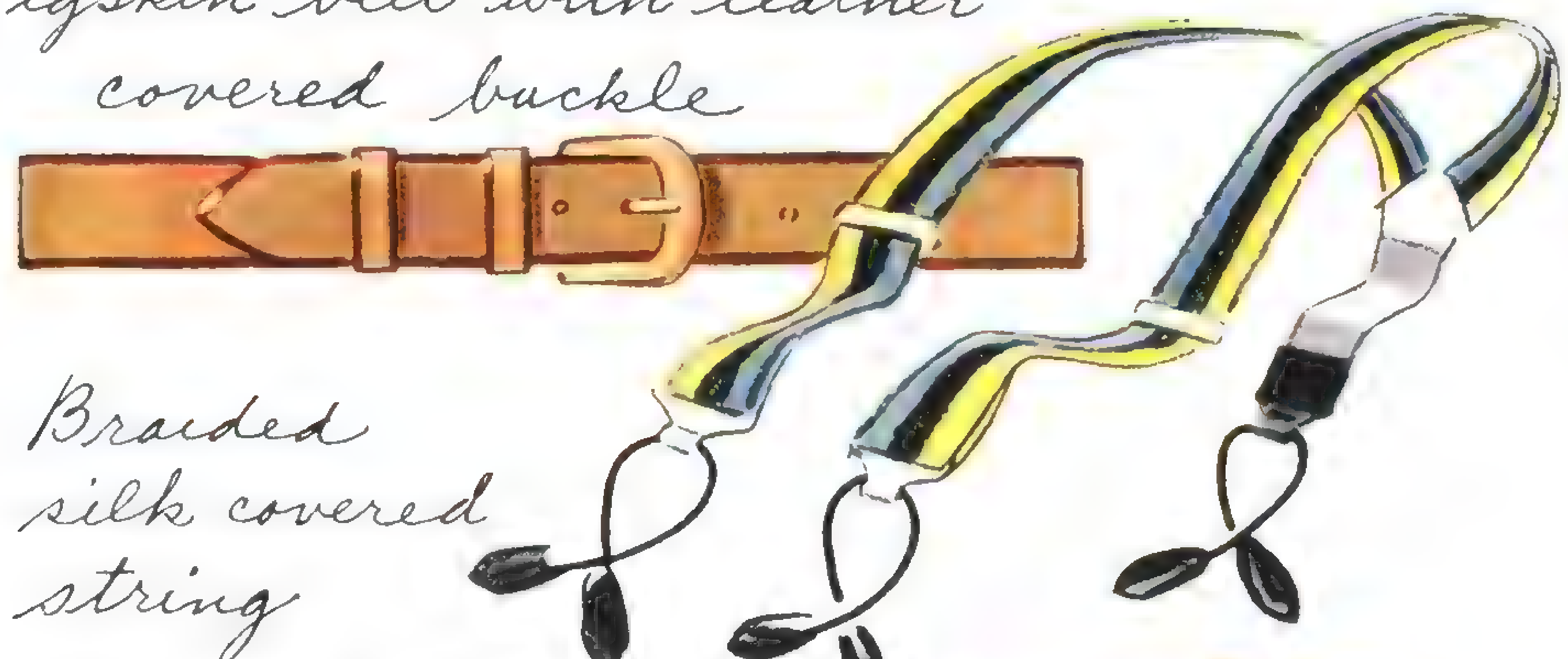
Note: self overplaid shetland jacket—green pork-pie hat

Scotch tartan plaid sock

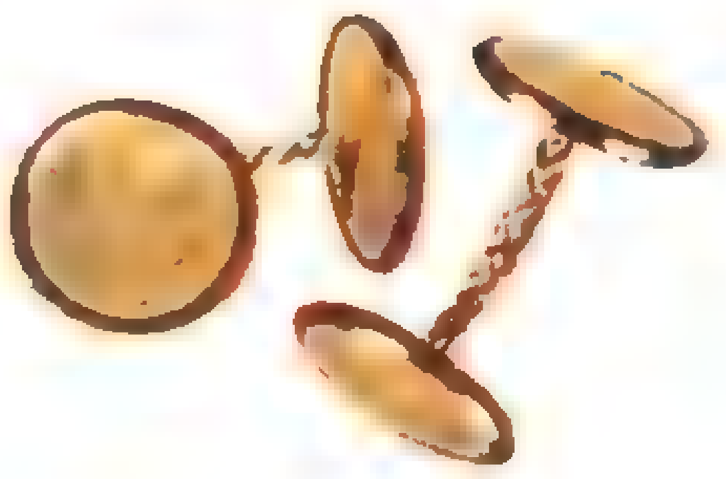


Monk front reversed calf shoe

Pigskin belt with leather covered buckle



Braided silk covered string suspenders



Pigskin leather cuff links

Merely Postage Stamps

Continued from pages 63-116

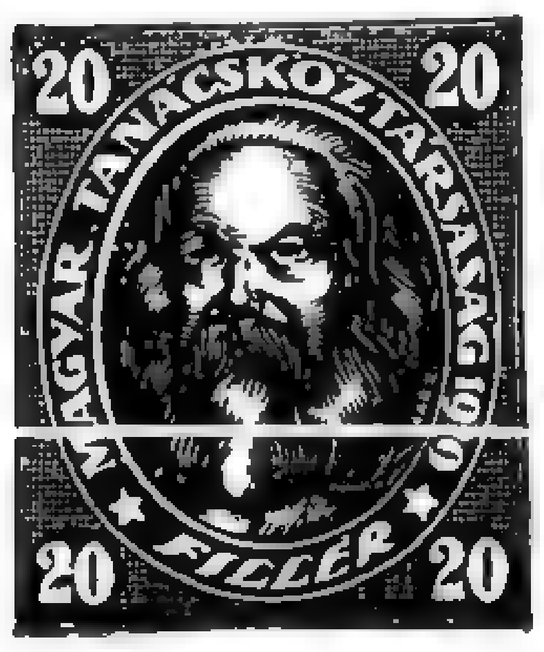
of that country's transition from a monarchy to a republic if he had.

Neither has Mussolini yet appeared on the issues of Italy, which is peculiar in view of the man's absolute genius for publicity and his capacity for keeping his portrait before the populace of the country he rules so inflexibly by means of Black Shirts and castor oil.

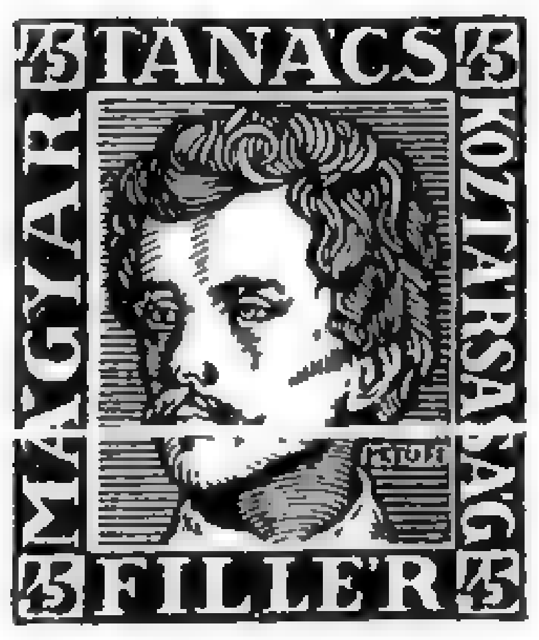
Oddly enough, Garibaldi had not, until very recently, appeared on any Italian issue either—but he had been shown on the adhesives of the little neighboring state of San Marino. One of the major governmental activities of that tiny, perpendicular country is the issuance of new stamps for foreign collectors.

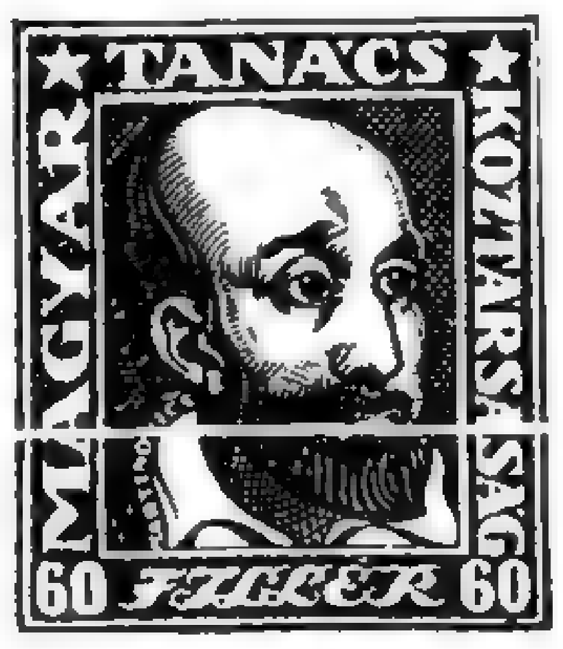
If Garibaldi had been nearly ignored by Italy, Francisco Ferrucci had not been. Ferrucci was a celebrated Tuscan warrior of four centuries ago who appears to be a judicious combination of Robin Hood, Lincoln, Washington and Al Capone. If the legends about him are true, some of which are illustrated on the stamps commemorating his exploits, he must have been the original inspiration for the erstwhile humorous song, *My Greata Bigga Brudder Sylves'.*

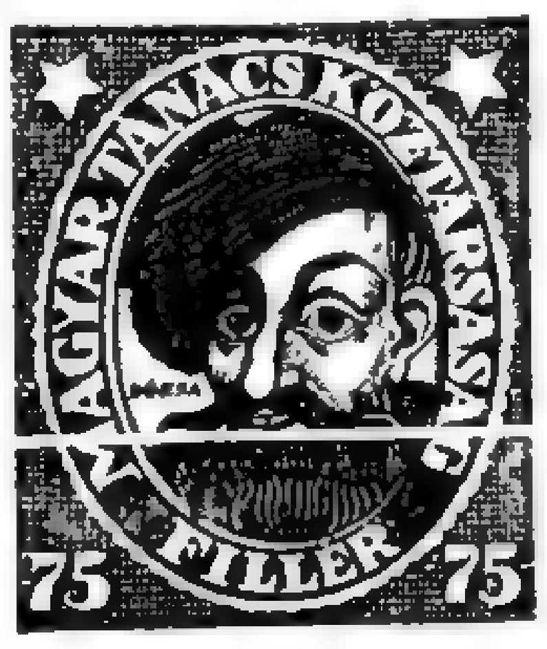
It is amusing that his portrait, shown grim and forbidding under the lifted visor of his helmet, should resemble Benito Mussolini so tremendously!

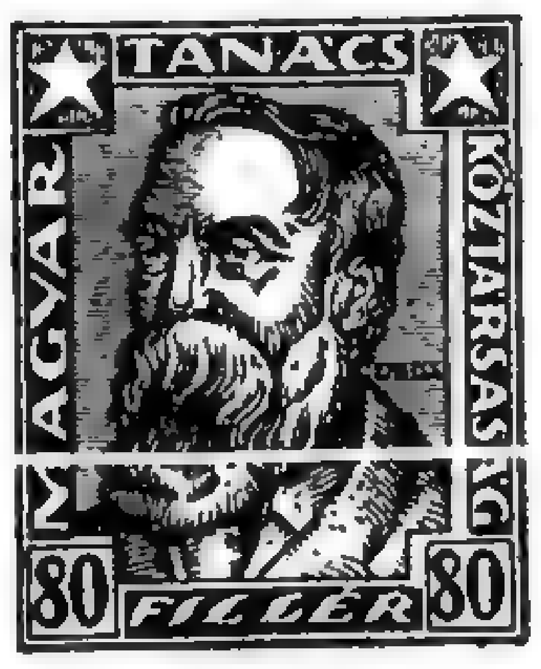


During the brief reign of Bela Kun at the head of the short-lived Soviet Republic in Hungary, a series of five stamps was issued containing busts of Karl Marx and four other Socialist heroes. They were so grotesque that they have become known to philatelists as "the Rogue's gallery" and there cannot fail to be a conviction on the part of any collector that if such men were to govern, the government was pre-doomed to failure.

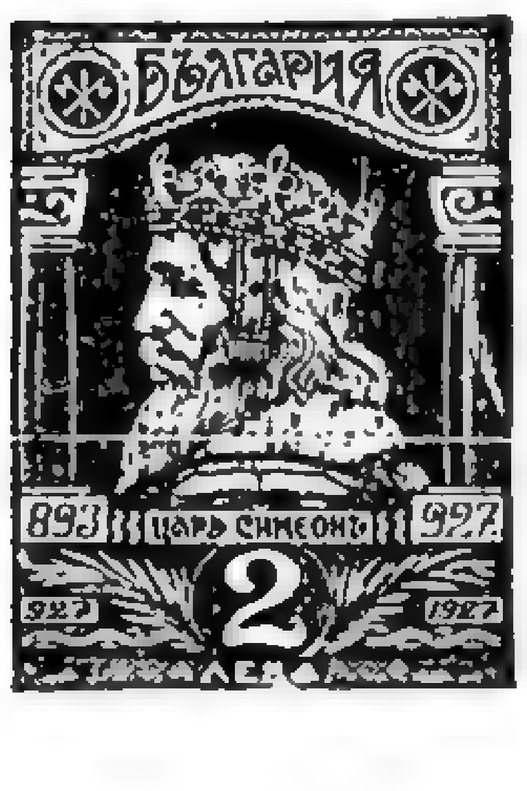








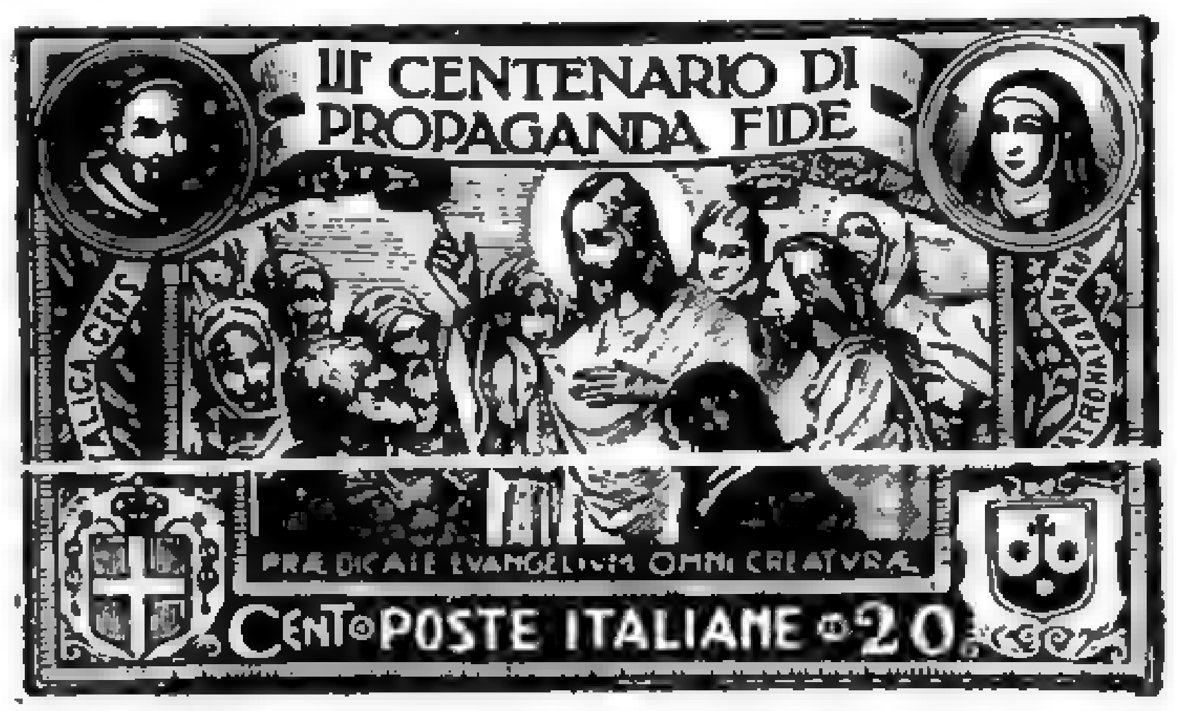
Indeed, among modern rulers there has been but one who appears on his own stamps who looks like what a king should—beloved Franz Josef of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. King Peter, of the vanished kingdom of Montenegro, did look like the popular conception of a Balkan brigand, true enough—and the opinion may not be without justification for his subjects still affirm that he stole the watch of a poor carpenter whom he had employed to repair his boat.



The only ruler who appears on a stamp who will satisfy the average child's conception of regal appearance is King Simeon, shown on a Bulgarian issue. He ruled a long, long time ago, but he was the very embodiment of all the kingly virtues—and looked it.

Religion has not been neglected by the designers of stamps. The many-limbed gods of Asia appear on the stamps of the "heathen countries" of early missionary days; so, too, do several of the deities of both Greek and Roman mythology. While the showing of those gods seems perfectly natural and entirely justifiable, it is difficult to feel the same way about the delineation of Jesus Christ on a recent issue of Italy, brought out in celebration of the third centennary of the Propagation of the Faith.

Not only is the design of the stamp in questionable taste, but it was entirely unnecessary and purely speculative. It served no legitimate postal need and almost the entire issue was delivered to philatelic speculators.


III CENTENARIO DI PROPAGANDA FIDE
PRAEDICATE EVANGELIVM OMNI CREATVRAE
CENT. POSTE ITALIANE C. 20

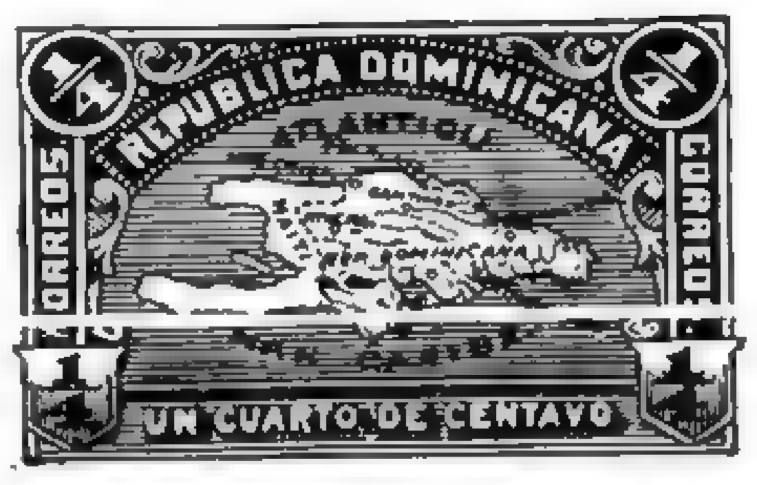
History, and its side lights, is most commonly encountered in the knowledge furnished by stamps; surcharged adhesives tell of occupied territory, plebiscites and changes in governmental forms. They show the armament of the period, from scaling ladders to tanks and airplanes, from iron and silver helmets above shining coats of link mail to steel trench helmets. They commemorate and glorify generals who have been victorious and describe individual battles and extensive wars.

That is to be expected, but that a stamp could cause internal rebellion or nearly cause an international war seems amazing—yet both have happened.

When George ascended to the throne of England it was decided to replace the Edwardian issues of stamps with Georgian adhesives. One of the stamps of the Empire intended for use in India showed the new monarch with a number of Indian decorations on his breast. One of them included a tiny pendant elephant.

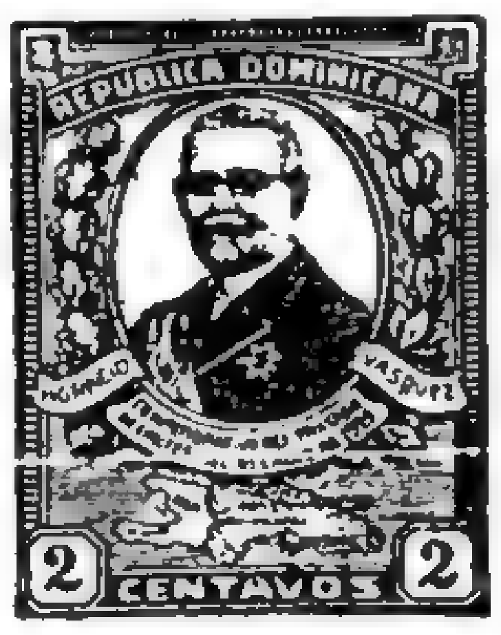
The scale of the stamp was so small that the representation of the elephant was necessarily vague, and agitators—then as now—seized upon the opportunity to rouse the rabble. They insisted that the animal was a pig! An unclean animal! A taunt to millions of devout Moslem subjects! There were riots throughout India, and it was actually necessary to retouch the plate of the stamp and give the animal a pronounced trunk to combat the indignation of the natives. Barnum would have paid a million for a similar living monstrosity.

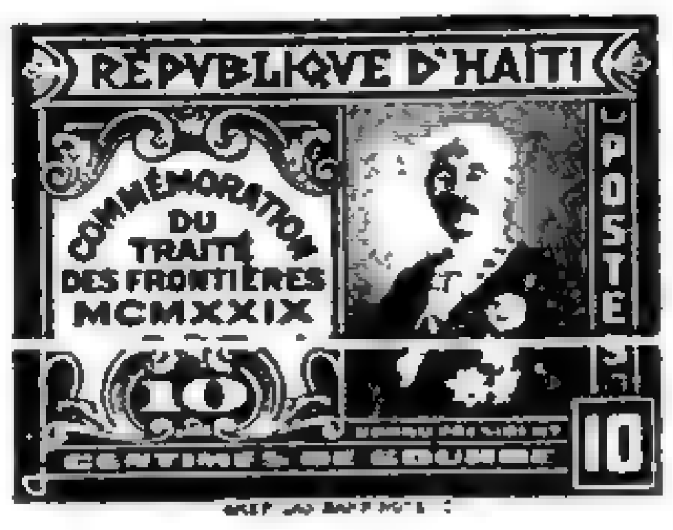
War was nearly consummated between Haiti and Santo Domingo by a map stamp issued by Santo Domingo which showed the boundary between the two countries far into Haitian territory. As the boundary has been shifted several times by dissension between those two tropical republics, the situation was unduly serious.



There began to be clashes in the remote mountains of the interior, where the boundary was actually located, between small detachments of the Haitian *Gendarmerie* and the Dominican *Guardia Rurales* and only the presence of United States Marines in both countries at the time prevented actual hostilities between the two governments.

Eventually the problem was solved by treaty and both nations were so relieved that each issued a commemorative treaty stamp.




RÉPUBLIQUE D'HAITI
POSTE
COMMÉMORATION DU TRAITÉ DES FRONTIÈRES MCMXXIX
10

Postage stamps, contrary to general belief, are relatively new things. This country was among the first to issue them, and the first one was sold in New York City on July 1st, 1847. We did have a postal service, however, from pre-Revolutionary days, but the mail was all of the "collect" variety. The post riders collected the fee from the person who received the letter—and before delivery!

When stamps began to be issued, many postmasters brought out their own, for purely local use, and all of these early issues have become quite valuable. Prices ranging into the thousands are paid for envelopes containing specimens of them and while they are very rare, new examples are turning up in the market from time to time—because someone found a packet of old letters in the old hair covered trunk that was their share of grandfather's estate, perhaps.

Thousands of dollars have been paid for such stamps, and few, if any will bring less than several hundred in the open market. There have been fantastic stories told of the discovery of many such old stamps, and there is unquestionably more than one family in America with a small fortune lying neglected and unrecognized in the attic. It has happened too often in the past for such sudden wealth not to descend again upon some unsuspecting person unversed in philately, who will forever after be totally unable to understand his good fortune.

The other extreme in the prices of stamps can be found at present in an issue of Indo-China, a French possession. There a stamp is issued with a printed value of 1/10 of a *centime.* With the *franc* at about 4 cents gold, as it is now, 250 of those stamps can be bought for a single cent.

It is a fitting philatelic commentary upon the world wide depression, just as most prominent events are inevitably mirrored in those simple and apparently unimportant things which we call postage stamps. ###

Stamp illustrations through courtesy of Scott Stamp and Coin Co., New York.

Old Injun John

Continued from page 85

ing Injun John kept grunting his remonstrance against using Dan's saddle. His right arm and leg were broken, ribs caved in, bruises from head to foot, stiffness amounting almost to paralysis from lying motionless so long and, as was later discovered, serious internal injuries. And yet he wanted to be the one to ride bareback!

That night Dan took Injun John out to the nearest hospital—sixty miles. For this he fixed a bed of hay in the little truck box on the camp Ford, spread the old man's bed on it and lifted him carefully into it. He had to keep laughing and joking with his patient to cover all this and to check the embarrassment of the old Indian's self-consciousness.

When Dan saw the doctor next day he received a shake of the head and a look that told him there was no hope. But at the bedside Injun John's smile was the same smile Dan had seen many times when something amusing occurred at camp. And the grunt of welcome held the same old warmth. When Dan asked how he felt Injun John said, "Fine. Mebbeso fine enough. Uumm, mebbeso-I-guess-so."

Dan couldn't go back to the hospital for the next three days. On the fourth he went. A nurse warned him at the door. Dan went softly to the bed. The old man's eyes were closed. He lay propped against pillows. He had kept lifting himself to see out the window until the nurse had been forced to do something about it.

It was hard to read anything in that bronze face, weathered through the long years. Dan had studied that face many times. He thought he could see something new there now. He couldn't be sure what it was unless it was merely that all the lines of that lean countenance were more completely relaxed than he had ever seen them. As he stood there looking down into those age-worn features, Peace was the only word Dan could think of. Peace at last.

Injun John opened his eyes. He looked into Dan's and smiled his old smile. He grunted and slid his unbandaged arm beneath the covers. When he withdrew it he held a knife that Dan had often admired. Injun John had made that knife many years before from an old file. He had mounted it on a handle laboriously ground and carved out of horn and highly polished. The sheaf was made of cowhide sewed with buckskin of his own tanning. A buckskin string tied from the belt loop over the guard held the knife secure in its scabbard. The guard, shaped from the steel jaw of a broken bridle bit, had been driven into place and forged there. Dan knew that this knife was probably Injun John's most highly prized possession. It was the product of long days of painstaking work and many, many years of care. It had been his tool of all work. It had prepared the rawhide strands for countless reatas. It had fed him and clothed him. It had made bows and arrows and other toys for his children, his grandchildren and their children.

Dan accepted the gift and gripped the bony brown hand that held it out to him. The smile on the old Indian's face widened and somehow Dan felt that in this simple act of giving him the knife Injun John had put all his feeling toward mankind, which was only the purest kindness. ⧻

Second Honeymoon

Continued from page 58

"You know," he had told her before leaving Paris, thinking to propitiate her, "the Danieli was the place where George Sand and de Musset spent their Venetian honeymoon."

"Yes, I know," she had laughed in a way which disconcerted him, "it was not a happy affair, if I remember."

The present silence grew too much for him.

"Well, how do you like it, Veronica?" he ventured.

"Lovely, lovely, unutterably lovely!" she replied rapturously.

And again they lapsed into silence.

Her reply had reassured him, and his mind turned anticipatingly to the evening before him, and to the promise it held. This night, after those five wretched months without her, he would again enfold Veronica in his arms. He would be careful to please her; he must not lose her again.

They passed the Rialto Bridge and came in sight of the domed Maria della Salute on one side and the Palace of the Doges on the other, and ahead of them the open sea and the lights of the Lido. The gondola veered to the left, aiming for the shore.

"That's the Danieli, I think," he said, pointing to a building beyond the Palace of the Doges. "At least, I should judge so from my Blue Guide." He touched her arm lightly, and felt it tremble.

There was a pause. Then she turned to him, with plea in her voice:

"Tom, please ask for adjoining rooms. . ." Then, conscious of his astonishment and disappointment, she added gently: "You don't mind, do you? You see, I feel almost as shy as a virgin. I have so gotten used to occupying a room alone."

The ambiguity of her explanation mollified him. Awkward as it was in a way, he rather fancied the idea of his wife, who had returned to him, being of the essence of a virgin. It rather fitted in, too, with his brilliant idea of a second honeymoon.

"Of course, my dear," he replied with some hesitancy. "If it can be arranged. They may have their rooms filled." And secretly he hoped they were filled.

* * *

Dinner, wine, music. Everything as it should be. He—lover-like, attentive; she—virginal, shy, punctuating their light chatter with giggles. It was after ten when they ascended to their rooms.

"Don't come in till I tell you!" she laughed, holding up a warning finger.

Tom Derrick undressed, put on a new pair of blue silk pajamas, the shade Veronica loved best. Then, rubbing his face, he realized that though he had shaved early that morning, there was quite a bristly growth on his cheeks. And remembering that in the old days Veronica had again and again warned him of his needing two shaves a day—a warning he dared not disregard, especially at this juncture—he hastened to his kit of razors. There they were—seven shining razors, one for each day of the week. Which should he use? He had not provided for the exigency of two shaves a day. Reluctantly he drew tomorrow's razor from the case and proceeded to shave. Finished, he doused his face, neck and hands with a lavish measure of Lavender water and, that dried, rubbed some powder over his skin. Returning to his room, he heard movements on the other side of the communicating-door, and concluded that Veronica was going through a series of ablutions in order to look nice for him. Good Veronica! She had always believed in doing things in the right way.

He filled his pipe and sank on to an Empire *chaise-longue*, facing the open doors of the balcony. He gazed at the moon-lit canal and the lights of the Lido in the distance. . . . From the good dinner and good wine he began to feel a bit drowsy. Happily he shut his eyes.

Suddenly he jumped up. He glanced at his watch. It was half-past eleven. It was almost an hour and a half since she promised to call him. He listened. The adjoining room was silent. Had she been in while he was dozing? The possibility perturbed him. He ventured to knock.

"Veronica. . . ."

He knocked again, and called her name. Then again, louder. No answer. Somewhat apprehensive, he pushed the door open. Peered in. Because of one or two shaded lights, the room was in a kind of half twilight. The balcony doors stood open.

"Veronica!" he called.

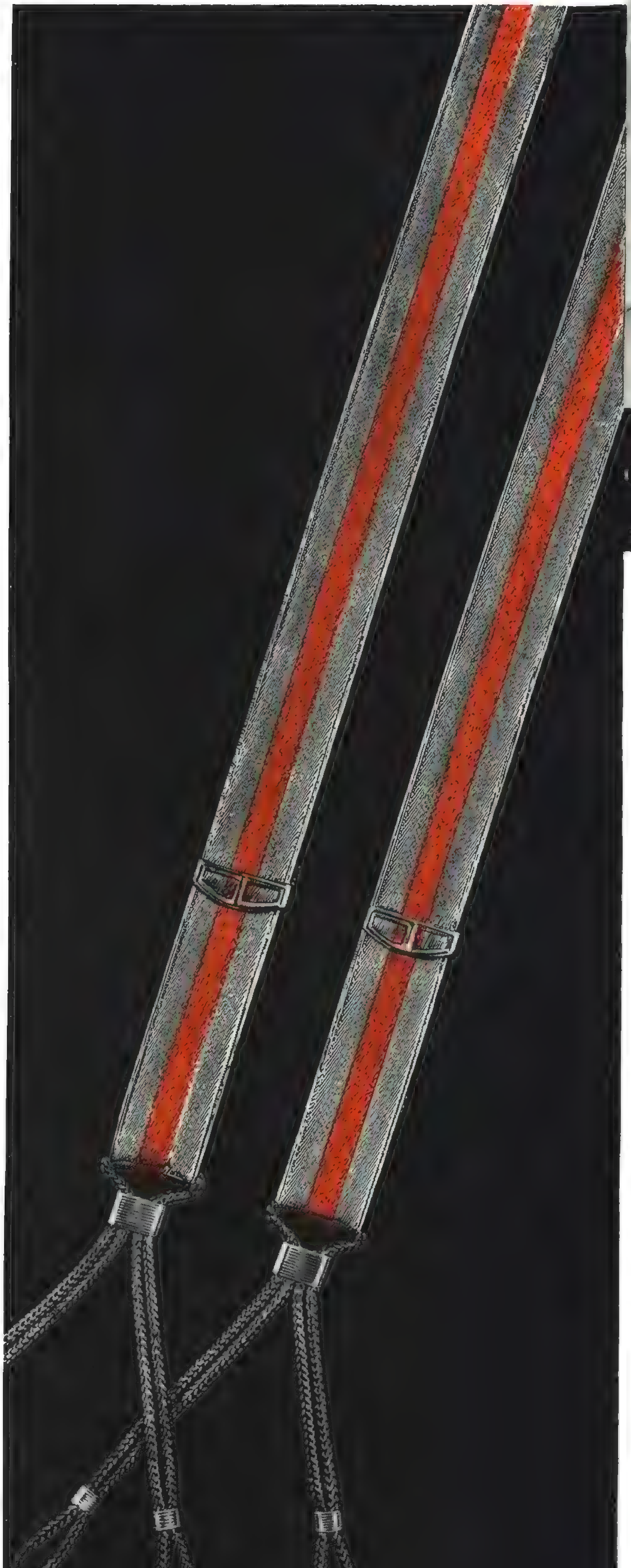
He ventured farther, went out on the balcony. Voices came up from the canal, and a mandolin struck up a serenade with which he was familiar. He returned to the room, looked about him. The bed cover had been turned back by the servant. But she, Veronica, was not there. Nor any sign of her things. . . .

He stood disconsolate, distraught, when he caught sight of an envelope standing upright on the mantel-piece. It was addressed to him. He ripped it open.

"Dear Tom," he read, "forgive me. It hurts me to tell you, but I couldn't go through with it. I tried, heaven knows, but I couldn't. I can't explain. It suddenly came over me. . . . Perhaps if you had taken me elsewhere . . . say Brighton. But Venice! Venice is so unutterably lovely. And, oh, so incongruous! Again, forgive me, *please!* Yours, Veronica."

"Incongruous? What can she mean?" Tom raised unhappy eyes to the ceiling, where, in the darkness, rococo little cupids flew about among rose garlands. And, even after he lowered his eyes and caught sight of his prosaic figure in the long mirror, he failed to comprehend what had happened to him. And he went on murmuring in an imbecilic way:

"Incongruous? What can she mean?" ⧻

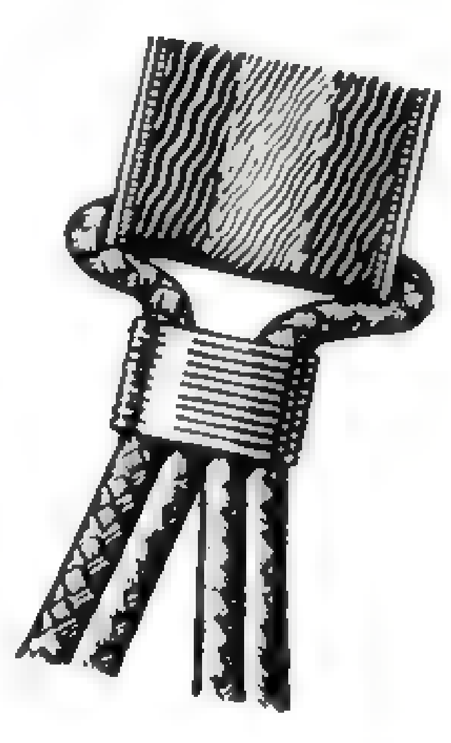


$1

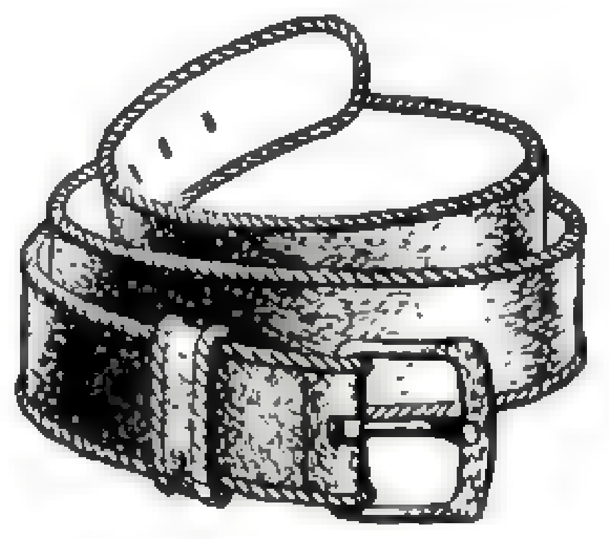
GUARDS' COLORS BRACES

by HICKOK

Inspired by the traditional bold Guards' Colors—HICKOK presents these striking new braces for fall wear by American men. They're in handsome contrasting colors, in stripe patterns that appeal to men—of long-life elastic in a beautiful silk twill weave. Mountings are solid bronze, specially designed, and tips are the new HICKOK "Cambridge Cord" (patent pending). As handsome a brace as you have ever seen, and a fresh new style note.

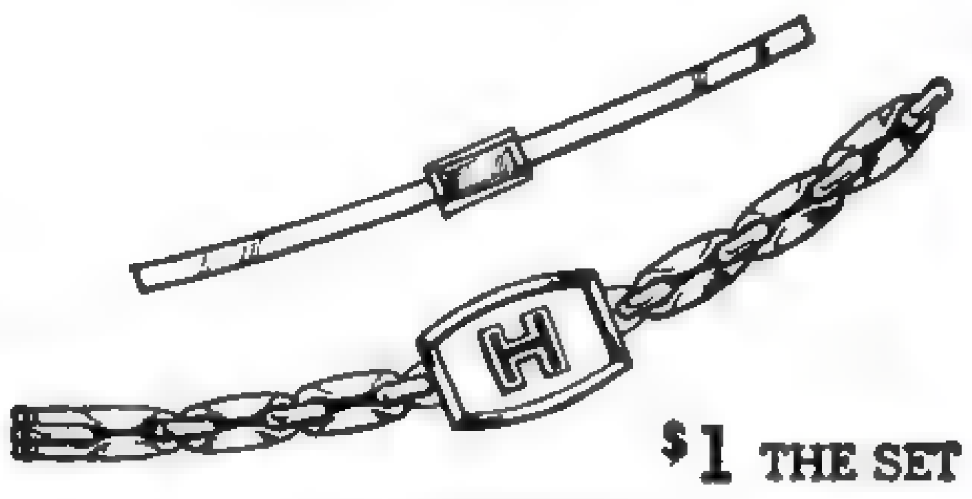


The new HICKOK "Cambridge Cord Tips" (patent pending).



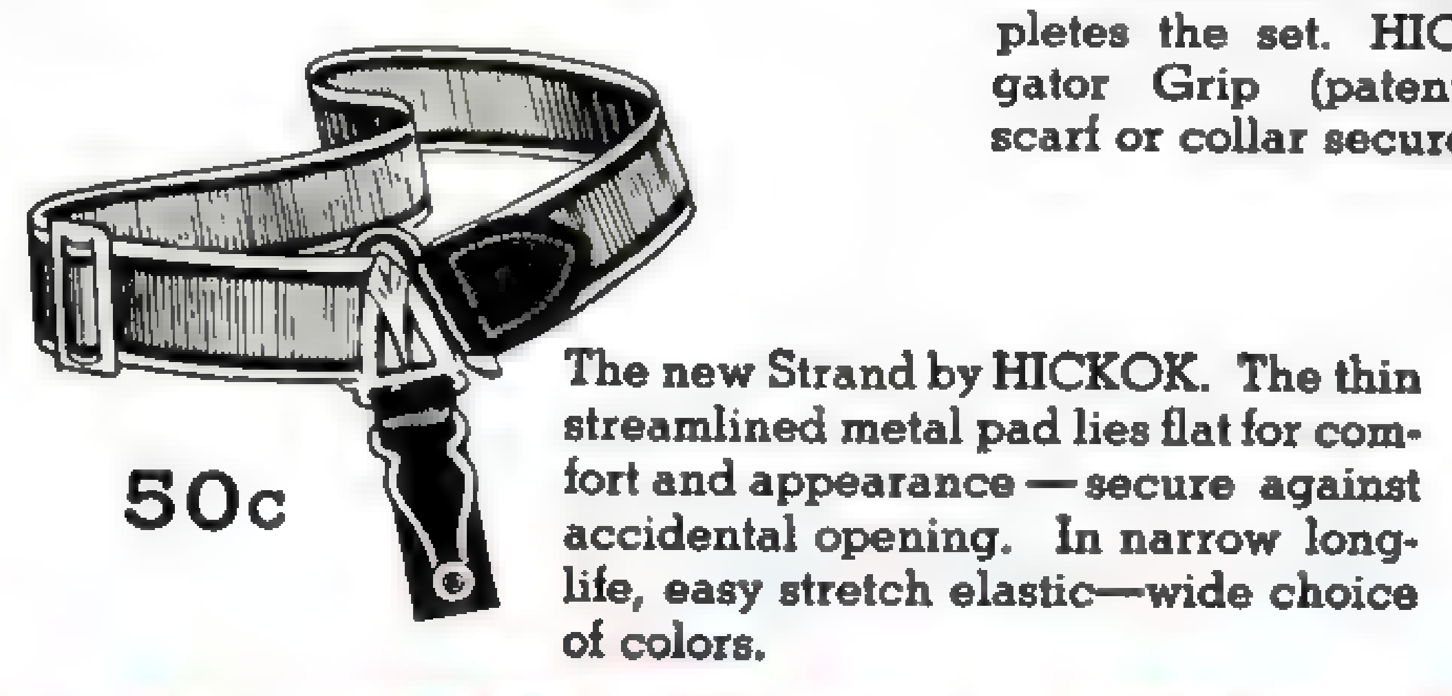
$1.00 *and* $1.50

In step with the trend to brown suede for men's wear, HICKOK presents this dark brown buckskin belt, with chain braid edge and leather covered buckle.



$1 THE SET

Smart HICKOK tie clip in the favored chain design, with distinctive initial in black enamel—an attractive collar bar completes the set. HICKOK Alligator Grip (patented) holds scarf or collar securely.



50c

The new Strand by HICKOK. The thin streamlined metal pad lies flat for comfort and appearance—secure against accidental opening. In narrow long-life, easy stretch elastic—wide choice of colors.

HICKOK

Tragedy at the Baths

Continued from page 80

he had picked her up in the Zocalo. And she was very shy, as if ashamed of what she was doing.

They took seats way up in the balcony, where lovers sit every evening and hold hands in the dark. And soon they were holding hands, too.

"There was something about your arms the other day," she said, "even before I looked into your eyes, that made me want to stay with you forever."

"Ai-yai-ee-yip!" yelled Tom Mix on the screen.

"And there was something in the feel of your body lying in my arms that made me never want to put you down," said Juan.

"My name is Consuelo Aguilar," the girl said softly. "You have met my husband."

"Tell me about him," said Juan.

"He is crazy about me," Consuelo answered, "and terribly jealous. He wants to be a writer, but all he writes is letters for peasants."

"And if he knew you were here—?"

"But he won't know. He stays home on Sundays and writes poems! And when I tell him they're no good, he says I don't love him, and threatens to commit suicide. He is very emotional, my husband."

"And where does he think you are now?"

"At my aunt's."

* * *

It was really love—and at first sight, so they say in the patios of Loreto. But they also say that Juan was a little dumb, and a little inexperienced in the ways of women.

They kept on meeting in cines and dance halls, and things began to be more and more dangerous for both of them—for husbands very often kill lovers in Mexico—and go free. It is the thing to do! But what this husband did was even worse. At least, Señora Rueda thought so.

And what his wife did was terrible, too! In Catholic lands where divorces are practically impossible, and where women are never supposed to leave their husbands, anyhow—this wife planned to run away with Maldonado. But being young and foolish (or so they say in Loreto), for some reason or other, on the Sunday of their elopement, they planned to take a bath first. And that is how they happened to be in the Bath House of Señora Rueda.

And there the husband came and caught them. Or rather, he followed them there. And the miracle was that he did not kill them both! Instead, he took out a ticket for a whole year of baths (probably not realizing what he was doing) and went into the corridor outside the room where Juan and Consuelo were bathing—and shot himself.

Then it was that the uproar began. People began to emerge from their tubs, clad and unclad, to run and to scream. Doors began to open, and steam escaped into the courtyard. In the excitement, someone turned off the water main and the fountain stopped running. Consuelo and Maldonado came out to see what was going on and stumbled over the bleeding body of Señor Aguilar at their feet.

"Oh, my God!" Consuelo cried. "He said he would kill himself if I ran away with you."

"But how did he know you were coming away with me?" asked the young man in astonishment.

"I told him," said Consuelo, and her eyes were hard. "I wanted to see if he really would commit suicide. He threatened to so often. But now, darling," and she turned softly to Juan, "with him gone, we can get married in the church."

"But suppose he had killed us *both!*" said Maldonado, trembling in the doorway with a towel about his body.

"That little coward!" said Consuelo. "He wasn't man enough."

"But he did kill himself," said Maldonado.

"Kiss me," cried Consuelo, turning away from the body on the floor and the crowd that had gathered, and lifting her face toward Juan's, as she closed the door.

"Get away from me!" said Juan suddenly, sickened with horror, and he gave her a terrific push into the hall.

Consuelo fell prone over the body of her husband. And, realizing that she was, after all, a widow, and that there were six good typewriters to be inherited from the *escritorio*, she began to sob in approved fashion on the floor.

When the police got through asking questions of them both, Juan went home alone and left her crying in the Baths. It took him a long time to get over the fact that she had told her husband. And the sound of that pistol shot echoed in his head for months.

But the saddest thing of all, so they say in Loreto, was that when the details of their tragic triangle appeared in the papers, Juan's employer read them with such scandalized interest that he promptly dismissed him from his job. Consuelo lost only a husband she didn't want (so everybody affirms) but Juan lost his pay check which, in these days and times, is a very serious thing, indeed!

As for Señora Rueda, she swore never to rent another tub to a couple.

Sidelights on Winning Streaks

Continued from page 105

gan's great winning streak with his famous "point a minute" team. During that season Yost drove his players so relentlessly that when the dope sheet was worked up at the end of the year it was found that the team had actually scored a point for every minute it had played football.

There's your combination of the winning streak elements—good material, fighting spirit, a coach with an idea plus the right alumni background, and the proper psychological set up. It usually takes a hated rival to bring out the best in a team or to make it bite the dust.

Michigan's big rival for a time was Chicago, where Alonzo Stagg was making good use of a great surplus of fine football talent. Stagg coached his teams to play steady, careful, orthodox football. His teams were great on the defensive as well as in their line drive. About this time, the football rules were changed quite radically to reduce the dependence upon mass play and upon pushing and pulling. Stagg was quick to take advantage of this and develop the open game, both on the offensive and defensive. Along about 1907 he had his team ripe for a winning streak, and for several years the football classic of the country was Stagg's annual gridiron battle with Yost's Michiganders.

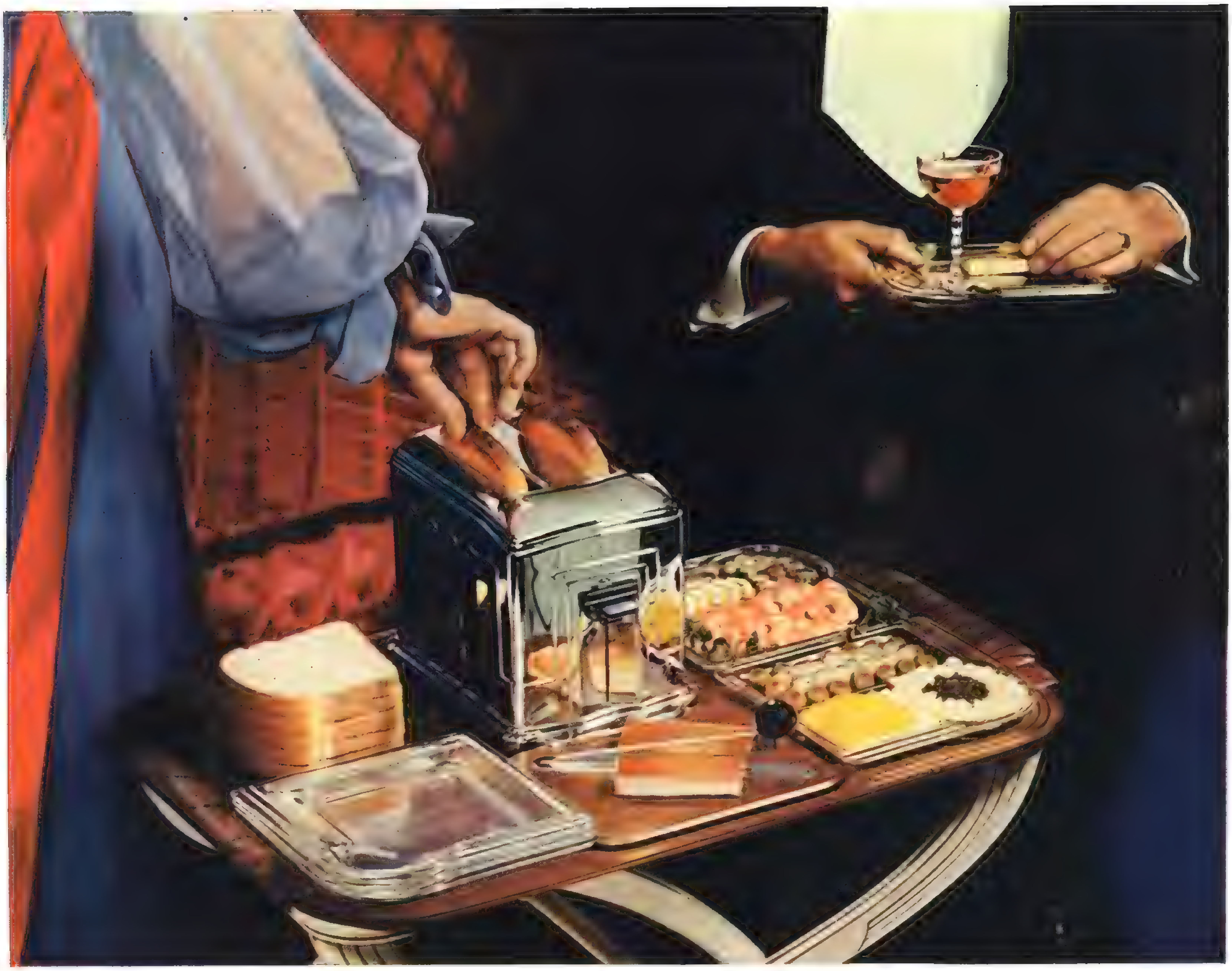
In 1908 the greatest series of wins on record got under way out on the Pacific Coast at the University of Washington. In that year a chap named Gil Dobie migrated out to the northwest from Minnesota. He found the football situation ripe at Seattle with ample material, great enthusiasm and a campus that wanted to win. Dobie produced a winning aggregation by using the simplest formations in the book. He coached his players thoroughly in the fundamentals of football, and developed teams that were regular power machines. For nine years the Washington teams under Gil Dobie went unbeaten, and to my knowledge that is the longest winning streak on record.

The next best record, I believe, is that of the University of Pittsburgh. Beginning in 1915, the team went through five seasons without a single defeat by any other college team. That was the first winning streak team to use the wing back formation which I had developed while coaching the Carlisle Indian boys. At Pittsburgh I found everything a coach could desire. I had plenty of heavy players for the line and lots of fast boys for the backfield. Our success was due, I believe, to the fact that we used open-game tactics, relying upon deception mixed with power, and quick passes, to confuse our opponents. The boys clicked these tricky plays off so fast that in many of the games the other side did not know where the ball was much of the time.

One of the great winning streaks of football history was that launched by Andy Smith at the University of California, beginning about 1917. For several years the Golden Bears dominated the Pacific Coast conference and mopped up on such eastern teams as were willing to mix with them in inter-sectional games. Andy Smith's teams played straight football. Aside from a brilliant development of punting, he introduced no new strategy. His scheme was to use but few plays, but do everything well. His were well-trained teams. They were masters of the Pacific slope until 1924 when Stanford, the underdog, humbled them and launched a winning streak that has allowed California only one victory since that time.

An interesting angle to the California winning streak is that it was started by a group of boys who came to the Berkeley campus almost to a man from one high school in San Diego. These boys had cleaned up in their prep school conference and they enjoyed playing together so much that they all decided to go to the same college. They were great players, and even though there was much football material at Berkeley at the time, almost all of the San Diegans made the California squad.

Continued at top of page 125



Sparkling with new ideas for livelier parties

Gayer guests . . . happier hostesses . . . this season. Toastmaster's new Hospitality Tray is transforming entertaining into "help-yourself" parties . . . where everyone takes a hand. Never before anything so clever as this smart new Hospitality set. New are the four individual snack plates. They're sparkling Fostoria crystal, "The Glass of Fashion" . . . as are the matching Fostoria appetizer dishes. New is the handsome tray, in walnut, mahogany or antique white, with matching cutting block, and knife for trimming toast.

A STUNNING FOLDING STAND

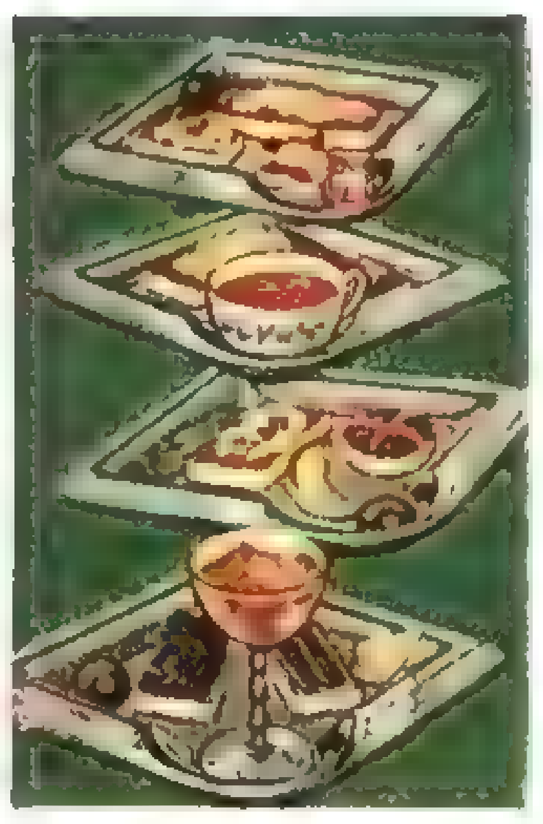
And picture all this atop a modern folding stand, for only a little more. With tray, minus accessories, a permanent coffee table. But the feature that makes the hostess' evening a carefree lark . . . is the Toastmaster itself . . . the only toaster that thrills the guests . . . and makes possible a *real* "hospitality party" because it alone has a Flexible Toast-Timer to make perfect toast *without watching*. Toastmaster pops up uniformly brown toast always, at the breakfast table as at parties.

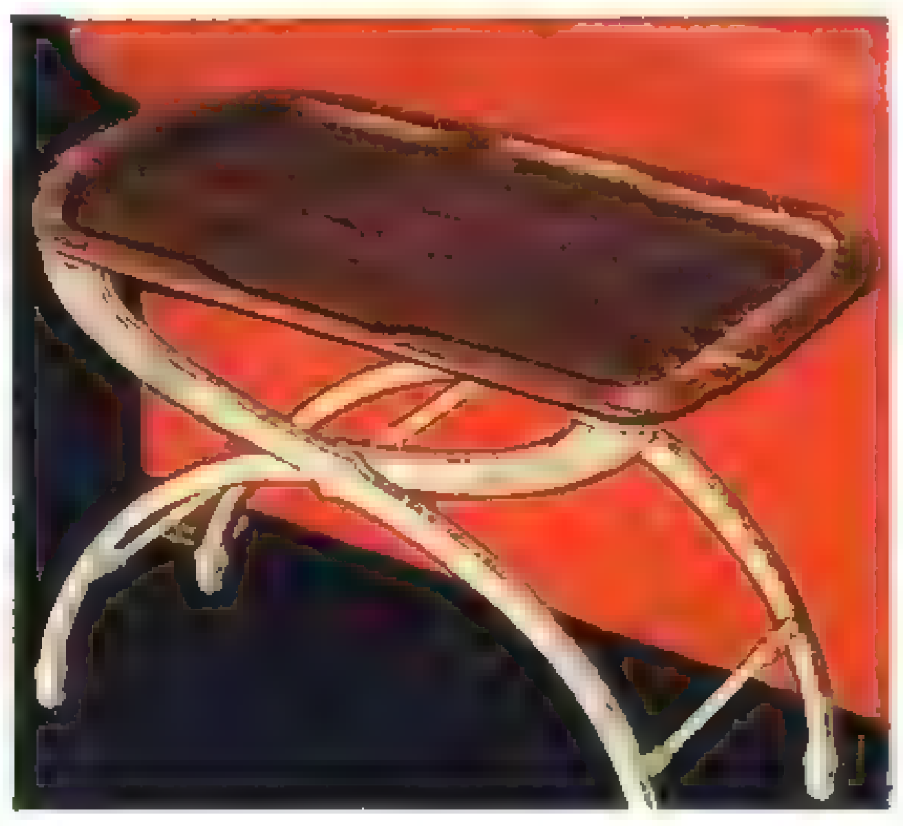
WITH FLEXIBLE TOAST-TIMER

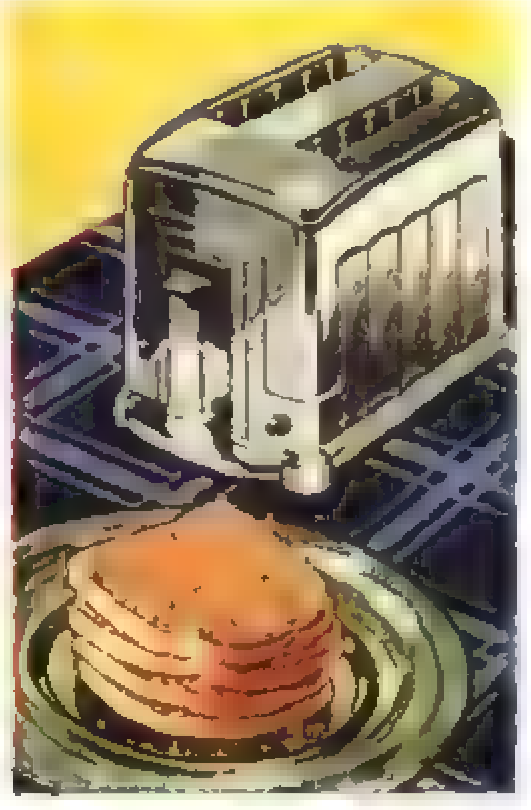
The Flexible Toast-Timer times each slice individually and automatically—longer when the Toastmaster is cool—shorter when it's hot. The degree of heat itself regulates the toasting time. One slice or a hundred—they're all alike—each the same shade of brown. Once you set the dial for light, medium or dark brown toast, you'll get precisely what you ordered . . . always! "Only Toastmaster makes perfect toast every time for everybody."

PLAN A HOSPITALITY PARTY

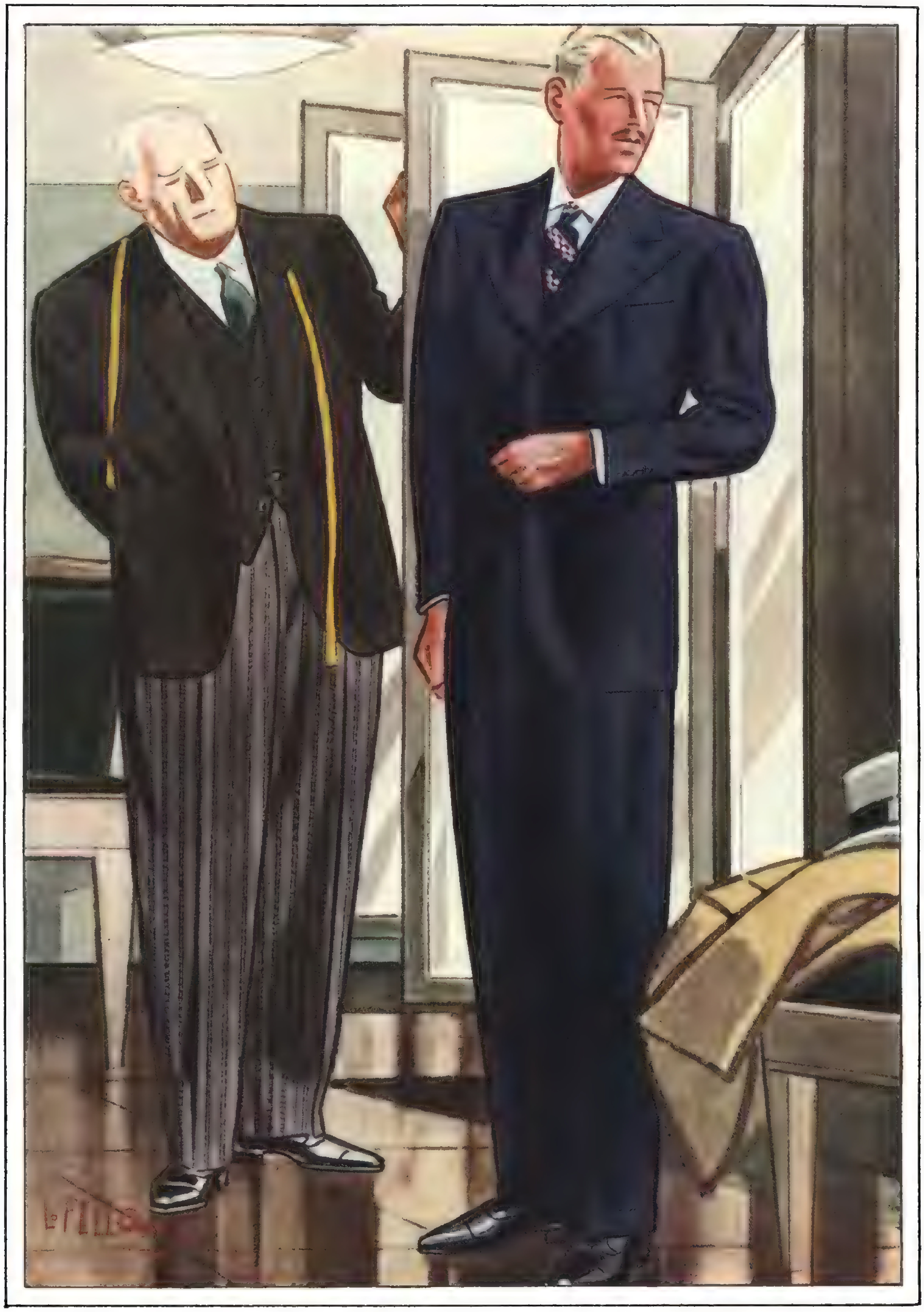
Your guests can't fail to have a rollicking good time, if the Hospitality Tray is the feature of the evening. See the new Toastmaster with Hospitality Tray wherever quality appliances are sold. You can buy additional snack plates if you wish. Write McGraw Electric Co., Waters-Genter Division, Dept. 1018, Minneapolis, Minn., for our fascinating new free booklet, "Help-Yourself Parties." *R. S. V. P.*







Toastmaster WITH Hospitality TRAY



TO ASSUAGE THE AGONY OF THE AVERAGE

We hear pretty frequently that these pages devote insufficient attention to the wants of the average man. Readers keep writing in telling us they wouldn't care to be found dead in the too colorful outfits that we are prone to illustrate and describe. Stuck for an answer, we merely say that we wouldn't exactly enjoy it ourselves. But here, praise be, is a plain blue suit, wherewith we hope to mollify the ire of the plain reader. The model is the three button single breasted with peak lapels, always a favorite in England and lately accorded increased acceptance over here. You will note that the lapel rolls to the top button, so that the suit may be worn with all three buttons fastened, as shown here, or, equally well, with only the center one buttoned. The fabric is a diagonal weave. The shirt is a blue batiste with white widespread laundered collar and a Grecian striped tie. The shoes are of black calf.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Sidelights on Winning Streaks

Continued from pages 105-122

Knute Rockne launched Notre Dame's great winning streak about 1920. Rockne was well fortified with football talent. He was gifted with a personality that fired his boys to almost unbeatable spirit. He was ingenious and inventive, and the Notre Dame shift, which he worked out for his backfield, was so confusing that other coaches were slow to develop an adequate defense for it. But over and above all that, he had several famous backfield combinations such as the "Four Horsemen of Notre Dame,"—Miller, Crowley, Layden and Stuhldreher—the most marvelous scoring quartet that football has ever seen. It isn't often that a team draws four backs of all-American caliber at one time and it is to Rockne's glory that he developed them and put them in the backfield together, behind a good line.

The latest great winning streak was that of the University of Southern California. It began in 1928 and was ended last fall. Coach Howard Jones was backed by a spirit to win on the part of the student body and the alumni. He developed an original style of offensive play, known as the Jones' jump shift. It kept the opponents guessing and opened in their lines unexpected gaps through which the Trojans romped to touchdowns. The combination made U. S. C. just about unbeatable, not only on the Pacific Coast but in their games with mid-western and eastern teams, but last year the mighty Trojans became just another football team and their slump may continue for several years.

There has been a great movement of football supremacy across the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. You see it not only in the winning streaks I have mentioned, but also in the smaller conferences. In the south, for example, Virginia dominated for a time, then North Carolina, Georgia, Georgia Tech, Alabama, and Tulane. Today there probably is no hotter hotbed of football than Texas.

Knowing what goes into the making of a winning streak, it ought to be possible to size up the various colleges and forecast where the next cycle of victories will occur. But there are many uncertainties. Until recently the best football was being played in the Far West. Pacific Coast teams have dominated the Middle West, just as the Mid-West has conquered the East on the gridiron. But if I were going to make a guess, I would say that the next winning streak will be that of an Atlantic Coast team. The colleges that have the makings are Pittsburgh, Princeton, West Point, Colgate, Columbia, Fordham, Temple. Don't be surprised if Yale, Harvard and Dartmouth make a decided comeback.

My reason for predicting eastern ascendancy in football is this: The Far West, having tasted of supremacy for a number of years, is smug and self-satisfied. The Mid-West feels superior to other sections. The Southern teams have gone about as far as they can go. The underdogs are the Atlantic Coast colleges. They are fed up on this so-called western and southern football superiority. The eastern teams are all laying for the western champions. They are full of fight and eager to win. Supremacy, as long as the other fellow has it, is something worth fighting for, while the western teams that have feasted on victory are taking it lightly.

Every little while a group of alumni of some college will drop in on me to talk over ways and means of cooking up a winning streak or of prolonging one already under way for dear old Alma Mater. If Alma Mater is an underdog on the outside hungrily looking in, I can offer suggestions. It is largely a matter of material, the spirit to win, a good coach with ideas, an alumni body that thirsts for victory. But if Alma Mater is already in the saddle, riding herd on the conference, the future is a foregone conclusion. It seems to be a law of sport that to the victor comes a fall. That's a good thing. Football is just a game, and if the match isn't even enough so that either side can win, there's not much use in playing it. #

Crazy Over Dogs

Continued from page 52

because I have suffered too much and am now desperate and reckless. I hope it doesn't turn out too badly. The dog is a sacred animal, and to express an unfavorable view of him with any safety you need to be a human gorilla seven feet high, who has to shave with a hacksaw. My specifications fall short of that, by considerable. Just the same, I am going through with it. There must be other sufferers who will rally 'round, if somebody makes the break and speaks out.

The Suspicious Dog, though, is usually only a minor annoyance, hardly worth wasting words on. It's when you get into the higher brackets that real trouble looms up. Let's have a look at one of the more noxious varieties. Take the Hostile Dog, for instance—if he doesn't take you first, which he is darn' well likely to do if you don't move mighty fast!

A couple of weeks ago I happened to be in Sam Brush's neighborhood. Sam and I played on the same varsity team years ago, and we've always kept in touch. So I thought I'd look in on him. He'd just got back from Germany and brought a new wife with him, I'd heard.

I give you my word, when I pushed his bell button I thought I had busted into a lion-house at feeding time. Some sort of a beast hurled itself against the door with a smash I expected would tear it off the hinges, and burst out with a yammering of roars and snarls fit to freeze your blood. Windows began to fly up and heads to stick out of them, for a block on both sides. I suppose the neighbors had got used to seeing callers ripped to bloody shreds on the doorstep, and didn't want to miss the show.

The door had a little square of glass set in it—a kind of peek-hole—and I could catch momentary glimpses of the thing inside as it flashed by, charging up and down the hallway and fairly shaking the whole house. It looked to be about the size of a well-grown lion, but it didn't have any mane, and its head was sort of naked and bony and wicked-looking with sharp ears and a sharp nose. If I had had the plain, ordinary common-sense of a striped ass from the African desert, I would have leaped into my car right then and left that neighborhood as fast as gas would take me. But the insane ferocity of the brute petrified me in my tracks.

While I hesitated, some sort of struggle began inside, with heavy thuds and scrapings against walls and floor, and the roars subsided gradually to a steady, half-choked snarling. Then Brush's voice, rather breathless, called out: "All right—who is it?"

I mentioned my name, in a weak voice.

"Oh, hello, there!" shouted Brush. "Glad you came around! Open the door yourself, will you? I can't spare a hand just now."

Well, by this time I was beginning to come to life again, and getting a bit sore, too. I felt like saying that I couldn't spare a hand either—nor an arm or a leg, in case a mere hand didn't content his little playmate. Judging from the venomous snarling the brute kept up, I had serious doubts whether anything less than a complete corpse would satisfy it. However, as I said, my brain wasn't working. So, like a fool, I turned the knob and pushed open the door.

Brush was in the far corner of the hall with his shoulder braced against a door-jamb and both hands twisted in the collar of a slavering, struggling beast the size of a bull calf. I hope never to see anything in the shape of a dog again, like that one. It gives me a chill now, just to remember it. Why any man in his senses would want a monstrosity like that on his premises—

Brush, though, was quite jovial and cheery about it. "Hello—come in!" he said, grinning. "Don't mind the pup—he's always a bit stand-offish with strangers. Stop it, Nero, stop it! Hey! Look out—!"

At this point Nero made a lunge for my windpipe, dragging Brush a dozen feet across the floor and damn near connecting with me. Fortunately Sam keeps pretty fit for a man of his years, and he finally succeeded in choking the brute down and hauling him back, far enough for me to sidle past into the library. By this time I had seen all I wanted of Nero, and more. I was about to tell Brush what I thought of his pet, and of him for harboring a slaughter-machine of the sort, when he sewed me up for the duration of the war by calling in his wife. She was a mighty pretty girl—a regular knockout; and while a man will maybe admit to another man that he is scared, he hates to have a woman see it, especially a young one and a beauty.

So I thought I would try to stick it out. I hoped they would at least shut Nero up in another room, as long as I was so distasteful to him and irritated him so. But no—Brush brought him right along, and made him lie down in a corner, and spent the next half hour leaping onto his neck and dragging him back whenever he made a new try for my jugular vein: which happened on the average of once a minute, at first, though getting less frequent as time went on and he had no real success to keep him encouraged and hopeful.

Nero finally saw it was no use, for the present, and subsided on the hearth, glar-

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Crazy Over Dogs

Continued from pages 52-125

ing at me with red eyes. Every time I moved a hand he would snarl and crouch for a spring, with the hair bristling up on the back of his neck. It was a cruel disappointment to him that he couldn't get at me and slaughter me. I didn't want it to become absolutely unbearable, so I just sat very quietly with my feet close together under my chair, and wiped off my forehead and the palms of my hands with slow, careful movements—nothing quick or jerky, that might be misunderstood, if you see what I mean. So the best Nero could do was to pick out specially tender spots on my frame and lick his lips over the thought of what he'd do to me next time.

But that was where I had him. He didn't know it, but it was already decided that there wasn't going to be any next time.

From inquiries which I have since made, I gather that Nero probably is one of those German man-eaters which they breed specially for size and ferocity and train to bite the heads off escaping prisoners and such. He certainly looked and acted as if that was his specialty and one aim in life. But even so, his animosity toward me seems a bit uncalled for. Of course, I may have met him at an unfavorable time. Maybe he hadn't killed anybody for a day or two before I happened in and was getting irritable and impatient in consequence.

But even the Hostile Dog doesn't top the scale. Let's move on to something really important. Let's skip the Playful Dog—and how I wish I could—who shreds your shoestrings with comic growls and who, when finally shut in the hall as a last resort, finds your hat on the table there and reduces it to pulp. Let's pass rapidly over the dog afflicted with a combination of the Seven Year Itch and the Nervous Fidgets—pass over him with a steam roller, preferably, as the only way to keep him quiet in one spot for as much as two seconds. Let's get on to the Affectionate Dog. Now there you really have something. For general all-around capacity to bring on apoplexy, insanity, fits, and neighborhood quarrels, he is undoubtedly supreme. Because the Affectionate Dog isn't any mere side issue or adjunct to the household—he's the head of the family. Everybody operates on that basis, including himself, and all matters are arranged to suit his convenience.

So if you happen in at a house inhabited by one of these Affectionate Dogs, you'll find that you're really just making a call on the dog. That's what it adds up to. The rest of the family merely sits by, as an admiring and applauding audience, while the little darling takes the center of the stage and does his stuff—with you as his stooge, whether you like it or not. And it's a continuous performance, too—no intermissions and never a dull moment. Like at the Garlands, for instance!

The Garlands are relations of my wife's, up in the north part of the state. We happened to pass through their town on our motor tour last summer, and Lila said we must certainly drop in on them, if only for a few moments. I suppose I should have had sense enough to come out flat-footed against it from the start. Dropping in on relations is always a mistake, and one of the foolishest things a man can do. But I didn't know they had a dog—they hadn't, the last we'd heard from them; and Lila said it would be positively uncivilized not to stop, even if they *didn't* know we were in town and probably would not find it out later: as I offered in support of my first sensible plan for giving them a miss. So I let myself be talked into it and we stopped, and of course they had to be at home and glad to see us, instead of away for the week-end or quarantined with smallpox—I never got a break in my life, where a dog was involved.

I had hardly got settled in my chair, after the first greetings, when there was a scramble and a rush from the next room, and a species of gnat-hound hurled himself against my chest in a mad abandon of love and joy. Before I could fend him off he was lapping my face, and everybody was fairly beaming with pride and happiness and good-feeling, and little Irene, aged nine, expressed the general mush exactly by gurgling: "Oh, look! Tito's kissing Uncle! Oh, the cunning little thing, he just wants to make friends with everybody, right away-y-y!"

The pace had been so fast that Tito had me groggy and rolling on the ropes before I really knew what had happened; but after a couple of fumbles I managed to get him by the scruff of the neck and pry him loose, long enough so I could see and breathe again while trying to think what to do about it. He turned out to be about the size of a small cat—I hadn't been able to get a fair look at him before—and there was no hair on him at all, and his skin was a sort of blotchy grayish-black color. All together, he resembled nothing I had ever seen or imagined in the shape of a dog. I have found out since that he was a Mexican hairless, but at the time I could not account for his looking like that unless he had barely survived some strange Oriental disease. And that idea did not make me any happier.

There was an open window in front of me, and I immediately noticed a concrete gatepost about a hundred feet away, near the curb. My natural impulse was to grab Tito by the hind legs and see whether I could make a direct hit on it with him, and then go somewhere and take a carbolic acid bath and give my clothes to the rag man. But of course nothing so sensible as that was to be considered seriously. So I merely did the best I could with my handkerchief and one hand, while foiling Tito's frenzied efforts to close on me again, with the other.

The rest of my stay was just one long battle to keep Tito out of my lap and off my neck, and the Garlands were all greatly surprised and a little hurt because I was so cold toward him. They could not understand it at all—and Tito so anxious to be friendly!

Of course it dawned on them finally that there was only one possible explanation. So they all tried to be specially cordial to Lila. They wanted to show her that they understood and sympathized, and were not going to let it change them toward her in any way, merely because she had made a terrible mistake that any innocent, inexperienced girl might make in the mad infatuation of first love: giving her life into the keeping of a coarse, brutal man lacking in all the finer and nobler instincts.

Oh, well—! Why go on? Ninety-nine people out of every hundred are wild about dogs, always have been wild about dogs, always will be wild about dogs. In fact, even that estimate is probably a bit low. If the hundredth person is anything like me, he's wild about dogs, too. I mean, wild. #

Money in Accidents

Continued from page 82

revealed that it was the same man. The tack-faker was sent to prison. His troubles didn't end there. The prison authorities had him submit to an operation for the removal of the profit-making tack.

The lone wolf among accident fakers is a decided thorn in the side of the insurance companies. Usually his claim is small and is handled without recourse to attorneys. Moreover, the small individual faker moves rapidly about from state to state and selects different insurance companies whenever possible. He plays his game quietly, unobtrusively and cautiously. He is hard to catch. Furthermore, when one faker is caught thousands of others are still left behind to ply their crooked games.

With the accident faking rings it is different. They are big game. They work on a large scale. One ring can often collect thousands of dollars before it is broken up. But the rings are not so difficult to catch. They leave loopholes. Moreover, there is always the chance that one of the mob will "squeal." As in all forms of criminal activity there is danger in numbers.

The accident faking rings number as many as forty or fifty members. The subterfuges and devices they employ often display an ingenuity and originality deserving of a more lawful use. Frequently their ringleaders show a high degree of business efficiency and build up a cohesive and smooth-working organization. The larger rings are continually looking for new "victims" and seldom pass up an opportunity to add a recruit to their staff, provided the member has an injury which can be used to advantage.

Down in one of the southern states a workman suffered a broken ankle in a legitimate accident. The insurance company for his employers settled his claim immediately. A lawyer who had heard of the case from one of his runners sent for the injured man.

"I was sorry to learn of your accident," he said, by way of opening up the conversation. "I hope you are all fixed up and healed by now."

"Well, I ain't really," the injured workman replied, wondering at the same time why the lawyer had summoned him to his office. "They never set my ankle right. It still looks funny."

"That's too bad," the attorney said sympathetically. "Yet, it mightn't be so bad as it sounds. I've heard tell of men who have really made good money out of their acci-

Continued on page 128

Why pay more? Why buy less?

There is a certain working minimum which you know you must pay for worthy clothes. Below that minimum you cannot afford to go, in a world where business and social contacts mean so much. Above that minimum you will go, on occasion, if what you buy has enough extra value.

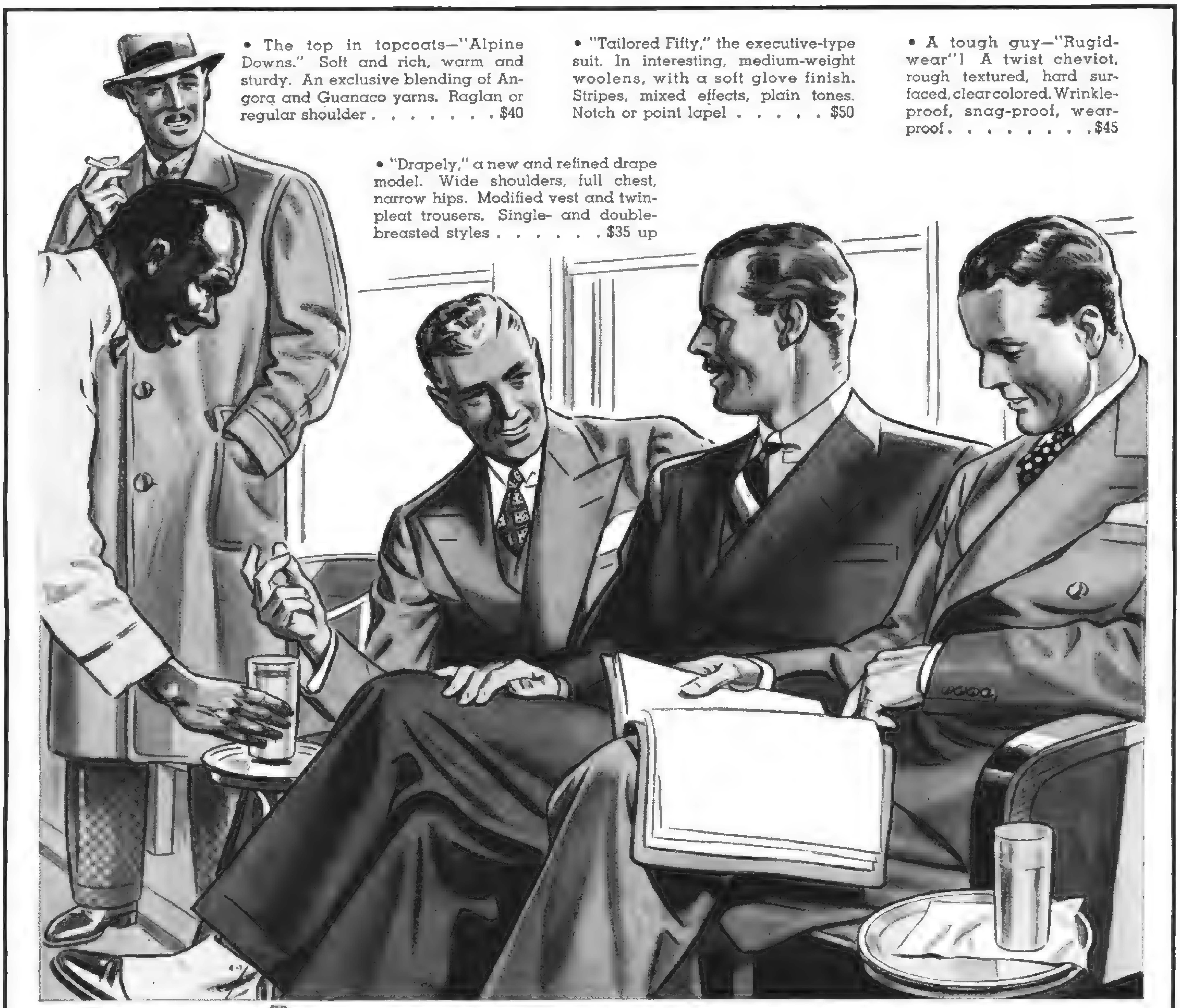
We have reason to believe that most of the readers of *Esquire* feel as we do, that the proper price range this fall is from $35 to $75, and that $50, for a town or a country suit, is about the best figure.

In this season's $50 suits, Stein Bloch uses really choice fabrics—fine quality Australian yarn worsteds—full weight—novelty weaves in stripes, checks and plaids—in cheviots—shetlands—triple twists and saxonies. The patterns and colors range from dark and medium plains to bright weaves of all sorts. Especially interesting now are the special Stripetones and oxford blue shades, new this fall.

Look back of the cloths to the clothes. . . . Stein Bloch offers an excellence of style, fit and performance that has little competition in any price bracket. Including details of hand tailoring that may not show on the surface, but do show in the service later. . . . *Stein Bloch clothes never lose their character.* Why pay more? Why buy less?

Stop in at any Stein Bloch dealer's for clothes that are made to be worn, and well worn—clothes that have a value far above their price. . . . Stein Bloch Tailors, Rochester and New York City.

★ CALL WESTERN UNION FOR THE NAME OF THE NEAREST STEIN BLOCH DEALER



- The top in topcoats—"Alpine Downs." Soft and rich, warm and sturdy. An exclusive blending of Angora and Guanaco yarns. Raglan or regular shoulder $40
- "Tailored Fifty," the executive-type suit. In interesting, medium-weight woolens, with a soft glove finish. Stripes, mixed effects, plain tones. Notch or point lapel $50
- A tough guy—"Rugidwear"! A twist cheviot, rough textured, hard surfaced, clear colored. Wrinkle-proof, snag-proof, wear-proof $45
- "Drapely," a new and refined drape model. Wide shoulders, full chest, narrow hips. Modified vest and twin-pleat trousers. Single- and double-breasted styles . . . . . . $35 up

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Money in Accidents

Continued from pages 82-126

dents. Sometimes a fellow gets hurt and his injury never really clears up. If he's lucky and knows the right people he can keep on working the same old injury. This can make a fellow a nice, easy living."

This sounded tempting to the workman. Didn't he sweat all day for four dollars? He had no use for the big companies, anyhow. If he could use his bad ankle to pick up a few extra dollars, why not do it? These big corporations wouldn't miss a few dollars here and there! And there wasn't anything really crooked about it!

"That don't sound so bad to me, mister," the workman answered. "How do these guys do it?"

That was easy, the lawyer explained, smiling as he realized that he had another "victim" to add to his growing list of claimants. He then outlined the procedure. The workman was to do just as he was told. The lawyer and a doctor associate would rehearse him in his work. He would have to be attentive and learn his act well. He must agree to follow instructions without question.

The next day the lawyer and a crooked doctor met the workman by appointment and drove him to a house on the outskirts of town. Here the rehearsal took place.

First, the workman was taught to "flop." He was told to walk across a big, bare room casually and normally and then suddenly fall to the floor, as if he had tripped or stumbled. After he did this twenty times, each time with certain variations and certain improvements which were suggested by his mentors, he was instructed in what to do after he had fallen. He was to remain in a prone position, with one leg outstretched. He was next taught to moan and groan with just the proper intonations and the necessary volume.

The moaning and groaning lesson was carried over for another day. At first, the workman's groans were too loud. They lacked realism and were minus that anguished note which the teachers thought so necessary. Gradually, however, the pupil improved. After several days practice he was perfect. Then he was drilled in facial expression. He became an expert at making grimaces. In a fraction of a minute his face would assume a look of agony that would bring tears to the eyes of a banker. Finally, he was schooled to the point where he was an expert "flopper," ready for his diploma in an ignoble profession. His graduation exercises were to be held in a department store.

The following day the workman, wearing his overalls and jumper, and looking the part of an honest laboring man, took his first money flop. As he got out of an elevator in a department store he fell. From that point on it was just another rehearsal. He cried out in anguished tones for his own doctor. The ankle which had been legitimately injured weeks before and which had never completely healed was once again the injured member. The insurance company's doctor admitted that the ankle had been injured. The operator of the elevator and three passengers had seen the man fall. One passenger was ready to swear that the elevator had stopped three inches below the level of the floor. The claim was legitimate—to all appearance.

A week later the lawyer handed the laborer fifty dollars as his share of the proceeds from the "flop." How was he to know the claim had been settled for $250.00? Nor did he care. After all, fifty dollars for a "flop" was better than twenty-four dollars for six days hard labor. This was prosperity. One "flop" a week and he would be sitting pretty. Another convert to the ring!

In such a manner does the ring operate. The claimant is used as claimant one day, as driver of an automobile another, perhaps as a "witness" on another occasion. The same insurance company is never tried twice in succession. Usually the ring works a different town, or even a different state each time. In the very large cities the rings may carry on for weeks without danger. When they exhaust the possibilities of the insurance companies they get to work on the large self-insurers, street railway companies and the utilities.

The next chapter is when the ring begins actually to injure the "victim," who may have exhausted the commercial possibilities of his old injury. Some new injury must be provided if the flopper is to continue in the money. At this point the real dirty work starts.

Now the pseudo-victim becomes a real victim—not of an accident, but of the cruelty of the ring. The gang may take him into a dark room and use a club on him, break his arm or his leg, or merely bruise him. Or, as has been done in some cases, he may be beaten over the back with a barrel stave until his back is a mass of welts and bruises. One doctor member of a ring made an incision in the arm of a "victim" and into this injected a drug which caused severe swelling. Then the "victim" was assigned to flop in front of one of the mob's insured automobiles. Other victims are instructed to stumble in a lobby of a theatre, fall down department store stairs, or stumble getting in or out of an office building elevator.

The ring which is avid for new victims or new injuries stops at nothing short of murder. Not long ago a pajama-clad man ran screaming madly into the police station of a New Jersey city about two o'clock in the morning. The desk sergeant listened to the man's hysterically told story.

He had been a "flopper" for an accident faking ring. His specialty was a broken rib which had been "used up" so far as further profitable "flops" were concerned. That night the ring had taken him voluntarily to a so-called private sanitarium maintained jointly by the crooked lawyer and the crooked doctor who headed the mob. Then the beating started.

The "flopper" was brutally clubbed. He stood up with Spartan fortitude until he overheard a conversation and learned that the doctor intended to "cut him up" and make a real clean-up out of his injuries. When he found out what was to happen to him he leaped out of the window and in his horror ran for the protection of the "law" he had previously so frequently and furtively evaded.

There are hundreds of cases on record where rings have brutally injured "victims." In New York State the insurance companies uncovered last year a ring of accident fakers headed by a doctor and working in coöperation with a dishonest insurance company adjuster and an equally crooked lawyer. This outfit had the most complete assortment of equipment ever unearthed by the investigators. It included clubs for beating "victims;" sandpaper, used to rub the skins of "victims" to simulate abrasion; belladonna to put in the eyes to give them the appearance of concussion; and an assortment of bandages and splints that would have been a welcome adjunct to a first aid station.

This outfit even went so far on one occasion as to give one of its "victims" an over-dose of a drug before tossing him in front of one of its automobiles. The "victim" was in the hospital for more than a day before he recovered consciousness. To all appearances he was unconscious as the result of injuries suffered in an automobile accident. Actually he was just "doped up."

The heads of some of the more ambitious accident faking rings have been splendid organizers. Out on the Pacific Coast the insurance companies uncovered a gang which was headed by a retired locomotive engineer.

This cunning individual prepared himself well for the crooked career he was to follow. He spent about two years studying the medical and legal aspects of damage claims before he even attempted to pull a "phantom." When he was caught he had thirty-three members in his mob. Not one of them had ever been convicted of a criminal offense before. As a matter of fact, they were all persons of evidently good repute, well thought of and respected in their communities. This gang specialized in automobile accidents. It had its own drivers, its own witnesses and its own "victims." It worked according to well defined and thoroughly thought out plans and collected thousands of dollars before it was finally broken up.

To the outsider who has little experience with this activity it may be surprising that the fakers are able to repeat the same accident week after week, year in and year out in many cases. In every case the gangs are careful to choose their locality and to pick a different insurance company each time. But even so, the happy days are over for the rings.

The Central Index Bureaus of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters plan to check and counter-check all claims. It will have to be an ingenious or lucky—or both—faker who beats these bureaus once they are operating at their maximum efficiency.

Had these bureaus been in operation things would not have been so easy for Sam the Fender Boy, who operated in St. Louis. Sam was a negro who confessed not long ago to having participated in more than 300 fake accidents.

His specialty was brushing up against the fenders of moving automobiles and then pretending that the automobile had hit him and knocked him down. To vary the monotony of this, Sam also managed at odd intervals to stumble on sidewalks, fall off or on street cars, stumble and fall down stairs in theatres and hotels and let automobile trucks back into him. The index bureaus will check up on fakers of this type.

Accident fakers resort to every conceivable form of faking. One man earned a fair

Continued at top of page 131

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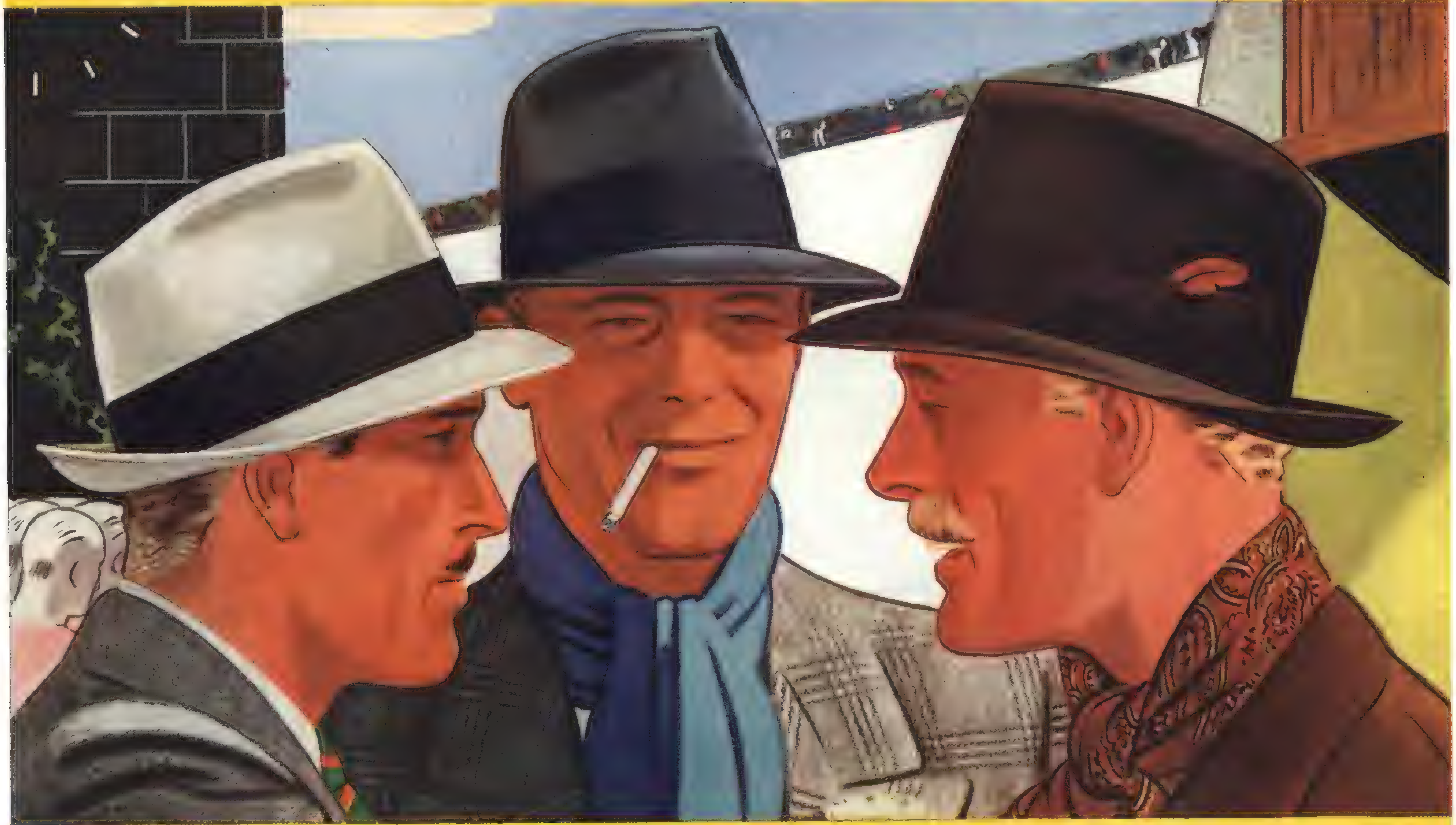

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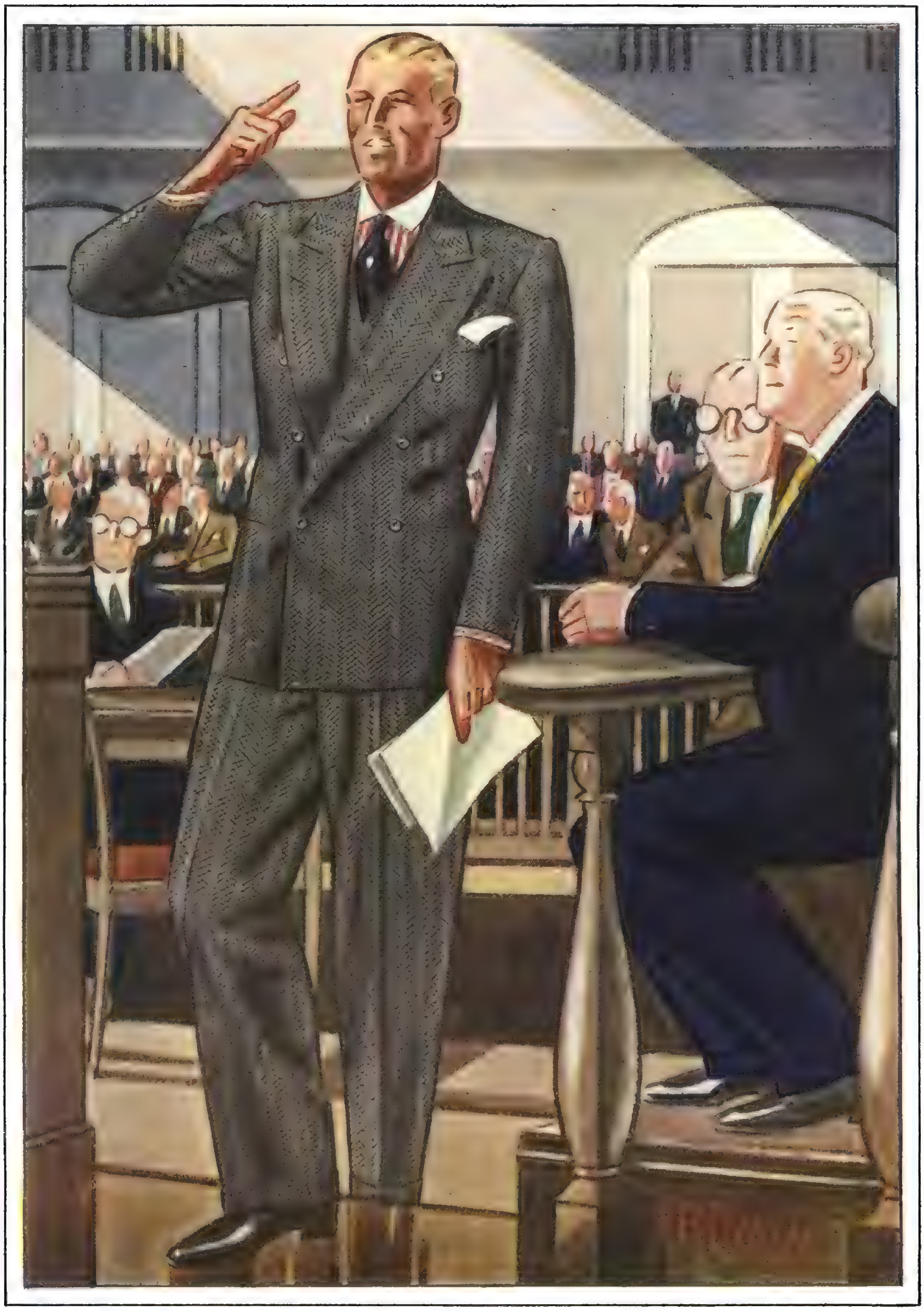

ANOTHER OUTFIT FOR THE AVERAGE MAN

The fashion department seems to be almost ostentatious with normalcy this month. The plaints of the plain readers must be getting them down. Here, for the second time in the course of a few pages, is an outfit that is practically steeped in sedateness. The herringbone fabric is of that virtuous almost Puritanical stuff, a hard finished worsted. The model is the long roll double breasted which might have been classed as extreme a year or so ago but is now so widely accepted that it must be considered standard. The sobriety of the black Spitalsfield tie is afforded double relief by the white pearl stickpin and the oxblood striped madras shirting. The laundered collar, together with the plain breast pocket handkerchief, helps along in the direction of discreetness. You will note that the collar is the new widespread type. A gray or blue overcoat and a black Homburg or derby would be suitable.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Money in Accidents

Continued from pages 82-126-128

living with so simple an injury as a broken tooth. His racket started when he was smart enough to save the piece which had broken off when he fell in his own back yard. He carried this piece with him at all times. He also carried a small pebble. He would enter a restaurant, order a meal and pretend that he had bit into the pebble, causing a piece to break off his tooth. This simple racket was worked successfully for a long time. Small claims, no lawyers, and rapid settlements made it easy. This particular faker is now serving a prison term. But any one who tries to work this game more than once is likely to find that the Central Index Bureaus work with amazing efficiency.

In staid New England a "phony" utilized a broken neck to earn him a more than fair living. He was forced to wear, under normal circumstances, a leather collar and harness. Without this device certain of his vertebrae were loose and wobbly. He would remove his neck harness, register at a hotel, occupy his room for a while and then journey to the lobby. He next picked out a weak or wobbly chair, sat in it and then "flopped" out of it. His wobbly neck gave more than one hotel manager visions of an enormous damage suit. Here the sums asked were reasonable and the settlements rapid.

Not all fakers work the casualty insurance companies. They go after landlords, builders, contractors and accident insurance firms.

Last summer an ambitious faker was found to have accident insurance policies with eighteen different companies. He posed as a traveling salesman. Usually his accidents were slight and took place in towns where one of the companies with which he was insured had a local branch or agency. With the plea that he was a traveling salesman and had to be in a distant city the next day, he made immediate settlements for reasonable sums. Two accidents a week gave this man a fair living—until he was sent to prison.

The accident faking business has enjoyed a real prosperity in the past decade. But now, even the crooked lawyers see the handwriting on the wall. In the past they have been able to alibi their actions. "That man came to me with what I thought was a perfectly legitimate case," they would explain when suspicions were pointed at them. "I was amazed when I learned that he was a faker."

It has been hard to prove collusion between the lawyers and the "victims." But from now on insurance companies intend to watch out for the names of lawyers which appear in negligence cases with suspicious frequency.

They plan to go direct to the grievance committee of the bar associations and say, in effect:

"Here is the name of one of your members who has been connected with ten definitely suspicious claims in the last month. He may be on the level. But if we were a bar association trying to keep the ethics of the legal profession on a high plane, we would call this attorney before the grievance committee and ask him for an explanation."

Both the medical and the legal professions are just as anxious to help stamp out accident faking as are the insurance companies.

Thirty years ago arson was a common crime, levying a tremendous tribute on the persons who paid for fire insurance. Today arson is such a risky, dangerous business that experienced easy-money artists will have nothing to do with it. Perhaps the current war on the fakers will have a similar effect. It is to be hoped so, for unless the insurance companies are prevented from paying out millions of dollars each year in faked and exaggerated accident and damage claims, the average person stands but small chance of obtaining a reduction in insurance rates. ⧻

The Flight of Nonc

Continued from page 50

"In beeg win' bird don' fly good bidout tail. Tail is lak rodder on boat. I'm got fou have one tail fou guider me."

"You weel mek tail, Nonc, an' nodder wing?"

"*Tout de suite.*"

Without delay he went to work. He seemed in a fever of suppressed excitement. At meals Mimille darted significant glances at Tante Sara. Something in Nonc's wrinkled face forbade questions. When he paddled down the Pass with the tail and new wings the boys waited for a few minutes and dashed after him.

This time, however, he was too crafty for them. He hid behind a point and waited. Along came the pirogue hugging the shore. Tambour rising cautiously from time to time and peering over the grass to the reaches ahead.

"I'm don' see de hol' folla," he announced.

"Mais de hol' folla see you!" screamed Nonc. "Gon hoom biffo I'm burn one candle on you tonight!"

In terror they turned and fled. At the camp they sat dejectedly and wondered what was taking place on the beach at the end of the Pass.

In front of them at the water's edge stood a tall cottonwood, its sickly-white trunk in strong contrast to its rustling green leaves. Bizoune pointed in triumph to it and suggested that they climb to the top which surely commanded a view of the place. They perched in the loftiest branches and strained their eyes in the direction of the beach, but saw nothing that looked like Nonc.

At dusk the old man returned. The trial had been an utter failure. His tail tied to his legs impeded his efforts to leave the ground and he had exhausted himself in futile attempts. Black despair crushed him. He could not face failure, loss of face, even among the children.

"You ti', hein, Nonc?" asked Bizoune, climbing to a seat by him. "You fly far, hein? We see you, yass. We clam de cottonier an' see good."

The innocent lie was inspired by perfect faith.

Nonc looked at the old tree ghostly gray in the dusk. His heart gave a great leap. He drew the child to him and hugged him. His spirit rose from the depths. His problem was solved. He would launch himself from a platform in the top of the cottonwood and sail away. He scampered to his pirogue like a boy out of school, picked up his tail and wings, and carried them to his hut. Next morning he announced that not only was he going to fly, but that he was going to continue on to heaven. It was high time that he was leaving the earth, he added, looking significantly at Tambour who withered under his gaze.

"You gon leff Marie Jeanne fou me, Nonc?" asked Bedeau.

"Mais non, mon fils. I'm gon tek Marie Jeanne wid me. I'm gon play heem fou Saint Pierre an' le bon Dieu."

Mimille darted a look at Tante Sara. Bedeau and Bizoune gasped. Tambour slunk away.

"Nonc! Nonc!" piped Bizoune in awed treble, "you gon play Pop Go de Wizzle fou dam?"

"You crezzay, *espèce de gros dada?* Nonc gon play Lid Kin'ly Light an' Rass fou de Wirry," said Bedeau indignantly.

"Non, 'tit Bedeau," said Nonc, shaking his head. "Dose fine chune mais Saint Pierre is Franchman. Don' play Yankee chune fou heem."

"*Le bon Dieu* is Franchman, too, Nonc?" asked Bizoune.

"*Mais oui. Comment non?*"

To Tante Sara's questioning look Nonc said he would fly straight to heaven, light before the gates, tune Marie Jeanne, and, when Saint Pierre appeared, play:

"*Au clair de la lune, mon ami Pierrot,*
Ouvre moi taporte pour l'amour de Dieu."

"Dat will be nice way, hein Mimille, to hask to come in?"

"Yass," replied Mimille doubtfully, "mais he might tink you make you' sassay call heem Pierrot."

"*T'as raison, vieux.* You right. I'm gon say: *Mon ami* Saint Pierre."

Nonc selected the following Sunday for the flight. He nailed a rude ladder to the trunk of the cottonwood and built a platform in the highest crotch. So sure was he of success that he did not think a trial necessary.

Night and day he was busy. His knowledge must not be lost to the people. He must pass it on as it had been imparted to him. He selected Tante Sara and Mimille as his disciples and instructed them.

He sewed Marie Jeanne in a canvas bag with a loop to go around his neck. Saturday night he carried everything to the platform and covered them well with a sail. On the morrow, unencumbered, he would make his adieux and be off.

He rose long before day and bathed in the Pass. Dressing with care in his best linen trousers and *toile du nord* jumper he went to Mimille's to partake of food and drink to sustain him on his long journey. As he stepped out of his hut the aroma of Tante Sara's coffee filled the air and whetted his appetite.

When he arose from the table he heard noises in the Pass, familiar enough but of

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The Flight of None

Continued from pages 50-131

unusual amount—the staccato exhaust of motors, the thud of oars in their locks, the rubbing of paddles against the sides of pirogues.

"You' fran," explained Tante Sara. "Mimille t'ink it mo' better dey *see* you fly away."

None slipped out of a back door and entered his hut. From a partially opened window he watched the people arrive until the place was crowded, his heart swelling with pride.

Suddenly a thought flashed through his brain and his knees grew weak. He had made a terrible mistake in his plans. *He had not been to the Curé and received the last rites without which one may not enter the presence of le bon Dieu!* He staggered to his bunk, stark dismay eating at his heart.

It was too late to go now. Besides, the Curé, hostile to him already because of his remèdes, might refuse to administer them, might forbid him to fly. No, he must carry out his plan. Le bon Dieu would understand. Humbly he knelt and explained. Feeling sure that He not only understood but approved he stepped out and proudly received the roar of greeting that went up at his appearance.

He did not delay. He bowed right and left, embraced Mimille and Tante Sara, laid a hand on Bedeau's head, took little Bizoune in his arms and kissed him. He mounted the ladder. With the agility of a younger man he climbed from branch to branch to the platform at the top of the tree. He suspended Marie Jeanne from his neck. Feverishly he tied on tail and wings. With a cry of "*Adieu, zenfants!*," he launched himself into space.

For a moment he sailed through the air Then his wings folded over his back. He hesitated like a bird poised to light, then fell with a splash into the Pass. Men swam out and drew him ashore.

Tante Sara's bed received the bruised form. Mimille poured whiskey through the chattering teeth The remède makers present took turns, exerting their best efforts for his hurts. At last he opened his eyes and smiled. His lips moved. Those around the bed leaned over to catch the words about to be uttered.

"I fly, hein? You see me fly, hein?" he whispered eagerly. "*Le bon Dieu est bon.* He look me start to fly. He say to de injil, 'Dat hol' folla got corage, yass, mais I'm don' 'low dat, me, to com' biffo I'm san' fou heem.' How I'm know dat? Saint Pierre tol' me. Le bon Dieu say to heem: 'Pierre, *vas vite*, gon down an' 'low heem to fly two-t'ree foot to show de pipple he kin fly, dan tek hees strank, an' t'row heem down!'" ⧺

Happy Ending

Continued from page 61

theorist, you, with your wide experience of so many businesses. Why, if you wanted to go out on the road tomorrow, how you'd astonish them! These loud-talking, back-slapping fellows who probably couldn't read the simplest chart, sitting there, drinking rye high-balls and telling dirty stories, no doubt, instead of doing some constructive thinking, planning their interviews, increasing their usefulness to the Home Office. Finishing his drink, Mr. Evans rose. He glanced again at these four roisterers, and his lips tightened, and his lips were almost never loose, anyway.

Regaining his seat in the Pullman, he opened his brief case, and took out his papers. There it was, the triumphant record of his fourteen months with the Perfection people. Here was the curve of production in the months before he came, and here the glorious upswing, after he took the helm. Here was the cost-curve, how beautiful it was, with its peaks and valleys, and how deep the valleys now, since extravagance was disappearing under his watchful eye. Compare these figures for the Perfection with those for the industry as a whole, with the Babson Chart, with the Harvard Business School's, with the index number, with the unemployment statistics, with the exports and imports of the United States and the fluctuations of foreign exchange. Compare the figures, and one conclusion would inevitably burst upon you: that Herbert Driscoll Evans was an incomparable man and cheap at any price.

Trenton was passed, and New Brunswick was passed, and Elizabeth, and Newark, and Manhattan Transfer, and still Mr. Evans gazed upon his charts, intent as an Eastern sage contemplating Nirvana, or the Dialogues, or the Sayings of Li Po. If Rodin had seen Mr. Evans, his statue might have had a gold pencil in its hand. The porter came; he frowned, and thrust out one foot, and then the other, and the porter polished, while still Mr. Evans read and read. "I'll keep the brief case," he said. The porter disappeared with his bag. Evans took off his glasses, and rubbed his eyes, and put his papers away, and donned his muffler, his hat, and his overcoat unassisted.

At the door of the train, the porter, naturally, was waiting. Having come only from Baltimore, and having had no service that he didn't consider his due, Evans thought ten cents was plenty, so a dime was what he gave him.

A red-cap wanted to help Mr. Evans with his baggage, but Evans was too quick for him. What? A little traveling-bag, and a brief case? Give anybody any money for carrying them a couple of hundred yards? Evans should say not! He pounced upon the orderly array of luggage, and seized his own, and started off.

A hand fell upon his arm. "Excuse me, brother. That's my bag." It was one of those four rye-swillers from the club-car. Calling Mr. Evans brother, and pawing him.

"You're quite wrong," said Evans. "You've had a little too much to drink, that's your trouble."

Bang! The gentleman may have had too much to drink, but his aim was good. He punched Mr. Evans right in the eye.

It had been a long time since anybody had struck Mr. Evans. He was bigger than his assailant. He dropped the bag, ready to give battle.

It jingled as it fell. It sounded as though a bottle inside it might have broken. There were no bottles in Mr. Evans' bag. He looked down at it, and his face froze in horror.

It wasn't his bag. It wasn't his bag, at all.

The next few seconds were a blur of confusion, and rage, and shame. Mr. Evans had been struck, had been assaulted, and nevertheless he found himself mumbling excuses about his glasses, instead of calling a policeman. He wanted to call a policeman, don't worry about that. He wanted to beat this drunken bounder within an inch of his life. But he was remembering three things in this order: he had had a drink; he had a dinner engagement of importance; he had, after all, been wrong. So presently, he was slinking away, he and his brief case and his accursed bag, from the crowd that gathered, and the passers-by who gazed at him with curiosity.

It was his eye! They were staring at his eye.

He went to a wash-room in the station and stared at it himself. It was puffed and swollen. And black.

For the first time in his life, at the age of thirty-four, Evans had a black eye.

He put hot water on it. That, as every regular school-boy knows, merely made it worse.

He knew this much, at least: a man may be able to explain why his wife has left him. He may be able to explain how he overdrew his account at the bank. He may be able to explain why he wasn't in the war, or how he lost his hair. But there's no explanation for a black eye. Your friends laugh, your enemies sneer, and all others raise their eyebrows slightly.

Mr. Evans and his trained mind did some quick work. He called his secretary in Baltimore, and directed her to send a wire to the Paragon Corporation, expressing his regret that urgent business prevented his keeping his dinner engagement. He sent a wire to his wife, saying he'd be detained in New York for a week. He wasn't going back to Baltimore with that eye.

He found a cheap hotel, and thought and thought about the letter he'd have to write to his own firm, explaining his stay in New York. He wrote such a letter the next day. It was a little lame, but it worked. At least, he didn't lose his job. That was lucky. For, when later on, he tried to resume negotiations with the Paragon people, they were very cool and indefinite, and it was clear to him that they didn't mean to do business with him. He never knew why. He thinks perhaps, somebody saw him carrying that black eye around New York for ten days and that the tale got to them. Or, possibly, that they didn't like his breaking his dinner engagement so suddenly.

He's never told his wife what happened. He's never told anyone. Once in a while, he thinks his secretary may have her own theories, her own speculations about him. It makes him uncomfortable, but he's a little afraid to fire her. He's not quite the same man as he used to be. He's lost confidence, a little. ⧺

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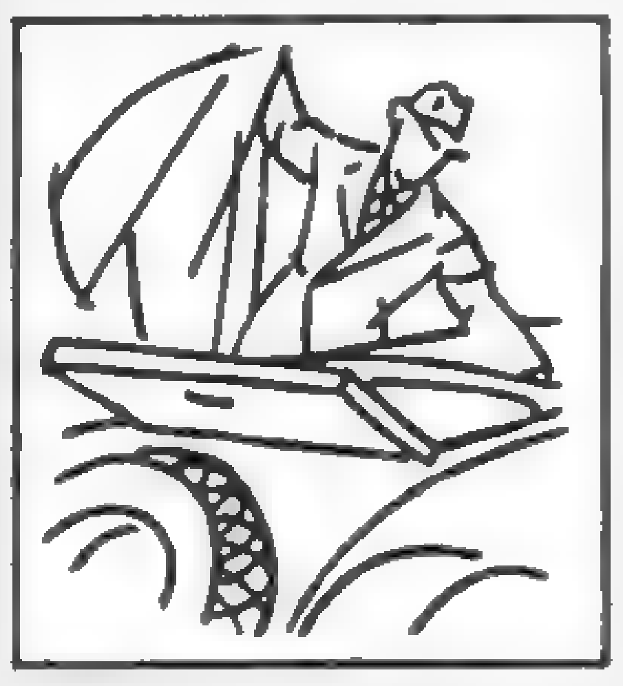

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Puncheons and Passages

Continued from page 57

cured ham of a hand and giggled like a diesel engine tittering idle, "he kicked it over and the jug rolled on the floor with Zeke chasin' it. He had to give it back. No more rum on 'tick' in Halifax.

"'When you're about half all pourin', Zeke said 'You go slow. I've got a half gallon of damn good rum in there myself.'

"He went to five places. Two places gave him a drink, he looked so sad.

" 'Me and my dory mate was—sort of—in a way—countin' on that rum,' Zeke told the bartender. 'We're goin' clear out to the Grand Banks,' Zeke said, 'and what with no-o-othin', you might say, to drink all winter, and them March nodeasters out on the banks, we're in a sore way.'

" 'Go on, you're half a herrin' yourself,' the bartender said. 'Them March nodeasters won't bother you none. But have a drink!' the bartender said.

"And Zeke all the time rockin' his jug back and forth, back and forth. Well, he went back to the vessel and got in his bunk, still lookin' sad. Pretty soon some of the boys began to sniff.

" 'Damn,' somebody said, 'I smell good Demerrera.'

"Zeke didn't say anything. He kept his head under the blankets but pretty soon they heard him giggle.

" 'He-he-he-he' he went.

"'Zeke', they questioned, 'Where did you git it?'

" 'I been to a weddin', Zeke said.

" 'A weddin' in Halifax?'

" 'No,' Zeke said, 'it was a different place, some time back.'

"You guessed it. Sure, that old scoundrel started out with a half gallon of butt water. And he kept cuttin' those other men's liquor. A gallon of their good liquor to a half gallon of his every time. And his pickin' up strength every time. Him shakin' it back and forth, mixin' it up good. He had a hundret or a hundret and ten proof good Demerrera when he quit. Rum—this coast—pshaw—this coast knows about rum." #

What You Get When You Love

Continued from page 68

together much, because she was supposed to be with another man and he was supposed to be for Carol. He had known Carol for years; for so many years that if there had ever been any romantic notions, both of them had forgotten about them long ago. All that he learned about Nora was that she danced well and she had a job in town that bored her. When everybody broke up at Grand Central on Monday morning he never expected to see her again.

A month later he went to a party on East Tenth Street, and she was there. He didn't know the people well and neither did she, so when they met they felt they knew each other better than they actually did. They were together all evening, and when he took her home he kissed her. Tentatively, almost mechanically, because somehow he thought she expected him to try; and when he did try, she didn't rebuff him.

It was that kiss that foretold the future—everything, or almost everything, that was to happen to them. Going home, he saw her face on every subway placard. "Maybe it's—" but he wouldn't allow himself to finish the sentence even in his mind. After all, it was merely a kiss.

He began to call her up, to take her out, to see her, at first every other week or so, then every week, then oftener. Her secretarial job, in an uptown office, kept her late, and he used to call for her, standing by her littered desk after hours and watching her hands fly expertly over the keys. When she had finished they went out to dinner, and then to the movies or sometimes to Gray's for cut-rate theater seats. Usually they ate in tea rooms, chintz-decorated places with names like Molly Dawn's, or the Dixie Inn. "I wish I had a kitchen," she said; "I'd cook for you, I'm really very good."

At first there was only laughter and talk and, when he said good-night, kisses; and then they began to feel that these things weren't enough. They were very sensible, very modern. "I'm in love with you, I think," he said, and she answered, "I'm in love with you too . . . I think." Each knew that the other had had what they called, with self-conscious archness, experiences. They weren't exactly children, and they knew that these things came and went. But they were young and life was short and . . . "We shouldn't talk about it," she said. "We shouldn't try to be too clever."

But they did talk about it. Sitting in tea rooms, or in speakeasies, or in her one-room apartment, they discussed it so much that gradually each of them began to be a little bored with the subject.

And then one night, just as he was about to leave, he saw her eyes looking up into his as he bent to kiss her good-night. "Nora," he said, "what are we waiting for?"

That had been four years ago. February 10th, it was; a Friday. From her windows he could see a patch of sky, and in the center of the patch one star.

They had quarreled before, but now quarrels were different. They meant more, they hurt more; and, for some reason, there were more of them. They began from trifles: her tone of voice, his glance, the places he wanted to go and she didn't, the people she wanted to see and he didn't. It was Nora who usually brought their disputes to a head, but she was also the first to attempt a reconciliation. "I'm sorry," she would say; "please let's not be angry with each other."

When the quarrels lasted over days, as they sometimes did, he was the one who always yielded and telephoned. "Don't you ever give in?" he asked; "must I always call you and you never call me?"

She looked at him. "You're a man," she said, "and you can do what you want. You can call or not, just as you choose. All I can do is wait. That's all any woman can do."

"It isn't a matter of man and woman. It's a matter of admitting you were wrong when you have been wrong."

"I have been wrong. There, now I've said it. But I couldn't run after you and say it. I had to wait."

Once he didn't see her for two weeks. Each night he hesitated before the telephone, then resolutely ignored it. This time there was no doubt that the fault had been hers. He wouldn't humiliate himself, he wouldn't let her think that he would always come back, no matter what she had said or done . . . In the end, he did telephone her. But he never quite forgot that she had forced him to it.

They didn't always quarrel, of course. Often they were happy and in complete accord. Now and then he thought, why don't we get married, why can't we be together always? He never mentioned marriage to her, however; they had disposed of that in those long talks they had had. Neither had put it on a personal basis. They had said, "A love affair is a love affair. It doesn't have anything to do with marriage."

Perhaps later, he thought; when we're more sure of ourselves and when we don't have so many disagreements . . .

So they went along, happy half the time, quarreling the rest. They went along for months, and then the months were a year, and then the year was two years. Once Nora said, in a curiously awed voice, "I'm twenty-eight. I never thought I'd be twenty-eight, but I am."

"Well," he said, "I'm thirty, if that's any comfort."

They were seated at a restaurant table, and she was playing nervously with a fork, drawing its prongs along the cloth and leaving a five-lined trail. Her head bent, she was silent for a moment, and then she said, "Yes, you're thirty and I'm twenty-eight."

"What's the matter, darling?" he said, reaching for her hand.

She looked up at him, and he saw that her eyes were wet. "Oh, nothing," she said. Suddenly he knew what she was thinking about, what she had been thinking about for some time. She had changed. It wasn't exactly fair of her, but she had changed so that now she was no longer content with the present: she wanted the future too. She didn't want to gamble any more.

But if they quarreled when they were free, what reason was there to believe that they would get along any better when they were married?

Carol came to him, as his friend and Nora's. "You're making her unhappy, you're making yourself unhappy. It isn't any of my business, but why don't you either break it off, or—or . . ."

"Or what?" he asked.

"You know what I mean," she said. "These arrangements are all right for a certain length of time and for certain people. But you and Nora—it's been almost three years now, hasn't it?"

All at once he felt very angry. "As you remarked," he said coldly, "it isn't really any of your business."

Carol rose to go. "I'm sorry," she said.

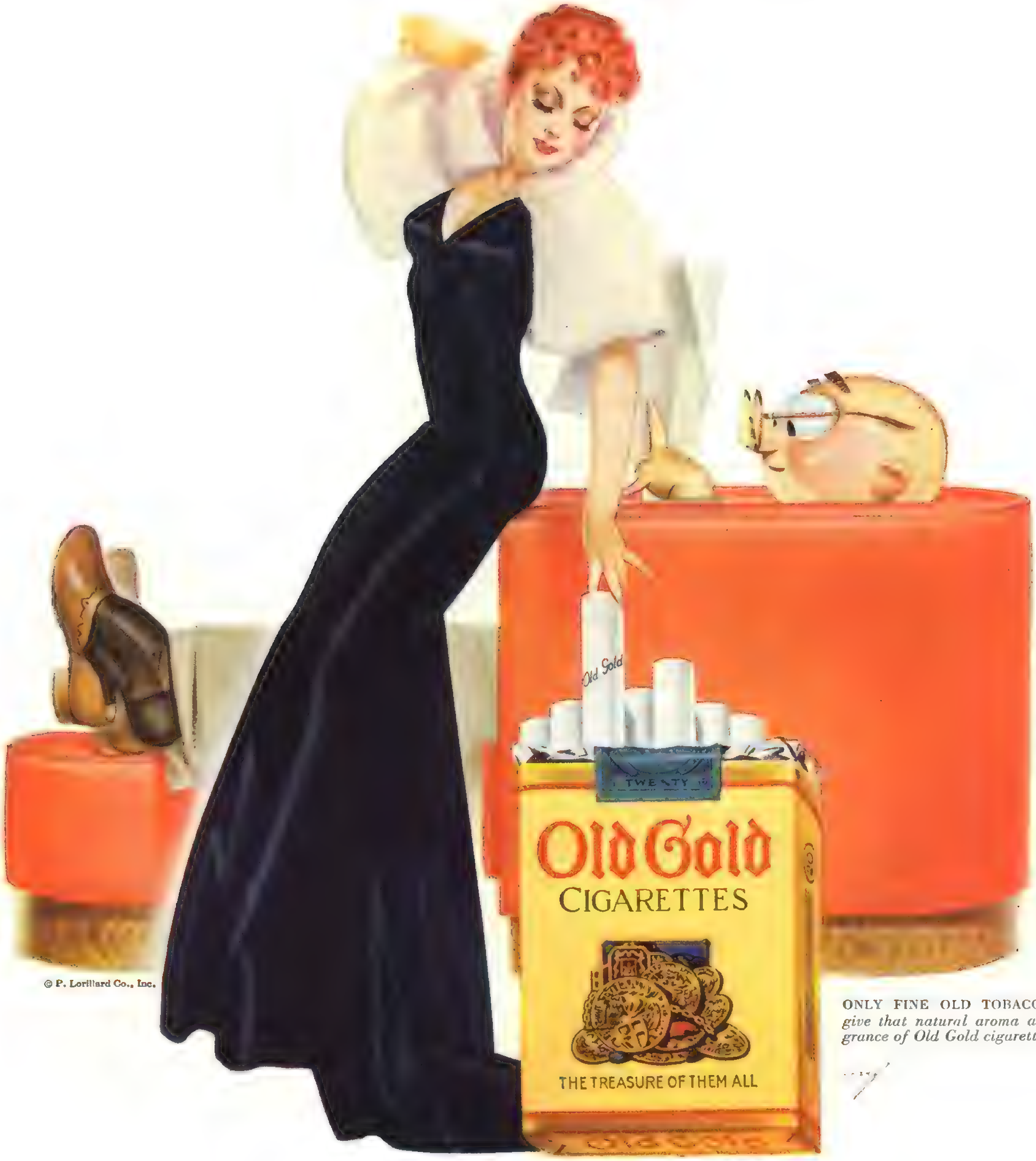
After that she never mentioned Nora to him again.

That summer Nora went to the country for a month. During the weeks before she left they were happier than they had been in a long time. It was as if the things which

Continued on page 137

Hitched to a Humdrummy?

. . . light an Old Gold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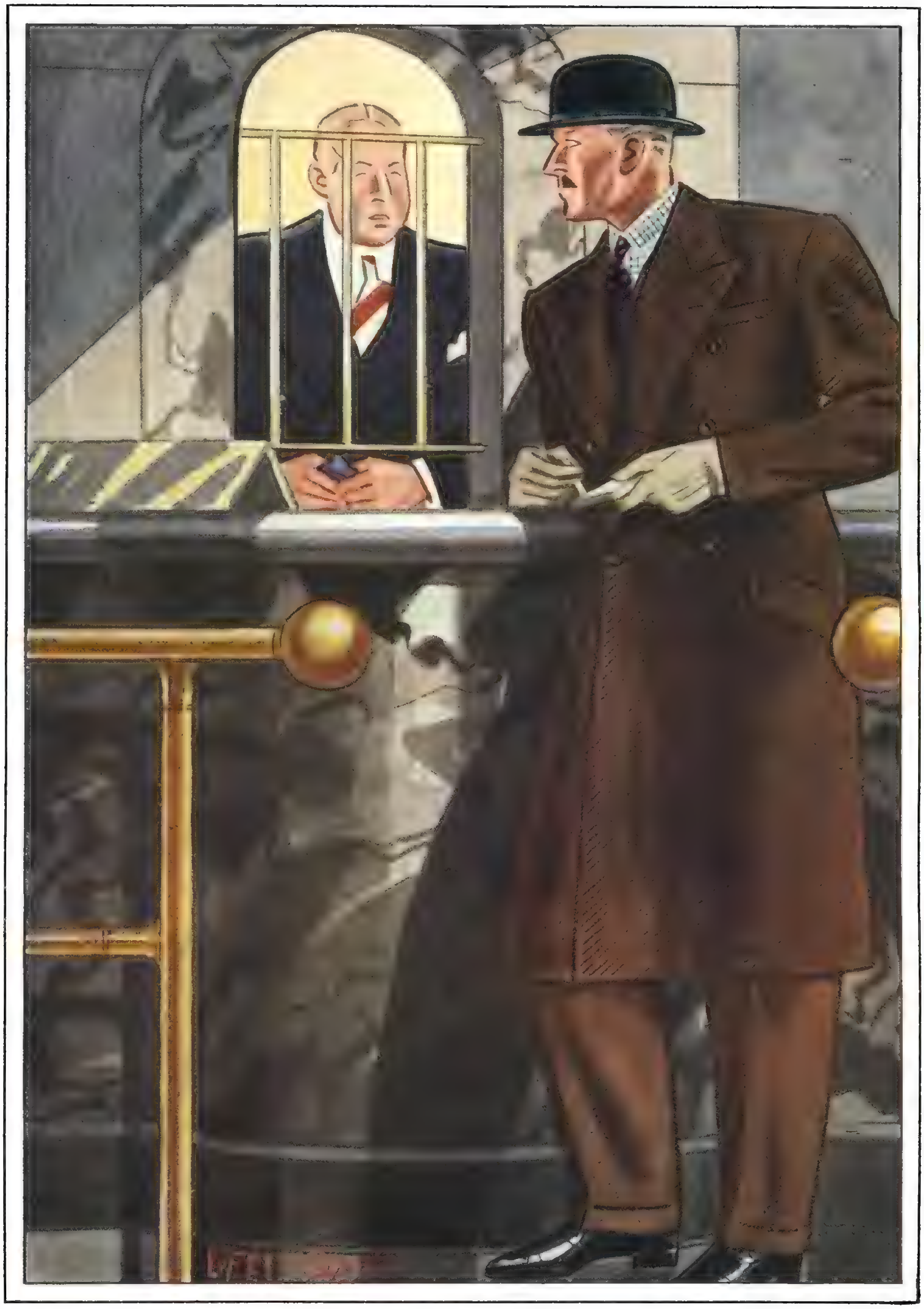

BLESSING THE UNION OF BLACK AND TAN

Here we have, for the delectation of the I'll-be-damned contingent, black shoes and hat consorting with brown suit and topcoat. Ladies are going to write us indignant letters about this. Our hearty hecklers far out on the western prairies probably would like to, but they'll be laughing too hard to hold a pencil steady. But we, brave as ever, present this combination in our best believe-it-or-don't manner. It's new. It's smart. It's done by the very best people. So there. The solid black is brought in from the extremities to the body of the ensemble by the use of a black wool tie with red polka dots, a gray check in the tab collared broadcloth shirt and the admixture of black with the brown of the soft Shetland topcoat fabric. The suit is a brown sharkskin. The gloves are fawn hogskin. And the whole shebang is, as the fashion staff tells us in excited French, the ultimate shriek.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

What You Get When You Love

Continued from pages 68-134

she had done that annoyed him now annoyed him no longer, or seemed unimportant. At the station he said, "I love you, Nora." She kissed him, and said, "Do you, darling? Do you?" Then she climbed the train steps quickly.

She had been gone a week when he got a letter from her saying that when she came back to town she didn't want to see him. "I think it's better for both of us," she wrote. "And so do you."

But he didn't. Even in the few days she had been away he had missed her terribly. He took a train and followed her to where she was staying, in an old farmhouse run by a ruddy-faced woman with a trail of youngsters at her heels.

That afternoon he and Nora walked by a river under the hot midsummer sun when there was no sound except the rush of water.

"Nora," he said, "I want you to marry me. I love you."

She was quiet for a long time. Then she said, "You really don't mean it. You mean it now, rather, but you won't next week or next month. I'd be sorry if I said yes now, and so would you. Let's wait a while."

"But we have waited . . . " he began, and she stopped and turned to him: "No," she said, "I've waited. You haven't. I'm just a habit with you. You don't know what love is, I think. . . . Maybe you can't love, the way I mean, at least. But when you do, you'll know, because it won't be like anything you've ever felt before."

"How do you know what it is, if I don't?"

"Because I—well, just because I do, that's all."

In the end she agreed to keep on seeing him, as a friend, when she returned to the city. "We'll begin again from the beginning," she said. "We'll call each other 'Mr.' and 'Miss' at first, and try to creep up on ourselves gradually."

And so she came back. The first night they talked until two in the morning, harmoniously and with perfect understanding, and when he left her he said, "I know what it is now, and it's wonderful."

For a week he saw her every night. On the following Sunday they quarreled, bitterly, over where they would have dinner. It didn't matter who began it: they quarreled. They finally ate their meal, at the place of his choice, in silence, and afterward she said good-night to him at her doorstep.

For three days he resisted all inclinations to telephone her. Finally he gave up. But her voice, not angry but wholly disinterested, had not forgotten. "I don't want to see you again," she said. "Please don't call me up." Then she rang off.

He sat staring at the instrument, waves of fury sweeping over him until his limbs trembled.

"Very well," he said. "Very well."

He knew then that this was the end.

When he opened his eyes, the room was dark.

That had been early last fall, and the curious thing about the winter he had lived through since was that, except for the first month, he had thought of her so rarely. At first he had felt cold rage, then sorrow, then regret—and, by degrees, disinterestedness. She couldn't have meant so much to me, he told himself, if I forgot so easily. She was right after all: it was just a habit.

He found it necessary to make new friends and to seek out old ones; people he had known before he met Nora. He began to read a lot, he went to the theater with men from the office, he became an extra man at parties. And he enjoyed his new independence. I'm complete in myself, he decided, and need no one else.

Now and then he wondered what Nora was doing: if she was going out with anyone; whether or not she found herself regretting her dismissal of him. Once he saw her, late at night, in a hotel bar. She was with a man, a man older than himself, and seemed very gay. When she noticed him, she nodded and smiled. He started to leave his party in order to speak to her, but she shook her head. He shrugged and sat down again, feeling strangely unmoved by the encounter and congratulating himself that it meant so little to him.

And so the winter slipped away, until the time came when he could remember her merely as one of many people with whom he had once been friends and now knew no longer. He could even pass places on the street, places he definitely associated with her, without thinking, "Nora and I used to eat there," or "That was where we used to go in the spring."

Then yesterday at lunch he had run into a man whom he had not seen for months, perhaps a year. The man had been leaving the restaurant, and they stopped to talk. Before going, he said, "Nice about Nora, isn't it?"

"Is it?" he said. "I hadn't heard."

"Oh, I thought of course you knew. She's marrying a man in my office. Jimmy Overholt. Very nice chap, though a bit older than she is."

"Oh, that," he lied mechanically. "Yes, she told me. I thought you meant something else."

Then the man left.

Carefully he ordered lunch: scrambled eggs, coffee, ice cream.

Nora was going to be married. To someone named Overholt. Well, well. He would have to write her a note. "I heard accidentally the other day that . . . "

The waitress brought his order, and he began to eat. He ate everything, though he didn't feel hungry, then paid his check and started to walk back to the office. The noon-hour crowds jostled him yet he didn't feel them. He was thinking of Nora: of the way she smiled, of the under-curve of her throat, of the delicacy of her wrists.

All at once, in the center of the sidewalk, he stopped short. But she can't marry him, he thought. She's mine, she's always been mine. *I couldn't stand it.*

He sought a telephone booth and called her office. No, a brisk voice told him, she was no longer in their employ. He called her home: no one answered. He called Carol, whom he had not seen in weeks, and found that she had left town on a holiday. In the darkness of the booth he thought frantically of other connections. He had to see Nora. He had to talk with her. Once he reached her, he knew that he could make her understand. Perhaps she was doing this simply to frighten him, to make him realize how necessary she was to him . . . Well, he realized it. Now she could stop, now she could admit that it was just a pretense, this business about a man named Overholt.

He hurried to his office and wrote her a letter, a short letter, saying, "We've been crazy, Nora. I've been crazy. I love you, and I want to marry you." The special messenger by whom he sent it to her home returned later reporting that she wasn't in but that he had left the letter in her mail box.

And then the wait began. All that afternoon, and then the evening, which was worse. He sat in his room, unable to read, unable to do anything but think of her, of her voice, of unimportant things she had said which for some reason came flashing back into his mind: "If I had a dog, I'd want the biggest dog I could buy," "Why black? Black can be as dirty as white." . . . Yet her face, which he tried to picture mentally, remained a blurred, out-of-focus oval.

Once the phone rang, and he leaped for it. "Hello, hello," he said quickly.

"Hello there." It was a man's voice, a friend wanting him to come over for bridge.

"I'm sorry. I have an engagement." He rang off, afraid that she might call while his line was busy.

At midnight he realized that she was not going to call until the next day, and he went to bed, lying awake for hours and watching the luminous hands of his clock.

He rose early, and called her home again; there still was no answer. Was she—was she with this man, this Overholt?

The day stretched bleakly before him. At noon he went to the house where she lived. The letter was gone from the mail box. He routed out the superintendent, who seemed to know nothing of her movements. Yes, if the letter was gone, then she had been in; but he hadn't seen her come in, or go out either, for that matter.

"She's givin' up her place anyway. She's gonna get married."

"When?"

"Well, now that I couldn't say. But she's givin' up her place pretty soon. First of the month, I guess."

She had not called during the afternoon, and now he lay on his bed in the darkness knowing that she would not call. Suddenly a searchlight from a near-by building played its arc across his wall, and he knew that it was nine o'clock. He rose and got his coat and hat to go out to dinner.

He knew now that she would not call, or that when she did—tomorrow, day after tomorrow, next week, next month—it would be to say that she was married. And her voice would be kind then, different from that time when he had last heard it, and she would probably be sorry for him. Perhaps she would not mention the letter he had written; perhaps she would simply say, "Please come and see us." Or she might say, "Thank you for your note," and not mention his coming to see her at all.

He switched out the light and, before opening the door into the hall, stood for a moment in the dark.

Is this what she meant, he thought: this emptiness, this hollowness, this ache? Is this what you get when you love? ⌗

Louis Armstrong

Continued from page 70

he music, when de white folks dancin' in de white lights Louis got to stay out in de black night wid de black folks, but when de black folks has a sinful dance, dance to put de devil in dey heart, dey got to have Louis play, play 'em hot and play 'em high.

Bimeby Louis leave Nyawlins, go up No'th to play, he play in Sen Louis, he play in Shickago, he play in Harlem, he play in Hollywood whe' de movie pitchers is at, paper say how Louis playin', say he got a iron lip, say no udder man ever bawn can play de co'net hawn so hot and high like Li'l Louis Armstrong from Nyawlins.

Louis get new clo'es, Louis get shiny shoes, Louis get a autymoble, Louis get a di'mon' ring.

De white folks knows 'bout Louis now, but all dey knows is dat de Armstrong music make a sound so fas' and high, can't nobody else make no co'net hawn talk thataway.

Black folks dey ain't study is de notes fas' or is dey high, but dey knows de music's hot, dey know it by dey feel it in dey feets, feel it in dey breas', feel it in dey blood, callin' 'em to pleasure deyself, make a elder fo'git he churchin', make a rooster drop he wing, play a hymn to make de angels sin, like you drinkin' gin and honey, oh co'n-beef, co'n-bread, hear dat Louis Armstrong play!

And de years slip by to de hot, high music. Hayah year, bayah year, bayah, bayah, bayah, bayah. Dey gallop by fas' like de patrol tearin' down de street, blang, blang, blangety blang!

De word go round and de word go round: Louis Armstrong coming back, coming back to Rampa't street, comin' back to ol' Nyawlins, comin' back to whe' de law put 'em in de Waif Home, comin' back to shake hand wid de same ol' keeper, but he ain't no weeper so he need no keeper now.

Ain't no weeper, need no keeper.

He comin' back, it say so in de paper.

Comin' back to play fo' de white folks in de night club.

White club, night club, night club, white club.

Louis Armstrong, yes my Lord.

Black folks can't go to de club whe' de white folks dancin' to music' at he play. Black folks got to stay outside, sit out here in de dark on de levee, feets a-tappin' in de grass.

Black boy wid a gut-foot a-tap-tap-tappin'.

Black gal wid a high heel shake dat t'ing.

O'l black river in de night time rollin' faster on de yonnuh side.

Yonnuh side, yonnuh side, yonnuh side de levee.

Who else dat goin' to de yonnuh side? Gut-foot and High Heel crossin' to de batture where de willer brush is t'ick and cas' a shadder black as sin, willer trees a-swayin' to de proud, hot music when Louis Armstrong po' it on 'em, po' it out de co'net hawn.

Hayah, hayah, hayah, hayah!
White folks in de white light—
Black folks in de black night—
All but Louis Armstrong—
He in de white light too, now—
By it ain't like it useter be, brudders and sisters.
Li'l Louis Armstrong come back to he home—
Da's true—
But—it—ain't—like—it—useter—be. #

The Death of a Tiger

Continued from page 76

allowed the buffalo to live, so that the tiger might take the trouble to kill him. I had him turned on his back to get a clearer field of vision. I had that path cut to bring the tiger to the bait, where we want him. Learned by experience. Let's go."

Saturday, I received a note from him: "The Tiger ate last night. I shall pick you up in an hour." When he arrived, he asked: "Have you another coat? That one cracks—"

"Where? Under the arms?"

"I mean it's starched, noisy. Wear canvas sandals."

"What a nut," I thought, "what a nut!"

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes," I agreed, reaching for my cane.

"It's your rifle you'll need," he reminded me.

"That's so, excuse me."

The auto took us to "the Grove." We alighted. Millet led, I followed.

"Suppose he doesn't show up?"

Millet did not answer. This time, he was looking neither for peacocks nor stags. He went as if he had been a hunger-driven tiger himself. Suddenly, he asked: "Have you anything to get in your pockets? Then get it now."

"I need nothing in my pockets."

"Good. Walk quietly."

He whistled like a forest bird. The tracker appeared out of the reeds and slid toward the white chief. They exchanged mysterious words in whispers. Millet turned to me, laid a finger on his lips, signified that I must not move, not talk, not breathe too loudly. The two bent. The tiger's prints were black, with four branches. Millet and his man were surprised. That tiger had not come by the trail cut for him. He had come from the rear.

"He's a rogue," Millet whispered to the tracker. And the man blinked his eyes in assent.

"Rogue or not," I thought, "that tiger comes on us from the rear!"

The prints were south of the bait. The tracker assured Millet that there were none to the north.

"Then he's there," Millet indicated a spot in the jungle.

The ravine was infested with vultures. They were on the buffalo. We had disturbed them. Worried and ignoble, they turned about us, above us, putrid rags of flesh in their beaks. We reached our hiding place, a screen of branches near the sixth tree, thirty meters from the carcass. Only two openings, narrow slits for gun and eye. Millet whispered in my ear, so low that I could have imagined I was dreaming:

"If the vultures settle back on the buffalo, we shall hear the tiger before we see him. He'll puff to warn them off. When he is on the bait, let him eat a little. At my signal, fire into his neck."

"Or anywhere I can," I thought.

Silence came. It was five in the evening. The ravine was almost dark. The torn body of the buffalo gave the scene a striking note of assassination. In gusts, the night breeze brought us the stench of the disembowled carcass.

Men behind a screen, birds on the buffalo, the tiger in the jungle, had found nothing better as a means of getting together in the great silence of approaching night over virgin nature than the stink of a decayed bull!

We waited side by side, an hour, without a word or a gesture. Millet did not look at me once. The vultures were eating, tearing at the entrails.

Suddenly, I saw the eye of Fernand Millet resembling those of the vultures. And his will power was in play, evidently, he was under stress. His finger rested on my shoulder. He was there!

A mighty breath from below guided my glance. The eleven vultures rose and flew off in disorder, with a silky rustling. The head of the tiger, just the head, jutted from the thicket. That froze my heart. Four minutes, he scanned the ground, listening, before he ventured a paw into sight.

I saw two tigers: Millet and the other. Millet, motionless, had his glance fastened on that other, steady as marble. The tiger, a big male, now took a step forward, nonchalantly. Two yards from the bait, he halted, listened, looked. He stood there over a minute. Then, slowly, he reached the buffalo.

He pawed it over somewhat, then got busy at the hind quarters. With great, easy motions, he tore off flesh. The flies flew up and settled back on his head. Then he shook his head like a big cat to get them away. His formidable jaws made only a soft, crunching sound. Then he stopped eating and his tail jerked over the short grass. He yawned.

Millet gave the signal.

"Just a while longer," I said, in a whisper. "It's so pretty, and if we kill him, it'll be over."

The tiger, like a flash, turned his eyes toward the screen. He had heard. In the same flashing second, Millet fired.

"Sorry," he said, "but a tiger should be admired dead, and not alive."

Then he smiled in relaxation. We stepped out. Millet held his pistol, the tracker was ready with the knife. Life was ebbing on the flanks of the beast. His claws protruded and retracted gently. Reflexes. . . .

"Perhaps the jaws will open too," Millet informed me. He now seemed casual and happy.

The jaws did not open. The big male's jugular vein had been slashed by the bullet. And he had died, prone on the buffalo. #

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The Base in Baseball

Continued from page 67

talking about. And the deeper the error lay, the more surely was it the chief flaw. He led me along, step by step, making me think it out until I saw the answer.

The very name of the game itself provides the answer: *base* ball. A hit isn't a hit—it is a one, two, three, four *base* hit. The unit of achievement in baseball isn't a hit, it is a base. That is the simple, obvious fact, and the reason that the official statistics are no true criterion is simply and obviously that they do not take the base for their unit.

We worked out a system with the base as a unit. We gave the batter credit for the number of bases he achieved for his team, compared to the number of bases it had been possible for him to achieve. If he came to bat with no one on base his "possible" was four bases. If he singled, then, he got credit for 1 base—.250; if he hit a home run he earned 4—1.000. If there were men on base he got credit for the bases he advanced them—a homer with the bases full would give him 10 bases (count it for yourself) out of a possible ten. We were actually measuring a player's performance in realistic terms, as accurately, we thought, as figures could do it.

Fielding averages we compiled with the same unit. A player was charged with the number of bases his error amounted to—it penalized him for misplays when they counted. And how beautifully it worked for pitching averages! No games won and lost, but bases gained against a pitcher—deducting those for which fielding errors were responsible, of course. It was a double-entry system, too, for the number of bases gained by a team naturally equalled those charged against the opposing pitcher plus bases made on errors.

It was the right idea, and a simple system, and we kept score with it at many a game. But there was nothing more we could do with it: you can't patent an idea, and since no special form of score-card was necessary, there was nothing to copyright.

Some years later, when I was a cub reporter, I thought I saw the chance to bestow this dazzling conception on a stunned world, and with that end in view I became one-third of the staff of a weekly called *Sport and Stage*—the editor of which, Hal Lanigan, I had convinced of the soundness of the idea. He printed a full and detailed description of the system, and sent copies to every sports editor in the major league cities, and most of them reprinted it and praised it and said something ought to be done about it. After which nothing was done about it. After that single blast, there was an avalanche of silence.

So that was that until the winter of 1912-13, when, at the home of a newspaper editor, I met Branch Rickey. He was a young lawyer, a graduate of Michigan, and had just come to St. Louis to be secretary of the American League club, the Browns. He had had very little major league experience, but in my biased opinion he was then and still is the smartest man in baseball. He was perhaps too far ahead of the rest of baseball—that's sometimes been his misfortune—but I could tell you of dozens of baseball tactics, now standard, that he originated in the days when there really was "inside" ball.

And how he leaped for the system! He saw at once that if there was any reason for baseball "dope" it must tell what it purports to tell; he saw that if he could get a guide to playing ability that other officials lacked he was that much ahead of them, and he engaged me to keep records the coming season, on all the players in the American League and on such minor leaguers as the Browns were watching. We took newspapers from every city in the league and compiled the averages from the play-by-play accounts of each game.

But the system had been changed. I had realized by then that it was not accurate to credit a hitter with one unit for each base, because all bases are not equally important. It is more than twice as valuable to the team, for instance, to hit a double than a single, because a man on second is in position to score on a following single. It is more valuable to hit safely with a man on second than with one on first, and there should be recognition of the difference, in the figures. So I had revised the system to fit. If a man singled with the bases empty he was credited with one base—from home to first counted one base—but from first to second counted two bases, so that if he doubled he received credit for three, not two bases. A triple got him six bases, and so on. A home run with the bases empty meant ten out of a possible ten bases.

If there was a man on first and the batter singled, sending the runner to third, the batter got one base for his hit and five for the bases he advanced the runner—six in all, out of a possible 19. If the batter scored a runner from third with a single, he got five out of a possible 15, and so on. The converse, of course, was the case for pitching averages. A pitcher who yielded a hit with men in position to score automatically had more bases charged against him than if the hit came with the bases empty.

That, briefly, was the final, the perfected system, and it was not as complicated as it may sound—in fact, it was surprisingly easy to operate. It showed everything about the performance of a player that could be shown by figures, and justly and accurately. It couldn't of course, make a distinction between one run and another, between the winning run and a superfluous run, any more than it could distinguish between a game that would win a pennant and any other game, but up to that point, it worked.

I used it with the Browns for two years. Those were the days when Miller Huggins was with the other St. Louis team, the Cardinals, and when we had on the Browns Bobby Wallace, just about the finest fielding shortstop in the game—and Jimmy Austin and Dell Pratt and Sam Agnew and Tillie Walker and Clarence Mitchell and Burt Shotton and Bert Hamilton and that gang; the Federal League days when we never knew what moment we wouldn't have a team, the days when Ty Cobb was tops and Babe Ruth was just coming up. I used the system, and it showed surprising things—rather, it proved some things that wise baseball men believed in, despite the official figures, and it disproved other beliefs. Some people in the American League thought, for example, that Duffy Lewis of the Red Sox was underrated as a hitter, that he was about the best man in the League in a pinch. My figures proved it: In one year Lewis, by my system, batted a little better than Cobb, as I remember it, and the other year he was just behind Ty. In the official averages no such thing occurred, of course. And certain other players, stars to the public and to many baseball men by reason of the official averages, became just ordinary players in my book.

As for pitching ability, well, as Branch said the other day, we didn't have to guess. Whether a pitcher was on a winning or a losing club, the bases scored against him, not games won and lost, showed what he had accomplished.

Of course, that wasn't enough for Branch Rickey. He realized that a lot of guess work and hearsay becomes, in time, accepted as fact. Let a batter bite on a low one outside two or three times in a row, and soon it is accepted all over the circuit that he bites on low ones outside. A mind like Branch Rickey's didn't want to rely on such data. So I sat in the grandstand behind home plate for at least one series each season with every other club in the League and recorded what batters actually struck at and what they accomplished—by using a system of dots and dashes I could tell Branch what had been pitched to any batter at any time, and whether he had hit, and if so, to where—and it was surprising to see how many myths those records disproved.

Both that and the average system were secret—only Rickey and Colonel Hedges, the owner, and I knew about them, though I suspect that Charlie Barret, the scout, had a pretty good idea all the time; if he didn't it was about the only thing in baseball he didn't know. The players never knew what I was up to; when I saw Clyde Wares the other day he learned for the first time what I was doing with all those papers in the old office in Sportsman's Park.

The baseball writers, naturally, were curious, and one of them tried to read my score-book through field glasses from the press box above me, and failing, wrote a rather acidulous bit about "Fort Hoke, the impregnable, etc."

All that was fun, but it was doing what amounted to bookkeeping, and like any youth of my disposition, I couldn't take it. I fell behind with the figures, and when, for the fourth or fifth time I couldn't honestly give Branch the up-to-date dope on some player or other, he gently let me resign at the end of my second season. I presented him with the system, and he used it thereafter, I don't know for how long.

But with the chain-store scheme he developed for the Cardinals, it would take a big staff of accountants to keep track of all Cardinal prospects and the rest of the National League. He doesn't use it any more.

So baseball and the public can have it. If averages are worth compiling and publishing they should be kept with the base as a unit. But they won't be, I fear. There will be the same old Runs Driven In and Games Won and Lost and Earned Runs, and they will continue to mean what they have always meant, which is nothing, net. As to my base-unit system, the history of 25 years ago will probably repeat itself, and the silence again will be deafening. #

Heatherland mixtures by

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PHILADELPHIA

The mark of the world's most famous hat

Browns that make you think of grouse in heather . . . blues like an unruffled mountain lake . . . greys like the breast of a Canada goose . . . these colors blend in Stetson's Heatherland Mixtures. To complete that rough Fall costume, they're undeniably right.

Regular-weight Stetsons are $6.50 (*unlined* $6), $8, $10 and up to $40. The Playboy and the Bantam (*air-light Stetsons*) are $5.

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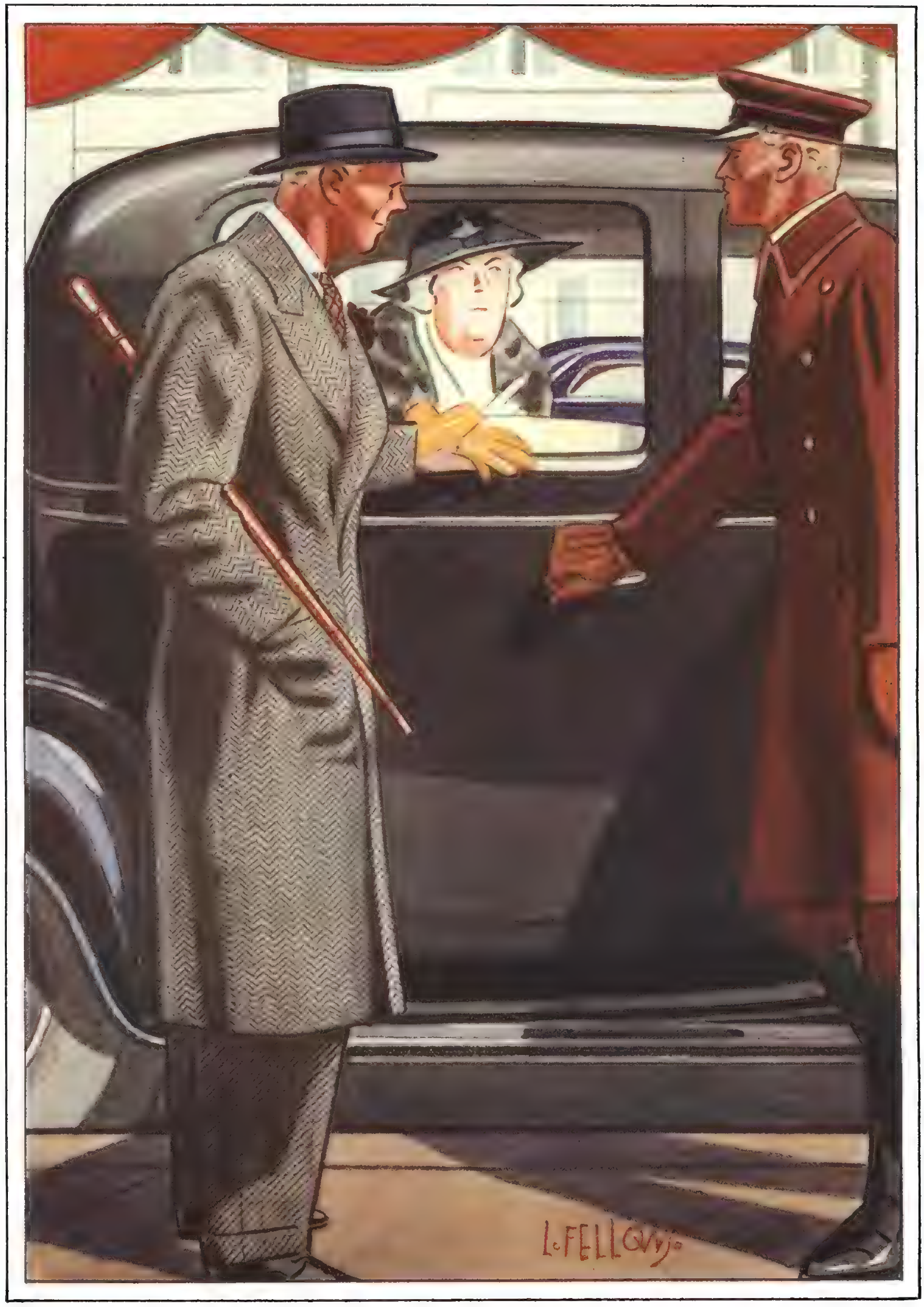

A PROFILE OF AN ELEGANT YOUNG LOAFER

MAYBE loafer isn't the *mot juste* but we'll be sold down the river before we'll describe any outfit as "the ensemble for the young man about town" and it seems that's what this is. The fly front single breasted peaked lapel topcoat, the fashion staff tells us, is "one of the most favored styles with well dressed men for town during the fall season, and particularly a pet of young club men." It is a typical Savile Row model, suitable to wear with all types of town clothing. With it, in this instance, a fine gray worsted suit with a red overplaid, a white shirt and laundered widespread collar, a Spitalsfield tie, yellow chamois gloves, blucher shoes and a black Homburg. The black Homburg has been big stuff in London this long spell, and this is the third fall that we've proselytized for it over here. It was slow in catching on, but at last seems to have gained general metropolitan acceptance.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Father Forgive Me

Continued from page 31

family rivet in his own neck.

But their furniture was really magnificent. There was a mahogany secretary, a massive pier table, and a superbly carved four-poster bed. At first the large pieces looked a little strange and out of place in the small box-like rooms, but Rosemary arranged them cleverly, surrounding them with gay hooked rugs and bright chintzes until the apartment was extremely comfortable and restful. Often we played bridge until the early hours of the morning, with one of Ken's friends from the office for a fourth, or a nurse from the hospital. They both had inherited the rare gift of effortless hospitality, and I loved to go there.

Briefly, these are the earlier facts of the case. Like all hurried examinations they reveal very little. That is why I said at the outset that this was a job for a good psychiatrist, which I am not. For the germ of pride was deeply planted in Kenneth Shipley; it was the very fibre of a sensitive soul which should never have been exposed to my blind fingers. Unlike other microbes which I might have understood, this one throve best on adversity, and that dark nourishment was soon provided.

The following spring, in 1931, along with a thousand others in the advertising business, Ken lost his job.

His agency, which was geared like most other factories for mass production, collapsed almost overnight. Ken's pocket account, a peanut concern, was among the first stakes to give way, and from that moment Ken's dismissal was a matter of hours. They promised him when and if . . . the usual anaesthesia.

Ken smiled when he first told me the news. It was a look seen on every street corner then, a smile brave as a flower and as quickly faded; a badge of the thousands who were soon to be millions, a heart-wrenching mask of courage mixed with fear and desperation. When, in the days to come, artists attempt to depict those years, any portrait without that smile will be a blasphemous lie. You remember it. No one could forget it.

All that summer Ken marched with the tireless company, pounding the pavements in search of a job. Ken was a good copywriter; many of his ideas had been brilliant and profitable—to his employers. Neither Rosemary nor I thought he would have much trouble getting work. At a little less salary, of course, but a job nevertheless. You see, we still innocently believed then that somewhere there was copy to be written and a market for intelligence. Business couldn't *stay* this way, we reminded each other nightly, repeating a popular refrain led by the politicians and echoed by the newspapers, until after a few weeks the empty phrase became a sort of chant, a solemn incantation against we knew not what.

But now the men with whom Ken talked ceased bothering even to give encouragement. There was no work, and no prospect of work. The long bitter months dragged by. Once Ken picked up a few dollars with an article on "The Forgotten Surnames of Colonial Virginia" for some little journal of genealogy. That sort of thing had always interested him, and now Ken spent many hours at night in the public library poking through the ancestral ashes.

Meanwhile at the hospital the sword which had been suspended over my head by the ravelling thread of an endowment, finally fell; and though my services were nominally retained there was practically no evidence at the end of the month. Around Christmas time my several creditors became so threateningly insistent that I decided to pick up whatever money I could by giving my blood for transfusions. I had noticed that seldom a day passed at St. James without at least one demand of this sort, and I saw no reason why policemen and truck drivers, with salaries already better than mine, should monopolize the field.

I was fairly strong and in almost perfect health, so there was no difficulty in passing the examinations and getting my license. They put my name on the "ready to go" list and once a month I pocketed thirty-five dollars in return for a pint of what was never before so literally precious. I could even have spared a bit more, and doubtless my creditors would have readily agreed, but once a month is all they will permit any donor to serve. Still, even these small amounts were a godsend, and thanks entirely to this inspiration by spring my debts were all paid. Thanks to it too, it was to begin another debt which can never be paid.

One night in September, over a dinner which was startlingly meager and innutritious, Rosemary told me that she was going to have a baby.

She was a little embarrassed and so was Ken, but they were almost insanely happy. Ken asked me to attend her, and naturally I agreed. We laughed and wondered at how very shortly ago it seemed when we were children ourselves, and now here we were heirs to the responsibility of another life. I had been paid for a transfusion that morning and insisted on some sort of celebration. We telephoned to the Italian in the next block, and together with the fat, grinning Enrico, who fully appreciated the importance of the occasion, we toasted the future scion of the Shipleys of Dinwiddie in teacups of ruddy Chianti. When I left at midnight Ken walked back with me to my apartment.

Continued on page 144

Gentlemen's Clothes
FOR AUTUMN
FEATURING STYLE CORRECTNESS
AND INDIVIDUALITY

TAILORED BY
HICKEY-FREEMAN

University men, sportsmen and executives will recognize the distinctive character of our new presentations as indicative of approved style for the coming season

Our gentlemen's suits and topcoats represent the finest clothes ready for wearing and are offered in a wide range of pleasing patterns and colorings

Hats and furnishings produced according to our own requirements of style and quality, provide the desired appropriateness and originality

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
OUTFITTERS TO GENTLEMEN
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 · NEW YORK

NEW
SPORT SHIRTS
for brisk, fall days

(*Above*) SIRED IN SCOTLAND, this new idea in sport shirts. Tailored from soft medium-heavy wool mixture, herring-bone pattern. Collar may be left nonchalantly open or zippered up and worn with a tie. Sleeves are roomy and cuffed. Bellows pockets have button flap. In oxford, blue and tan. $3.95.

(*Left*) HEAVY CORDUROY WEAVE gives this new shirt plenty of "give" for tees and fairway. Elastic neck insert assures snug, comfortable collar fit. Just the right weight for snappy fall days. In heather blue, gray, maroon, brown and green. $1.50.

(*Right*) STRIPES give dash and distinction to this new model. Collar may be worn open, as photographed, or zippered shut in turtleneck style. Heavy cotton in maroon-navy-white, maroon-brown-white, and black-gray-white combinations. $1.95.

These are only three of the smart new Skipper Sport Shirts that Wilson Brothers' stylists now have ready for you. See them all at leading men's wear stores everywhere.

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SKIPPER SPORTWEAR

Tailored exclusively by WILSON BROTHERS

CHICAGO • Also makers of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas, Faultless Nobelt Super Shorts V-Shape Shirts, Buffer Hose, Advance Guard Neckwear.

Father Forgive Me

Continued from pages 31-143

He was worried now. We sat silently for a long while, smoking and thinking the same things. Looking at him, I wondered just how far his stiff-necked dignity could bend beneath the new weight. I remembered from our boyhood that it was not in his proud nature to compromise, and because of Rosemary I was afraid for their future.

When at last I questioned him openly about his finances there was no evasion or resentment in his answer. He told me frankly that the few odd jobs he managed to get seldom averaged as much as fifty dollars a month, and that he had borrowed to the limit against his life insurance. Now with the baby coming along, the medicines that must be bought, the special foods for Rosemary and then the hospital expenses. Ken looked up at me and spread his hands.

"What in God's name can I do, Tommy?" he pleaded. "I've *got* to get hold of some money somewhere!" The desperate, hounded look in his eyes hit me like a blow, for it was the first chink I had ever seen in his armor.

I was helpless to suggest anything for I knew nothing about advertising. Then I happened to think of the transfusions, and after a second's hesitation I told him about the work and what it paid. The money would help a little, I said, and there was no danger to his health. I showed him my license and explained how I got it.

Ken's immediate reaction was one of repulsion. "Why it's just another form of prostitution!" he jeered.

I shrugged and turned away angrily. It was only a suggestion, I flared back, and to hell with this high-handed Vere de Vere pose; he could take it or leave it. Anyway, I demanded hotly, what made him think his blood was so damned fine as all that?

Finally he agreed, leaning forward and placing his hand on my arm. Only we mustn't tell Rosemary, he begged. Was there any reason to bother her about this? I knew how women are. We must not excite her now, etc.

I shook my head. No, it was much better if Rosemary knew from the start. She would hear about it sooner or later from one of the nurses whom I had brought to the apartment, and then the shock might really be serious. Besides, we would need Rosemary's help. There were certain things to be done at home after a transfusion which could not be hidden from her. I suggested that I tell her myself, and explain how very simple and harmless the operation was. Meanwhile, Ken could come to the hospital in the morning for his examination. Now that we had decided, the sooner he began the sooner he would be paid. We planned that he should meet me at the drug store on the corner immediately after breakfast. Then I would return and tell Rosemary, for it would be easier to talk if he were not there.

But this is not an easy thing to explain to a wife at any time. I began by treating the whole business lightly, emphasizing how lucky Ken was to get the chance and the fact that there was a waiting list of hundreds of men eager to earn the fees. I pretended to be puzzled by her look of horror and reassured her with the information that I had submitted to five transfusions and had *gained* ten pounds, which was true. And then Ken was much stronger than I. Really, there was nothing whatever to worry about. I put my arm around her and promised that I would come home with Ken after his first call and show her what to do for him. Her face as she listened to me was blanched and drawn and her gray eyes, stabbed with fear, followed me long after I had gone.

Ken passed the rigid test easily. Fortunately, his blood proved to be the universal type which mixes with all the others and is always preferred in donors. At the end of the week he received his license and his name joined mine on the list marked "ready to go."

A few days later, in the middle of the afternoon, a child was rushed into the emergency receiving room. He had been injured in a street accident and it was obvious at once that a transfusion would be needed. The senior surgeon ordered one of the nurses to send immediately for a donor. As she hurried from the room I followed her into the hall and gave her Ken's name. She checked it quickly on the list while I dialed the number.

"Take a taxi," I commanded him, "—and bring your book!"

A few minutes later Ken arrived. The surgeon looked at his license and then examined him swiftly. Ken put on a white jacket and lay down on the operating table beside the boy. I rolled up his sleeve. The nurse painted his arm with iodine and covered his hand with a cloth. . . .

After we had collected his fee Ken and I left the hospital together. He was a little nervous and of course abnormally thirsty. On the way home we stopped at a butcher's where I suggested that he buy a pound of liver, for I knew from experience how ravenously hungry he would be.

Rosemary was waiting for us. When we opened the door she ran up to Ken and threw her arms around him, dry-eyed but weak and trembling with anxiety. Ken picked her up by the elbows and sat her on the pier table, and afterwards in the shower he whistled loudly as if to convince her, and perhaps himself, that he really felt fine. I teased her for worrying, until at last she smiled. Then Ken emerged in a bathrobe and loudly demanded dinner.

I took Rosemary into the tiny kitchenette and showed her how to prepare the liver. We put it into boiling water for a minute and steamed the blood out of it. Then, after a little difficulty with both of them, but chiefly with Rosemary, Ken ate the liver and drank the blood.

Ken's reaction of resigned silence deceived me, as perhaps it was intended to; for I am easily deceived by even fair acting, and up to the singular, shocking end of the drama, his performance was perfect. Now the course was set. He had cleared the first stiff barrier of his pride — or so I thought. I had been infuriated when first he called this work prostitution. Suppose it was? Now with all of us life was a matter of sheer survival. Besides, what else does any man ever sell but himself? Brains, muscles, blood . . . where can the fine distinction be drawn, except in our vanity? With his calm acceptance of the work I again forgot the slow and subtle chemistries of his sensitive mind.

The long winter months passed. Four times Ken was called and this money was all he made. It was not enough. He was sinking deeper into debt each month, and only the leniency of our landlord, enforced by the city's humane courts, saved him from the humility of dispossession. His insurance had entered the days of grace, with no prospect of being paid; and Rosemary's condition, which our mothers might have called "interesting," was proving anything else to her. The poor kid was having a difficult time of it. I saw her daily and did what I could, but it was not much. She needed better food and should have been under observation in a hospital.

When I suggested to Ken that he try to get her into a charity ward he flared up with the old arrogance. "I've not come to that yet!" he exploded. "Damn it all, I can pay for my child!"

I reminded him quietly that he might have to pay for something more if he waited. He turned away, but I saw that the words had sunk in.

A few days after this scene an interesting case came to my attention at St. James; a woman whom Ken was never to see and whose name he was never to know, but who was to affect his life in a strange and fateful way.

There was really nothing unusual about her request. We had often handled these cases, and hundreds of similar operations are performed each year in hospitals throughout the country. More often these women are wives whose sterility is due to some physical obstruction or to an acid condition, but in this instance it was a business woman. She wanted a child, but was unmarried. She had an excellent income and a comfortable home, and felt that she had a right to have children. She had no desire to know anything more about the father than that he was in good health and of better than average height.

In these eugenic births the fathers are usually chosen from the list of blood donors on file at the hospital. Special tests are made and the doctors insist that the man remain confined in the hospital until the operation is successful. These anonymous fathers receive from one hundred to two hundred dollars, and in this case the woman expressed a wish to pay the greater amount.

When I heard the news I thought instantly of Ken.

This money, more than he could make in six months from transfusions, would be a windfall. It would enable Rosemary to have her baby under decent conditions, decent to Ken that is. The nurse who was in charge of the list and whose job it was to select the father was fortunately a girl whom I knew and who had once been with me to Ken's apartment. I told her about Rosemary and how badly they needed the money.

After dinner I walked slowly home, wondering how best to go about telling Ken and how he would receive the idea. Perhaps, I thought, on some high and obscure moral plane hidden to my crude opportunist's instincts, he would find the suggestion monstrous, and refuse. No, I would tell him simply and stop there. The decision must be his alone, though in my heart and because of Rosemary I knew that his refusal would have killed something between us forever. In the end, as I saw it, the question narrowed down to a matter of which was to prove the greater, his love for Rosemary or his own colossal pride.

Rosemary had been through a bad day and seemed whiter, more nervous than usual. I sat and talked to her while Ken fixed dinner, and arose to leave when he brought in her tray. I left something to quiet her nerves and then asked Ken to drop in on me after Rosemary was asleep. He nodded over his shoulder.

Half an hour later when he arrived I offered him a drink and went straight to the point. "Listen Ken," I began, "there is a chance over at the hospital for you to pick up a couple of hundred dollars."

He put down his glass. "My God, what is it? Do they want an eye or a leg?" he asked excitedly, and looked up at me again. "You aren't fooling about this, Tommy?"

"No, I'm perfectly serious," I replied, and told him what the offer was.

He sat staring at the floor for a long time after I had finished, turning the glass slowly in his hands. His lean, sensitive face was without expression and in the steady gaze of his clear brown eyes I found no clue to his thoughts. Then, "All right, why not?" he said finally, with an odd sardonic laugh like the slamming of a door.

I told him that he might have to stay in the hospital for three or four days, perhaps even a week.

Continued at top of page 146

Suspenders by
PARIS
with "FREE-SWING" backs
PATENTED
CAN'T SKID OFF YOUR SHOULDERS

New Fall Styles
No. 5271
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You cannot dislodge these self-adjusting "Free-Swing" backs. They hug the shoulders comfortably and securely, respond to every body motion » eliminate all skid, strain or pull. The season's smartest styles and patterns are modestly priced at $1 and $1.50

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"Taking off in style, I see!
Such smart shoes, and what a grand shade of brown!"
AMER... AIR LINES

Rugged Bostonians, these!—a long hop ahead in style and comfort. The shade: Beaver Brown! The leather: Luggage Calf—newest of the new textured leathers. The comfort: Flexmore*—famous "no-break-in" feature of all Bostonians. A man's shoe in every sense of the word—and ready to do a man-size job in long and stylish wear. Bostonians, $6.50 to $8.50. Bostonian Foot Savers $10.00. At smart men's apparel and shoe shops.

*Registered U. S. Patent Office

Bostonians
SHOES FOR MEN
BUILT WITH THE FLEXMORE PROCESS

Father Forgive Me

Continued from pages 31-143-145

We could explain to Rosemary that it was for a transfusion which required his being constantly at hand. Ken nodded absently and in a few minutes he left.

Next day the arrangements were made. Ken arrived early in the afternoon with his suitcase and a carton of cigarettes. A private room facing the river was prepared and waiting for him. This the woman had very thoughtfully provided.

For nearly a week Ken remained there alone, smoking incessantly and staring out at the swift current far below. I brought all his meals and made his bed each morning, for I guessed that he might not want to face the nurses. We said very little to each other. His sharp, brooding profile, outlined against the window, seemed tortured by a struggle whose nature I could only imagine and into which I could not enter, even by a word.

It was nearly nine o'clock on the sixth day when the success of the operation was finally confirmed. I had the office cash the woman's check and hurried down the long corridor to Ken's room, brushing impatiently past nurses and visitors, the wad of bills clutched tightly in my pocket, seeing only the things we could do now for Rosemary and the baby.

The room was dark. It was also empty. On his night table, beside a tray heaped with the cold remains of countless cigarettes, stood an envelope addressed to Rosemary; and behind it another containing Ken's insurance policy. There was no letter for me, no word at all. Only the open window above the river. ⧻

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 92

wah. I had played Philip, the Twin, and old ladies near me kept protesting, during that warm evening at the Country Playhouse, against my mutterings. I was, of course, anticipating out loud some of the lines; but I was also being unable to refrain from growls of pain at a good deal of what young Leon Janney was doing with the part. I venture to suggest to him that it does not seem quite cricket to try smacking every bowl to the boundary. I guess he was better than I was, though, and if he'll relax about seventy-two per cent, he might be quite good. Mr. Langner's daughter, Phyllis, astounded me by being very pretty, and by handling the role of Dolly with exactly the requisite amount of judicious exuberance and gay poise; she has timing and intelligence, and if she is not another swell bet for the future books, you can call me Max Marcin. John Litel made us ignore a decidedly non-English (to put it mildly) accent by turning in a performance of the romantic dentist which was infinities better than that of the last I saw, Arnold Daly in 1915. Harry Mestayer was only a little bit too damned ingratiating as the prototype of all the gabby Shavian servants. Boyd Davis got everything possible out of the juicy part of the consultant attorney. Florence Britton looked beautiful and played Gloria, the New Intellectual of the Nineties who finds that she is proof against any approach but the sheer physical, with a cunning balance of rich hauteur and warm despair which seemed to me perfect for a very difficult character—Gloria is, I have always felt, a rather confused first sketch of Candida. Altogether, set and costumed in the period—the mid-nineties—the show was a joy, and if big-time producers don't immediately go into a wrangle over the privilege of transporting it, with only a couple of cast-changes, otherwise intact (and oh, please, not modernized! For it dates very little, and where it does, the dating is delightful and nostalgic) to Incandescent Alley, they will show less sense than I attribute to them, which is not much.

The other most likely entrant for the autumn stakes is Austin Parker's *With All My Heart*, a keen study in advanced bitchery. I have been hoping that *All Good Americans* was the last exposure of wise-cracking lechery among those mad, mad expatriates in Paree, and certainly the whole milieu, the people and the point of view are as cold as Kelsey's picnics, now that the Jazz Age is definitely buried. But here comes this piece, an assemblage of striking characters, vivid scenes and truly witty lines, and it has enormous entertainment value. The last three scenes need considerable work, but the makings of a valuable property are present. The principal members of the cast, with a couple of exceptions, were superlative. Henry Daniell, Rose Hobart and Betty Lawford must be brought to Town in this. It will be a decided deprivation to adult audiences if they are not—although I suspect that Daniell will be giving his splendid services to *Kind Lady* for several more seasons if, as promised, it starts up soon again. The sets, too, can be brought in as they are, for they're extraordinarily good, and George Somnes' direction needs little change.

The sort of gal who makes real life an inferno for everyone about her is described at great length and without pulling punches, in a book about the theater, *The Curtain Falls*, which makes absorbing reading for those who like backstage revelations. The author, Joseph Verner Reed, was formerly a manager; being very rich, he was able to lose a good deal of money, I shall never understand how or why, although he goes into details of tribulations connected with the hits he produced. I find fault with his blaming the Theater itself for his disasters, although certainly there are elements of it which understandably disgust such an idealist. It is a thoughtful, sometimes gay, often daring document—daring in that it doesn't pussyfoot. Indeed, right now a member of the Shubert organization is suing for a hundred grand because Reed called him a horse-doctor. Some of the other victims of the author's candor have, I would think, grounds for squawks if not for suits. If he has not exaggerated—and his style is so honest throughout that there's no reason to think he has—Miss Jane Cowl must be just a wee bit aggravating. And as for Miss Mary Ellis—well, if you want to read forty pages of merciless speaking-out, which will make your hair frizzle with joy that you never had to deal with the lady—rich, rare portraiture of a virago—don't miss this.

Here's a passage describing what happened in the dressing room after the opening of *Children of Darkness*.

"An aura of gloom pervaded the air . . . Mary Ellis stood in the door. She was dressed in black. Her eyes were huge and somber. She was Stygian, sable, and unearthly. Quietly she pulled the door to behind her. She faltered one step forward and then leaned heavily against the wall. Lugubriously she dragged along it till she reached Basil's chair. She reached out for him, caught his shoulders, and suddenly buried her face in his tousled grey hair. 'Oh, darling,' she whispered, 'Oh, oh—'

"A silence, deep as eternity, fell upon us. Mary Ellis straightened up. 'Well, come on, boys—tell me—'

"'Not so good, they say,' said Basil, with a new attempt at cheer. Mary momentarily closed her eyes. 'What about it, Kenneth? I want the truth. How was the play?'

"'Well, Mary, you know how often on the opening performance the atmosphere isn't right—how a play needs playing. I think, on the whole, after a little work, everything will be—at least, it can be—'

"'Don't!' and in Mary Ellis' voice there was a plea for pity. 'Just tell me the truth. How was my performance? It felt so stale.'

"'Why, Mary, you heard the applause! Of course, there were things—you know, there always are on openings, nervousness, strange psychological forces. Maybe after a day—'

"'Don't, for God's sake, don't!' Furiously she stamped her foot. 'Joseph, you tell me. How was the play?'

"'Rotten,' I said in deep, concentrated dejection.

"'And—and my—how was my performance?'

"'Terrible.'

"A shriek rent the air. Shocked as though by an electric current, I sat upright, tense. Jars and pots and tubes and paint-sticks splintered through the air. Mary Ellis, in a prostrate heap, landed on the floor. Little round jars scurried off into the corners of the room.

"'You fiend! You fiend!', she shrieked, fighting up from the floor into a recumbent position. 'That's my thanks—let me go, Basil, don't touch me—for all my work, for all my slaving, week in and week out, to help you and this god-damned play.'

"'God-damned play is right.' Somehow I, too, was crouching on the floor, and my trembling hand was clenched toward her. 'And who made it such a hell? You did. You did! Work? You only think you've worked. You've devilled, interfered, thwarted and imposed yourself—"

"'Let me go, Basil!' Mary Ellis was fighting like a wounded beast. Basil slid onto the floor and held her down. Kenneth grabbed my shoulders and tried to drag me away.

"'Of course I interfered—I had to! No management, no help, no co-operation. Just a lot of talk—a lots of boobs—'

"'If you had listened, and attended to your work—not interfered with everybody—not squelched Lonergan, Hawkes, Powers and everybody else—we'd be somewhere! Maybe we're not so hot—but you're just plain—' Kenneth clutched a hand over my mouth and pulled me backward onto the floor.

"'Mary, Mary!', importuned Basil, scrambling naked beside her. 'Listen, darling—'

"'I asked for the truth,' she screamed, 'how was my performance. *My* performance. And he said it was terrible—oh, God!' Helplessly she fell back onto the floor. In rapid succession she uttered little broken moans and then, gushingly, completely, she wept. All the pent-up tension, electrically charged, dry and awesome as the hours preceding a summer thunder-storm, suddenly broke. Mary Ellis lay weeping, tears streaming from her eyes like torrents of rushing, God-given rain."

This farcical scene of ham temperament is only one of many such gorgeous razzes which ring with truth. I'd forgotten that actresses put on such acts in these modern times. So have you, probably. You'd better read this and have many a guffaw. Also a little sadness over human silliness.

I have recently been re-reading Max Beerbohm's dramatic criticisms, collected under the title *Around Theaters*. Max followed Shaw on the *Saturday Review*, in 1898. We think our present-day critics are smart. Those two gentlemen make anything written now about plays look like schoolboy stuff. The wisdom—the wit—the style! If just once I could approach their standard . . . just once . . . #

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Esq. would probably can you!*

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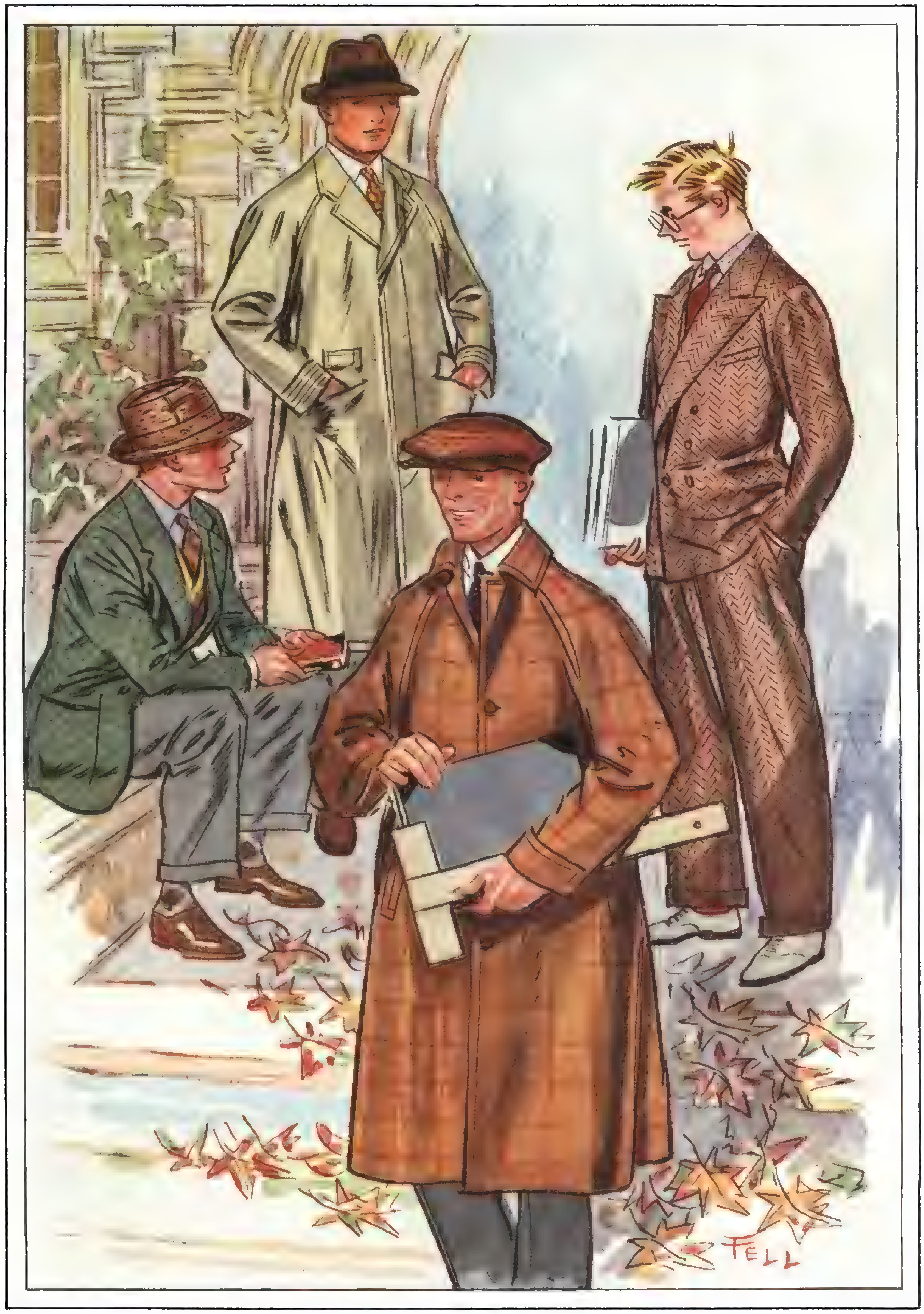

FOUR FASHION SKETCHES FOR THE PREPS

THE seated figure shows a heavy Lovat tweed jacket, with shoulder gusset pleats, worn with knitted waistcoat, widespread collared shirt, rep tie, stitched tweed hat, diamond pattern hose and wing tipped shoes. Left center is a covert topcoat with four rows of stitching on the cuffs, a button down collared shirt with printed wool tie, and the standard university model brown snap brim hat with black band and silk bound edge. Center foreground is a military collared raglan with an overplaid pattern, worn with a district checked cap made with a one-piece top. The figure at the right shows a brown and black herringbone double breasted suit in the prevailing model with the long lapel rolled to the bottom button, with unflapped pockets, worn with a bold checked soft shirt with widespread collar attached, a solid colored wool tie and solid color hose, white shoes, black soled and heeled.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Why Is A Tenor?

Continued from page 24

dors. It was this variety, undoubtedly, that created so many illegitimate children in Italy that, even before Mussolini, it became necessary for the government to tax bachelors.

The liveliest gossip concerning a once-celebrated name on the Metropolitan's tenor roster runs like this. A lady who had long adored him succeeded in entering his sleeping quarters. Just as she was about to persuade him to break training, the telephone rang. He snatched the receiver, gave an affirmative reply, and turned quickly to the lady. "I'm very sorry but I must ask you to leave," he said. "I have just accepted a performance for a week from next Friday." Another tenor long in the service at the Metropolitan, if under similar circumstances he had been summoned for a last minute performance would have asked that the curtain be held for him. No wonder credence is given an oracular stage-hand at the famous opera house, who swears he can chart the sex-life of individual tenors from the varying quality of their voices.

There is at least one paradox in connection with tenors that has never been explained. Ernest Newman points it out. "The solo tenor, whatever his other faults may be—and there have been people rude enough to suggest that even a tenor may have his faults—can certainly never be accused of excessive modesty. Put 30 or 40 tenors together in a choir, however, and collectively they give an exhibition of self-effacement that makes the shrinking violet look like the last word in blatant assurance. There must be many listeners who, like myself, would forgive them a certain roughness of tone if only we could hear them at all."

Mr. Newman also calls attention to the traditional dumbness and lack of musicianship among these singers. He says, "How tenors can associate night after night with an orchestra of artists and not pick up some notion of controlled flexibility of line and nuancing of tone is incomprehensible to me. But the worst feature of the singing of most tenors is that piercing quality of tone that is the result of constant high pressure with the vocal cords at the same drastic tension. I know of only three classes of people who can produce this kind of tone, that is remarkable both for its carrying power and its intellectual irrelevancy — newsvendors, club page-boys and operatic tenors."

Caruso, whom most Americans would instantly nominate as the King of Tenors, was not the finest artist. He often distorted songs to show off his voice, and delight the galleries. He sang high notes full voice, even if the composer marked them *pianissimo*. It mattered little.

The spell of Caruso's golden voice has carried to the confines of civilization and beyond. In the jungles of Africa, in Alaska, and all across our own prairies, recordings have made it familiar. Last summer, beyond the North Cape, a prospector from Spitzbergen joined our ship. He set up a portable phonograph and started Caruso singing. As in the case of no tenor before him, Caruso was a world-celebrity. Yet today he is already forgotten in his native city.

His body lies in a cemetery not far from Vesuvius. Inquiry on the streets of Naples as to the whereabouts of his burial-place brings no information. The younger generation has not even heard his name.

There is a lesson to be learned from this. Music remains, and with it the name of its composer. The great compositions of the masters cannot be taken from us. But the performing artist, even more truly than Keats, writes his name in water, and the generation that has heard him passes, and with it all distinct and definite interest in his work.

Caruso himself was an exception. In fact, he had started out as a baritone. Adored as a man, he was modest about his accomplishments. Often he would sing, off-stage, the second tenor role in *Pagliacci*, and the audiences would never recognize his voice. Sometimes, after singing a grand aria, he would leave the stage, grab the hat and cloak of some super, and re-enter, singing as lustily as anyone in the mob-scene.

He never spared himself. And he was content to accept $2,500 a night from the Metropolitan when he could have asked more and received it without hesitation. He brought much more than he was paid, to the box-office.

When he was singing, the Metropolitan Opera Company was more than making its expenses.

The story of his phonograph contract is interesting. For 200,000 francs (then about $40,000) down, with no further payments, he offered to make a new record whenever desired. The Victor man explained that the concern preferred to treat him like all other artists, and pay him royalties on the records sold. Caruso would

Continued on page 150

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ODD AND EVEN

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Why Is a Tenor?

Continued from pages 24-149

have none of it and in a fit of disgust seized the contract and threw it into the fire. His visitor departed sadly.

A few weeks later Caruso ran into him by chance and reproached him for not calling again.

"But you burned the contract."

"Yes, but I changed my mind. Make out a new royalty contract and I'll sign it."

The deal went through — and the royalties to Caruso and his heirs have reached over half a million dollars, instead of $40,000 once and for all time.

His fame gave impetus to the fast sale of operatic records. The records in turn spread the vogue of all tenors. Radio and motion pictures are the boosters today, and, as you know, it is the baritone voice that they favor! Probably, if Caruso tried these media today, his voice would not be altogether satisfactory. Loud and extremely powerful voices blast over the radio, especially if they are in the higher frequency range. The "ping" which goes over the footlights and the orchestra loses its desirability when electrically reproduced. A clear, whispered tone amplified many times seems at present more satisfactory.

Our new singing heroes are Lawrence Tibbett, John Charles Thomas, Richard Bonelli, Nelson Eddy—all baritones. If operas today are not written with baritone leads, the tenor parts are re-written for baritones before production. The young white hope of the tenors now is Nino Martini, through whom the movies expect to revive the Rudy Valentino complex among women. It was written of Martini when he made his Metropolitan début, "He is short on voice, long on legs." My guess is that he will suffice . . . for America's women.

There was considerable wrangling for Caruso's crown after his death. Metropolitan tours were featured by pitched battles and continuous wars between the friends and secretaries of Martinelli, Lauri-Volpi and Gigli, all of whom advertised themselves as the "World's Greatest Tenor." The title has never been awarded by popular acclaim. Just as fight fans argue who was the greatest prize-fighter of all time, and football enthusiasts have their favorite for the best quarterback, so music lovers debate the question, "Who was the world's greatest tenor?"

It is unanswerable, of course. John L. Sullivan, Jim Jeffries, Jack Dempsey, Bob Fitzsimmons, Gene Tunney, each has talents peculiar to himself. No two of them had a chance to meet in the ring when both were at their best. They flourished at different periods.

And the same with tenors. The great ones have been great in different qualities. Critics have disputed their respective merits as long as they could remember, and even when they couldn't. Who today can have an opinion of Fancelli, Manual Garcia and Bignoli and Rubini? Unless he acquired it while in a perambulator?

Tamagno, the great *Othello*, whose climaxes were "like flashes of lightning through black darkness," is remembered around the "Met" chiefly for his stinginess. At the end of the season he always schemed to avoid giving tips to the hairdresser, the wardrobe man, the call boys, and the stage doorman. He would leave his coat in the dressing room, after his last performance, to give the impression he was still around the building. In a couple of days he would send his wife after it. This he did three seasons in succession. The fourth time it was gone. He valued it at $600.

Within the memory of the living, Jean de Reszke was probably *the* greatest tenor. He always claimed he was an ex-baritone, but he sang tenor roles. Critics agreed that he, a Pole, sang and acted Wagnerian heroic characters more wonderfully than any German tenor, just as he sang and acted at least one Italian role better than any Italian tenor. In his all-round artistic excellence, he was unique. His pure voice, his penetrating perception, his commanding presence, the communicating flame of his personality, the intensity of his dramatic feelings, and his ability to color his voice to fit changing words made him the overpowering artist he was.

Personally, he was very much the gentleman, tall, suave and handsome. His refined elegance and magnetic personality endeared him to the greatest men of his era. No tenor has ever enjoyed so distinguished a following in the United States as Jean de Reszke. He had the wisdom to leave the Metropolitan at the very height of his career before vocal degeneration began. He retired to France and lived eleven years with his mistress. When their boy began asking questions they decided it was time to get married.

His brother, Edouard, also a splendid artist, a bass, justly bemoaned the fact that one had to be a tenor to get the breaks with the women of America.

There have been, of course, other successful tenors. In addition to those already mentioned, France has sent us Lucien Muratore; Poland, Jan Kiepura; Italy, Tito Schipa; and Denmark, Lauritz Melchior, the ranking Wagnerian tenor today. (Mr. Melchior, like all great tenors, is an ex-baritone). Richard Crooks, Paul Althouse, Frederic Jagel, and Joseph Bentonelli are native Americans.

Two other living tenors—John McCormack and Edward Johnson—have been kept for the last because they have realized that it is better sometimes to put your horn in your pocket than to blow it. This is hard for tenors to learn.

John McCormack has long held a larger audience in America than any other singer. The reason? He is the finest living teller of stories in song. Yet he would be the last to claim pre-eminence. He will not sing words that the man in the street can not understand. Every vocal line must be simple enough for all to hum it. Highbrows complain of the lack of great music on his programs. It is not because he is unable to sing it.

When he came down the elevator of a Boston hotel twenty years ago, he saw Caruso standing at the cigar counter. Approaching him with his genial Irish grin, McCormick said, "And how is the World's Greatest Tenor this morning?" Quickly Caruso replied, "Since when have you changed to a baritone, John?"

Operatic tenors turned red in the face when they learned that the late Herbert Witherspoon, a bass, had become General Director of the Metropolitan Opera. When one of their own finally took over the reins of management, a general sigh of relief went up from their ranks, decorous but none the less heartfelt.

Edward Johnson has, as critical New York friends say, been "singing on his adenoids" for ten years. Still, he satisfied the customers. In earlier days a tenor had to do little more than fill the musical pattern of the song with luscious sound. Today he is expected to create the illusion behind the lyrics. This, Mr. Johnson does. So well did he project the romantic title-role of Deems Taylor's *Peter Ibbetson*, that a woman correspondent for a prominent music journal wrote: "The outstanding performance of the evening was Mr. Johnson's *Peter*."

Not to be outdone by this generous burst of free advertising, the rival tenor, Jan Kiepura, bought a full-page display in an Italian music journal. In the center on a pedestal he placed a statue of himself. Hovering around the statue were the faces of many women. The inscription read, "Chi-e-pura" (he is pure!).

Do you wonder that the German's have a popular simile, "Dumb as a tenor?" But there really is a scientific explanation for all their actions. They have empty heads. They must have lots of empty space for resonance chambers. #

The Horse Will Appreciate

Continued from page 100

ward in the saddle, gracefully.

Looking as much like an equestrian statue as possible, you feel stealthily for your right stirrup and, having gained it, so place your feet that the ball of the foot is resting on the iron. The habit of riding thus with the stirrup iron under the ball of the foot should be cultivated, as it makes it easier to keep the heels down.

This is the time when you decide which is your favorite method of holding the reins. The rein length is adjusted so that you can just feel your horse's mouth when your hands are in your lap as if you were reading a book, which is perhaps what you wish you were doing. Your heels are pointed slightly out and well down and your legs below the knee are well away from the horse. Thumbs, as always, firmly on reins. Having succeeded in giving everybody present the impression that you are an experienced horseman, it only remains to be seen whether you can ride.

To signal your horse to go forward, you bring both heels in to touch his flanks. Don't tickle him, don't kick him—touch him. Whether you are wearing spurs or riding "naked," he will know what you mean. He should proceed at a walk. If for any reason whatsoever he trots or acts foolish, keep your hands down, chin in, elbows clamped at your sides, stiffen your straight spine, and lean back a little. This brings your weight, as much of it as is necessary, to bear on both bits and is the correct way to stop him. As soon as you have checked him, release the pressure promptly, but continue to feel his mouth as he walks, taking up and letting out slack on the reins by flexing your wrists, not by moving your elbows or forearms.

This is a good time to resolve that no matter what your horse does, you will not permit yourself to lean forward. You do this because you know that you cannot control your horse if riding in a forward position. You are also aware that nobody ever fell off a horse backwards. Riders who are thrown, go over the horse's head or shoulders, so that he who remembers to lean backward as much as is necessary to keep the body vertical, will retain his seat. This is what is meant by riding on balance.

Knee-grip is very useful as an aid to balance, as is a supple body, nowhere tense. If, in spite of good intentions, you find yourself getting pitched forward by the motion of the horse, you do not hold on by the front of the saddle, which simply pulls you farther forward, but grab the saddle behind you and pull yourself back to normalcy.

For the first ten minutes at least, you walk your horse. He may have been standing for hours in his stall or he may have been recently fed. While he is limbering up, you practice correct posture. Sitting up straight is all-important. The spine is ordinarily flexible and counterbalances the motion of the horse, yet it must instantly become rigid against any sudden movement requiring you to lean back.

One should regard the sky and the tops of trees, because this in-

Continued on page 152

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FOWNES

The Horse Will Appreciate

Continued from pages 100-151

duces an easy freedom which adds much to one's appearance on horseback. Too many anxious people come in from a ride having seen nothing all the time but the horse's withers.

If you will notice other persons as they ride by, it will help you learn what to do and what to avoid. You keep to the right and pass anyone you overtake on his left. Although the thing may happen to you, it is not considered seemly to dash past others on the road, as it incites their horses to follow yours. An even worse social error is coming so close to another rider as to catch his stirrup; this is too easy a way to spill anyone to be regarded as showing any great finesse in homicide.

Guiding the saddle horse is not quite, perhaps, what you'd expect. A draft horse is steered to the right or left by pulling on the right or left rein. When riding, however, directions are given in a very different way. A touch of the reins, midway up one side of the neck is the signal. To swing around to the left, for example, as in turning around on the path, you move your right hand slightly to the left and raise it a trifle, until the reins touch the right side of your mount's neck, when he will turn obediently around to the left. Horses thus trained are said to be neck-broken or bridle-wise. The reins signal is usually augmented by a touch of the spur. To illustrate, if wheeling right, in addition to touching the left side of your horse's neck with the reins, you bring your right heel in just behind the girth.

The next step up after walking is trotting. You simply touch your horse with your heels. Then, as he trots, you either bounce helplessly or post; that is, bounce purposely. The latter is precisely 50 per cent less wearing, since you evade just half the bumps. As the right shoulder of your mount moves forward or his right hoof comes to the ground, whichever you find it easier to look at, you rise very slightly in the saddle, remaining in the air by gripping with the knees just long enough to miss one bounce, then descending and repeating the process of rising as the right shoulder goes forward. In learning to post it is very easy to get worked forward into an unbalanced and helpless position. This can be neatly avoided by thrusting the stomach forward as you rise or post, which helps to keep your shoulders back and your body vertical in consequence.

If you don't care two oats about your horse's mouth, you can pull yourself up to post by means of the reins. In fact, even with good intentions, you are likely to find yourself unconsciously jerking on the horse's mouth just a little, each time you rise, unless you watch closely. The proper thing to do is to let the motion of the horse under you start you up and to maintain yourself a little above the saddle by knee-grip. Your elbows should be holding twenty dollar bills against your sides, not flopping like wings, and your hands should be raised just a little higher than when walking and just as light on the horse's mouth.

You will see any number of "passengers" jerking the reins in the horse's mouth, wiggling the left elbow to help them rise, and banging their feet against their mount's flanks at every stride, the effect of which is usually to urge him on faster. When you see for yourself how awkward and ludicrous this makes them appear, you will probably become a lifelong convert to correct form. Keep the calf of the leg well away from your horse, with your heels down and toes in. In equestrian parlance, when you are rising each time his right hoof comes to the ground, you are "posting right." Take care to vary this during the course of your ride by sometimes posting on the left foot. Posting is an easy rhythmic motion and perfectly comfortable and graceful as long as you maintain a balanced vertical position.

The canter is a distinct gait, best described as a slow, measured gallop. It is perhaps the best known word in the entire nomenclature of riding; no rotogravure editor would think of printing a society equestrian picture without labeling it "Off for a morning canter." No mention is ever made of walking or even trotting, as if society people never learned to do anything with a horse but canter.

You will find it the most comfortable sort of motion as it is the most natural gait in a horse. When cantering, the horse "leads" with either the right or the left forefoot. To put him into a canter from the trot, walk or standing position, turn his head a little to the left and at the same instant touch his right flank with your heel. He will lead off with the right forefoot, or if you reverse the reins and heel signals, with the left.

The motion of the rider in cantering is called "jockeying"; it is something no jockey ever does. The main thing to remember is that your seat never leaves the saddle. It will, of course, at first, but it shouldn't. By being extremely flexible at the base of the spine and leaning back again each time the jumpy motion of the horse tends to thrust you forward, you can keep a silver quarter on the saddle under you all the time you are cantering.

If you see some dub being bumped up out of the saddle as the horse canters, you can be sure he has forgotten to lean a little backward. The rider who appears to be a part of his horse, always moves in counterbalance with him, coming forward to meet a backward thrust and leaning back to oppose the forward impulse, thus keeping his body vertical with respect to the earth—in other words, riding on balance. In this sport we insist upon balance as much as a bank.

The easiest thing to do on horseback is the fast gallop. You simply sit your horse. The faster he goes, the easier you find it to do so. "Chasers" are people who take advantage of this by simply running a horse fast all of the time. Usually they are the poorest riders. To a horseman a great thrill consists of giving a lively horse a burst of speed yet having him always collected—as the expression goes, "keeping him in your hand." The rider with sensitive touch is always in communication with his horse, none the less so because they are taking Blarney Stone Hill fully extended. To stop your horse or bring him down to the slow trot after a run is the real test of your handling. You should be able to have him up reasonably short, without pulling too hard or too long and without having him pull against you. A horse likes to be let out for a stretch and frequently gets quite excited about it. With hands down, elbows clamped to the sides, do not pull with your arms but just lean back so he feels your pressure signal on the bit. As soon as he responds by slowing his pace instantly relax. Then signal again. And again. This gives him the idea of coming down quietly to a walk.

Jumping is distinctly an advanced accomplishment but simple enough after a good seat is acquired. Just be sure you get a horse of the hunter or jumper type, as not every horse can or wants to jump. Then do little jumps frequently, at first, to get the "feel" of it. Canter up to the jump with loose reins, hands on the horse's neck and stand in your stirrups. The great trick is not to get thrown forward.

The passing of time will suggest that you return to the stables. Bringing the horse in cool and dry is the mark of a gentleman rider. To do so you must walk your horse on the last stretch of the way home. This is a good time to slip your feet out of the stirrups and get down into the saddle, as it helps develop a seat and makes losing one or both stirrups occasionally a matter of little consequence.

On arriving at the stables, you dismount by simply reversing the procedure of mounting. That is, you place both hands on the front of the saddle, stand up and swing your right leg backward over the horse's quarters and come down on the ground with your right foot. Your left foot is then removed from the stirrup and you are once more on terra firma. Possibly you now have a new respect and affection for it.

Incidentally, it is manners to unfasten the girth, curb chain and neck strap yourself, before leaving. Also tip the groom if you ever expect to ride out of that stable again.

Good riders are born but they can also be made. The ones with long legs are the born ones. Anybody who's at all keen on it can learn, however. Six to ten lessons, under competent instruction, will suffice; after which regular practice counts for a lot, since brains learn quicker than muscles. Novices are sometimes discouraged because they grasp the principles of riding immediately, yet only after weeks of riding do their muscles become trained.

No rider is properly equipped who does not wear spurs, with or without rowels, yet no one is entitled to spurs who cannot keep his heels down and away from his horse. Don't be squeamish about spurs; they are not cruel. They are used principally to signal commands. Spurs are the badge of the graduate rider.

The temptation is irresistible, in an ex-cathedra dissertation of this kind, to indulge in a few well-modulated "Don'ts." Beginners are always told, "Don't lose your head, always keep cool." It is good advice, but scarcely practical. The reason behind it is sound, because it is undeniably true that the horse can tell when the rider is alarmed or uncertain. There is nothing very mystifying about this phenomenon; usually the nervous rider unconsciously clutches more tightly at the reins, which is fairly unmistakable telepathy to any horse. It would be less easy to explain how it is that any experienced horseman can feel what is going on in the mind of the mount under him.

Everybody knows he should not be afraid when riding, any more than when playing poker; admonitions to have courage are a little futile. It is much more to the point to say "Don't be indifferent." You and your horse and the fifty yards of road ahead comprise a whole world, in which there is something new to be learned every minute.

Don't miss a move your horse makes; for example, note if his ears are up and forward, indicating interest and contentment; or backward, indicating distrust or discomfort; or if they are constantly being flicked forward and backward, one after the other, indicating amusement and attentiveness. Study your horse and yourself all of the time. If you are escorting a lady, ride on the right (except when instructing or coaching) and observe how the two horses get on together, whether they are equally gaited, whether they act in unison, whether they can be kept together at the slow trot, what their individual peculiarities are. No couple has ever been known to run out of conversation who are keen riders; there are always the horses to talk about. Don't hesitate to talk to them and guide them by the sound of your voice. Don't forget, after they have done a good spanking trot or performed handily in a canter, to buffet them heartily on the neck; a horse is naturally modest but don't think he won't appreciate your praise and respond to it with affection. No one will ever really ride a horse who cannot love him. #

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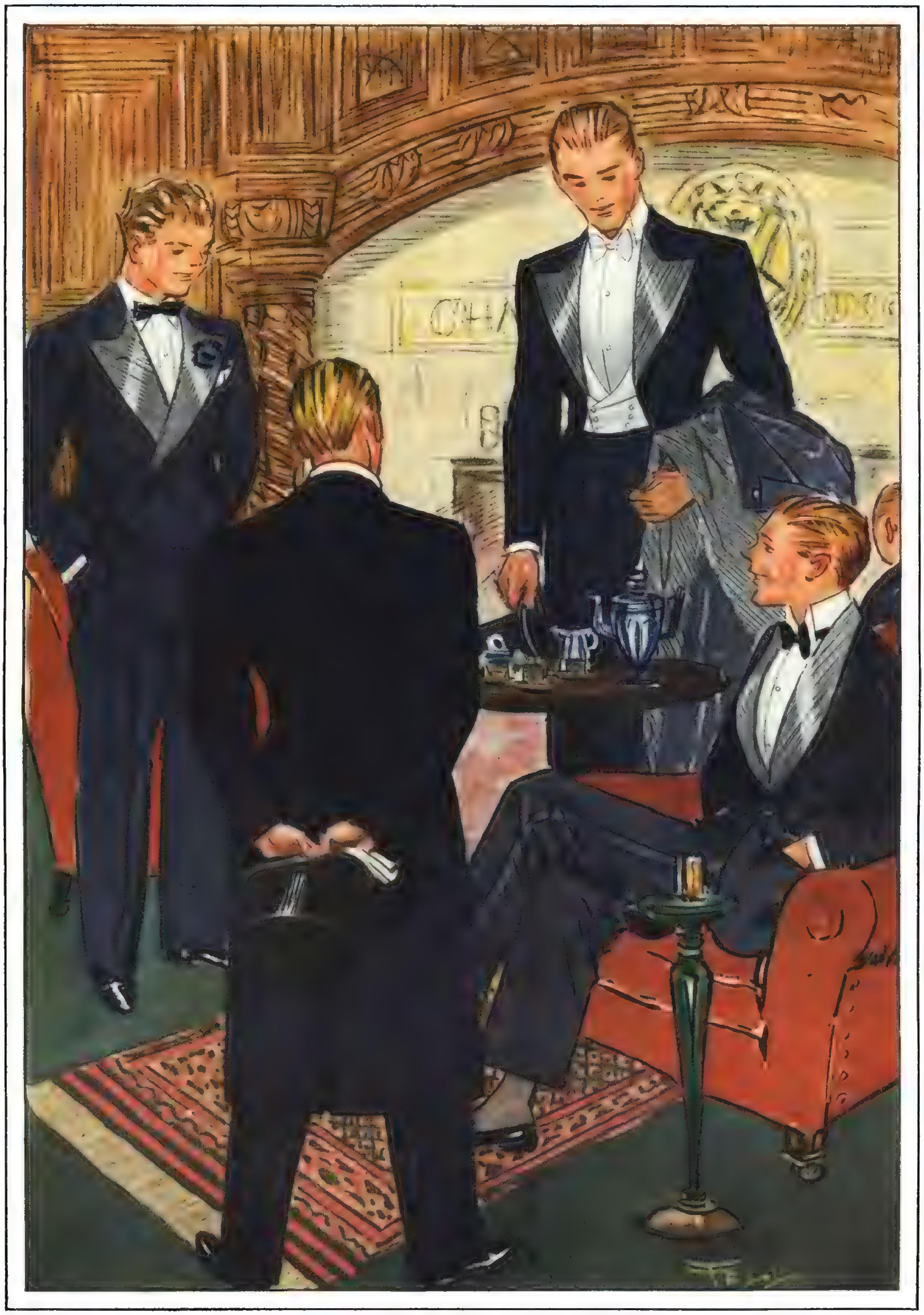

FOUR EVENING TURNOUTS FOR THE PREPS

This group of sketches embodies the salient points of prevailing evening wear fashions for the very young. The figure at the left shows a double breasted midnight blue dinner jacket, worn with a turned down collar attached dress shirt and club shaped bat tie. Note the cornflower in the buttonhole. Rear center is a midnight blue tailcoat, with double breasted waistcoat and, over arm, the new military collared silk lined coat for evening wear. Note that the points of the dress collar extend beyond the width of the butterfly tie. The seated figure shows a shawl collared single breasted midnight blue dinner jacket, with bold wing collar, black butterfly tie and maroon breast pocket handkerchief. In the foreground is a navy chinchilla guard's coat, with opera hat and white chamois gloves. The double stripe on the trousers indicates that it is a tail coat which is concealed by the overcoat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Monkey Thinking

Continued from page 33

Imitation causes large masses of nerve impulses to flow together through the same brain channels and so creates pleasure. When one monkey sees another animal essentially like himself trying to unlatch a cage door, the sight sends nervous impulses scurrying through his brain and motor nerves toward the muscles in his own body which correspond to the muscles being used by his companion. When he himself *does* the same thing that the other monkey is doing, thousands of additional impulses travel over the same, identical tracks in his brain which already are carrying the first impulses. The uniting of these two streams of nervous energy gives him an experience of pleasantness. The pleasure in imitating is just as great no matter what actions or thoughts are imitated and regardless, too, of whether or not these imitative actions attain their purpose. It is imitation, in and of itself, which creates the experience of pleasantness—it's as simple, as mechanical as that.

Monkeys are mental pleasure seekers on a primitive level. Their reasoning powers are not sufficiently developed to inform them that greater satisfaction might be obtained by giving up the pleasure of imitation and using individual ingenuity to secure the banana. Humans do possess mind enough to understand the futility of imitative thinking. But most adult humans, unfortunately, have practiced the habit of monkey thinking since childhood, and are unable to break it.

Monkey thinking begins at about the age of two, when the child's mental development is approximately equal to a monkey's. One child's toy holds a compelling fascination for another child simply because the other child is playing with it. Two toddlers with doll carriages, or two boys on tricycles will follow each other eagerly, each striving to do just what the other does. They are experiencing the first joys of monkey thinking—it helps them to learn things. The trouble is that most youngsters are not taught to break up the habit of monkey thinking when it becomes a hindrance rather than a help. In the absence of special mind training or strongly original personality traits, monkey type thinking will continue throughout life.

Our present civilization is built upon the quicksands of monkey thought. Various parts of the structure sink unpredictably, at odd times, and have to be rebuilt. As long as our social laws and customs are based upon what the masses can be persuaded to believe, and not upon objective, scientific principles, monarchies, empires, tyrannies, democracies, plutocracies and dictatorships will continue to follow each other with the monkey thinking mode of the moment, as they have done since the dawn of history. Cumulative development of human society remains psychologically impossible until humanity is taught to think individually, to demand facts rather than information as to what other people think about it. But in the world as it is there's no escaping the monkey thought standard unless you become a Robinson Crusoe—and even he had his man Friday.

Modern rulers are those who understand monkey thinking thoroughly and turn it to their own ends. Modern power and wealth are built upon a mentally acrobatic ability to ride the high tide of monkey thoughts. The dominating sword of ancient times has given place to a modern sceptre of publicity. Julius Caesar, Roman Dictator of two thousand years ago, was compelled to fight three million men, subdue three hundred states, slaughter a million enemies and take another million captive, in order to win first place in his home town. But Mussolini, modern wearer of the Caesarian mantle, needed no world-conquering legions to become master of Italy—instead he used newspapers, radio and loud speakers. This truly is the age of monkey thinkers—whoever supplies them with the easiest and pleasantest thoughts to think, sits in the seats of the mighty.

War has always been a monkey thought product depending, as it does, upon mass acceptance of a psychologically abnormal idea—the notion that humans should fight each other to the death for the profit of the winner. In times past, kings and emperors had power to declare war regardless of public opinion. But nowadays the war-making power, like most others, is in the hands of the monkey thinkers themselves. Popularly elected officials dare not start a war until their constituents are worked up to fighting pitch. President Wilson's classic phrase, "Too proud to fight," rationalized for his monkey thinking electorate their existing desire for peace at any price. Mass thinking had not yet yielded to the Allied propaganda with which America was being deluged, nor had it flared up into fighting resentment against ill advised German diplomats who affronted American public opinion needlessly. Woodrow Wilson, shrewdly riding the current of

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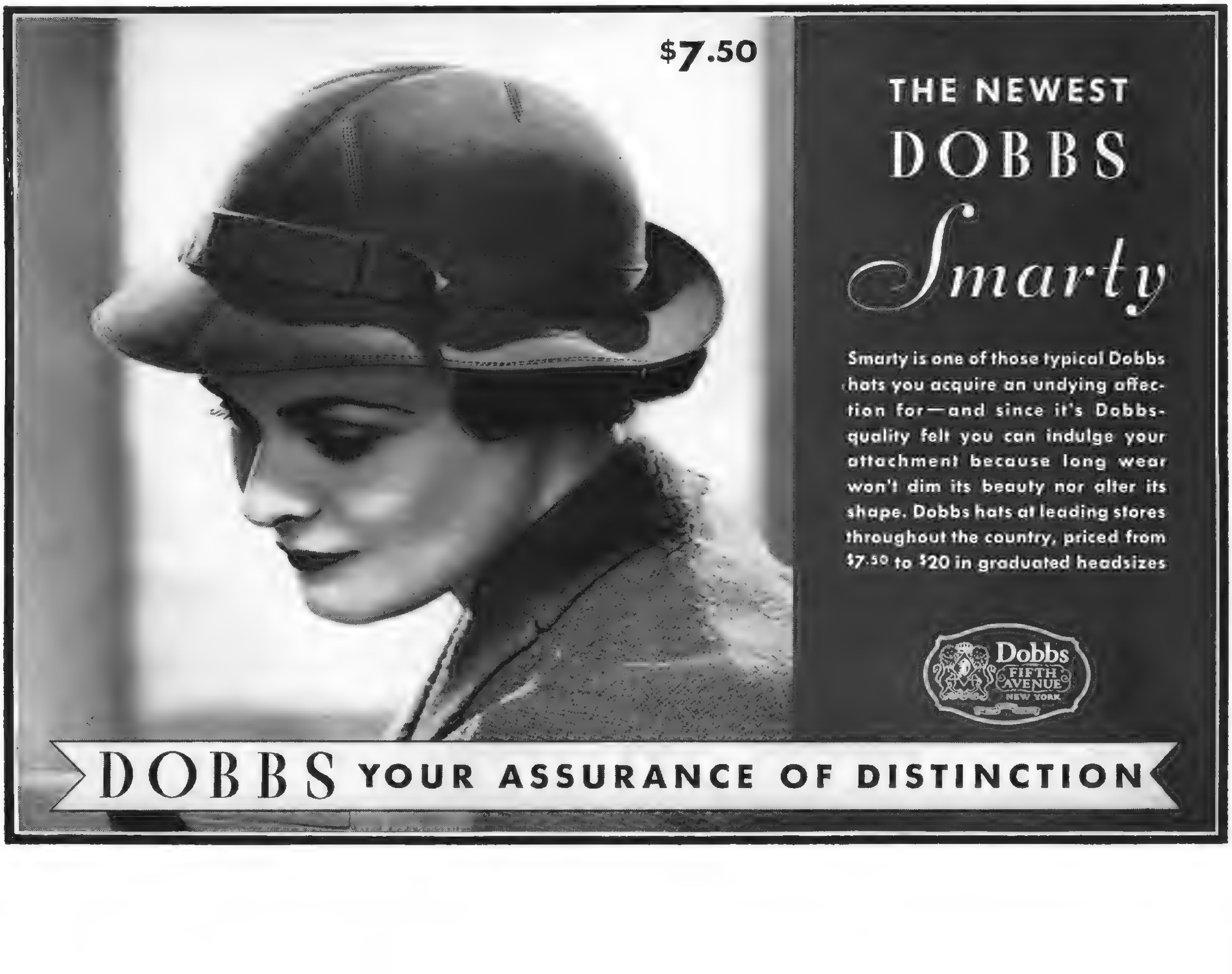

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Monkey Thinking

Continued from pages 33-155

monkey thinking, was re-elected on the slogan, "He kept us out of war."

Then came a change in mass thought which seemed sudden, but which actually represented a chance culmination of many influences. German atrocity stories, the appeal of high adventure, prosperity making America cocky, war profits to be protected, international banking billions staked on Allied victory, the munitions lobby recently exposed at Congressional hearings, newspapers forever stirring up war furore, all played important parts. And then —the Lusitania. Just why the ruthless sinking of a ship should wield such a powerful influence over monkey thought is hard to explain. But certain it is that blown-up vessels have struck the mass mind keynote for two wars —"Remember the Main, to hell with Spain!" and "Remember the Lusitania!" So American monkey thinking reversed itself, as monkey thinking always does sooner or later. Though Woodrow Wilson became enormously popular for getting us into a war he was elected to keep us out of, it is safe to say that our War President was a great phrase-maker for monkey thought rather than a strong director of it. No one man, nor any one group of men can control a modern nation's mass thinking sufficiently to bring on a war for selfish reasons. It requires a chance combination of just the right influences. The cleverest way of leading monkey thought up to a big war is to start a little one which is sure to bring easy victory —is that what Mussolini is doing now in Africa? And if so, what larger power is the ultimate object of this war preparation of mass thought?

Commercial control of monkey thinking, through the medium of paid advertising and exploitation, has achieved remarkable results. Women the world over are made to run the fashion gauntlet periodically, regardless of costume attractiveness or convenience, from puffed sleeves and bustles to bean-pole lines, from opera hose to bare legs, from dragging trains to skirts above their knees and back again. The monkey thinking darlings are made to wear furs in summer and open-necked dresses with nothing over or under them in winter. They teeter about on Cuban heels or stamp flat-footed in clod-hopping brogans according to the profit-seeking whims of the shoe trade. In the dress shops a fat matron is stuffed into a skimpy frock made for starved French girls. The saleswoman, past mistress of monkey thought manipulation, turns quickly to a sister clerk and gasps admiringly, "Isn't that lovely? Don't she look ten years younger in it?" The second sales girl registering vivid delight, this never-failing appeal to monkey thinking gets in its deadly work and poor Mrs. Jones becomes the secret jest of her bridge club the following Tuesday.

Monkey thinkers will follow most readily a person who seems to be doing successfully something they want to do themselves. This applies both to monkeys and to humans. The monk in the problem cage imitated instantly the other monk who seemed to be getting the banana. For precisely the same reason thousands of men and women every year follow the financial leadership of swindlers, investing their hard earned cash in some scheme which they make no effort to understand but which appears to be making fabulous profits for the promoter. Charles Ponzi of Boston, recently released from the Federal penitentiary, devised an ingeniously plausible foreign exchange scheme which actually did make for him, in a few small transactions, 100% dividends. When he proved this to investors and "let them in on it," cash flowed into Ponzi's office so fast that he used to stuff it into wastebaskets and send it over to the bank without bothering to count it. For months he paid huge returns to investors—out of other investors' money—the formula which most effectively hooks monkey thinkers. Many of the contributors to Ponzi's two and a half million dollar fortune were reputedly people of high intelligence. But they were just monkey thinkers like the poor, illiterate Italians from Boston's North End who similarly poured their savings into this "financial wizard's" coffers. One tiny bit of original fact analysis would have revealed the fraud to anybody— the volume of cash paid out in dividends by Ponzi was many times the total volume of trade in the foreign exchange certificates which he supposedly dealt in, an item carried every day in the newspapers. It was like somebody's saying that he invested a million dollars in ten square feet of farm land, and made two million dollars profit from the vegetables grown on it. Monkey thinkers were really passing their money from one to another, as they did for a while this last spring in chain letters. But it took a big battery of Federal sleuths to convince monkey-thinking Ponzi addicts that such was the fact.

Sooner or later the facts obtrude themselves, and when they do mass thinking snaps back, unled, to an equal extreme in the opposite direction, restoring a normal mental balance of logic. Just how facts will be forced upon public attention, and when the snap-back will occur, are happenings which nobody can foresee. These unpredictable occurrences are what make the game of monkey thought leadership so precarious. Leaders who are caught under an avalanche of mass thought surging back upon them are in most instances crushed. When the Wall Street crash of 1929 finally demonstrated to American mass thinkers that there was a huge discrepancy between actual values and monkey thought values of stocks and commodities, the inevitable resurgence of mass ideas flattened Herbert Hoover and the Republican leaders into unrecognizable oblivion. Charles E. Mitchell, darling of monkey thought bankers, was forced out of his place in the sun at National City when the public discovered that he and his associates had been receiving bonuses for transactions which lost millions for their bank. Lesser and cruder monkey thought banking manipulators like the officials of the Bank of the United States were sent to prison. But Samuel Insull, though he reached the limit of financial leadership with the rest and was tumbled off his public utilities throne, managed to manipulate monkey thought again, at the last minute, in a way which proves him the greatest genius of them all.

When the worthlessness of Insull's two hundred million dollar monkey thought pyramid became apparent to the public, the once worshipped utilities king whose slightest nod had been capable of extracting millions from his subjects, found himself catapulted into the Mephistophelian role of Depression Enemy Number 1. He fled in terror to Greece, the one European country which had no extradition treaty. But the bitter hatred of his former disciples pursued him—the United States confirmed a treaty with Greece for the sole purpose of getting Samuel Insull. Hastily Insull hired a tramp steamer and started for Persia. But the Turks, at American instigation, captured the ship and turned Insull over to his enemies. What a spectacle of vengeful mass thought seeking at all costs to destroy its former hero! Insull was led back in legal chains for his former imitators to throw prison sentences at.

Then came Insull's masterpiece—or was it, after all, only a spontaneous vagary of monkey thinking? When he landed in New York a prisoner, Insull became in the public mind a weak, pitiful old man, more sinned against than sinning. His intentions, the public discovered, had always been good—he had made only innocent mistakes. He was purified in the eyes of the mass thinkers by his weak helplessness. Americans couldn't believe that this pathetic, benevolent old soul whose heart might fail him at any moment had ever meant to fleece them. Money was raised for Insull's bail—he might die if permitted to wait trial in a cold, damp prison, poor fellow! And promptly this recipient of tender sympathy was acquitted at one trial after another. What a career as monkey thought leader—first the regal role, then the part of a cat running from a pack of dogs who love to chase anything that runs away, and finally the pose of abused weakling who craves public protection. A great artist, Insull, at this most episodic of arts—leading monkey thinkers.

As long as the monkey thoughts of great masses of people can be led far astray from the narrow path of financial fact, we shall go on having alternate inflations and depressions. During the inflation phase the psychological cause is primary, the economic result secondary. Mind runs money ragged creating values which literally have no existence outside human skulls. Then comes the depression phase when physical reality controls human thoughts. Material facts accumulate until they force their way into the mass consciousness. During depressions, mass mind is adapting itself to economic reality. This process is difficult and unpleasant in precise proportion to the distance which mass thoughts have traveled away from environmental facts. In short, because depression is fundamentally a psychological readjustment, its extent and duration depend upon the amount of wrong thinking to be readjusted. The prognostic index of a depression is not the absolute height of price rise during the preceding inflation, but rather the height of the rise in paper values over and above actual values. This difference represents the distance which monkey thoughts have been led away from reality, and the distance which mass thinking must travel back again to dependable fact.

Heretofore depression leaders have let mass thought snap back as far as it will, assuming that the resurgence of monkey thinking will sweep them off their feet if they attempt to stay its back flow. They have crashed prices to rock bottom, making virtue of necessity, and letting people adapt to it as best they may. The theory has been—a drop into economic depths is unavoidable, best get it over with as quickly as possible. Then the monkey thinkers can be led gradually back again toward inflation. England, France, Australia and this country in previous depressions have met their readjustment problems with this system of rugged fatalism.

But now in America the most daring experiment in mass psychology in the world's history is being undertaken. President Roosevelt is attempting to reassert the control of mass mind over money long before the economic bottom has been reached. Instead of lowering prices, he raised them, arbitrarily. At the time he did this there was no economic reality in the raised prices, they could only be made real by mass belief that they were real, and mass money spending as

Continued at top of page 158

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ALL TOGETHER, SEÑORITAS ... 1000 VIVAS FOR THE MAN WHO MIXES THE BACARDI COCKTAIL LIKE THIS

Juice of half a green lime
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Shake well in cracked ice

What guest will not cheer, for is it not the smartest cocktail in the world? Is it not the sensational success of every exclusive bar in every civilized country?

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Monkey Thinking

Continued from pages 33-155-157

though they were real. He asked everybody to agree, through the mechanism of the N.R.A. codes, that they would begin controlling prices again mentally, as they had done during the inflation period. For his part, the President agreed to determine the range of possible economic reality and to direct the public to think of prices at that level and no higher. Briefly, the Roosevelt program calls for control of prices by mass thinking; control of mass thinking by the President; and regulation of the President's leadership by diligent research into economic facts and intelligent individual thinking about them by him and his advisors.

The result of this experiment depends, obviously, upon the experimenter's success in controlling the monkey thinking of the masses. Such control has never before been established during a depression period of psychological readjustment to economic reality. Both Mussolini and Hitler seized control of mass mind by spectacular coups after economic and political disasters had run their full course. Even then, the Fascist leaders found it necessary to add military force to personal persuasion in order to retain dictatorial control of public thinking. Taking a leaf from their books, Franklin D. Roosevelt called for teeth in his original N.R.A. act. He asked and obtained power to punish criminally anyone who refused to accept the economic mass thoughts which he dictated. Then the N.R.A.'s teeth were drawn by Supreme Court decision and the great experiment was back upon a purely psychological basis. The issue is clear-cut—can President Roosevelt control America's monkey thinking by sheer art of leadership? And if so, how completely and for how long?

The answer depends, to a considerable extent, upon the artistry of rival mass thought leaders—Father Coughlin, Huey Long, and others yet to be heard from. But it depends, too, upon unforeseeable events which may scatter the monkeys or herd them closer together. And above all it depends upon the results which this most ambitious leader of mass thought the world has ever seen produces by his daring attempt to control economic values through manipulation of mass mind. If real economic stability and security can be obtained by this method, it means the beginning of a new era —the Age of Benevolently Controlled Monkey Thinking. ⁜

Survivor from Parnassus

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Oscar admitted that he was utterly fagged out.

" 'Have you done much work today, master?'

"The poet sighed. 'Ah, yes, composition is so difficult. This morning I took out a comma. This afternoon I put it in again.'

"Oscar had many stories of his visit to America, where he had told the custom inspectors that he had nothing to declare except his genius. He was quoted, too, as saying the best examples of American dry goods were American novels. During his lecture tour he went to Leadville. Afterward he was taken to the Casino. There, he said, he found an entertainer at a piano—and over the piano hung a notice: 'Please do not shoot at the pianist, he is doing his best.'

" 'I was indeed struck,' said Wilde, 'with the recognition of the fact that bad art merits death. In this remote spot the aesthetic applications of the gun were admitted in the case of music, and so my task would be much simplified, as really it was.'

"Oscar Wilde and Whistler had many bouts of wit," Richard went on, "but those in which the painter excelled were invented by himself in solitude, and then printed as authentic. Such as the famous recital:

"Wilde: 'I wish that I had said that, Jimmy.'

"Whistler: 'Never mind, Oscar, you will, you will.'

"Very silly, for Oscar Wilde was always original, even if his jeweled syllables weren't ever entirely spontaneous."

I tried to get Richard to talk about himself, and he admitted that once anyone who had listened to the magic of Wilde's voice started to tell stories, it was difficult to change the subject.

After a brilliant career in England, over the turn of the century, during which Richard Le Gallienne wrote thirty volumes of prose and poetry, and such critical works as his volumes on George Meredith and Rudyard Kipling, he decided to come to this country. He concluded that he must sell his fine library, containing many fine first editions and autographed copies of moderns—for he had been, for a long time, literary critic of *The Star, The Daily Chronicle, The Sketch, The Illustrated London News* and *The Academy*.

For the occasion Richard wrote a poem of farewell and had it etched as a book plate. The sale took place—very successfully, but the butcher and the baker and the dress-suit maker stepped in and attached all the proceeds. He sailed for this country, anyway, where, by the irony of fame, his distinguished daughter, Eva Le Gallienne, the actress, achieved more success than her father, though he has had a long critical and poetic output in the States.

I remember when he quarreled with William Watson, the British poet, who had written *The*

Woman With The Serpent's Tongue, supposed to be aimed at Margot Asquith. Richard's reply was a poem he entitled: *The Poet With The Coward's Tongue*, and he challenged Watson to a duel —the weapons sonnets at four paces—each singer to declaim his own poem.

"I'm sure Watson's will be the death of me," said Richard, "if it doesn't boom back from the hills. You know most of his song is an echo from the masters."

Le Gallienne's conversation always lingers in the Nineties. He was of the period, even if he has outlived it.

"James McNeill Whistler was the first of the great American ballyhoo artists," he once told me. "You remember reading of his suit with Ruskin, who said he had insulted the British public by throwing a pot of paint in its face—and getting paid for it? At the trial, in answer to how long it took him to do a canvas for which he charged fifty guineas, Whistler replied: 'Only an hour, but it took me a lifetime to learn how.'

"Shortly afterward he delivered his famous lecture on art. Swinburne lived at Putney, a stodgy sort of suburb, in a house belonging to Theodore Watts, who had taken him in when he was in dreadfully bad health. The two lived there like a couple of old maiden aunts. Algernon wrote a criticism of Jimmy's *Ten o'Clock* lecture. A note signed by Whistler appeared in a newspaper mentioning 'One Algernon Swinburne—outsider—Putney.' And when Theodore Watts lengthened his name to Theodore Watts-Dunton, Whistler wrote him: '*Theodore! What's Dunton?*' The painter had the faculty of taking a tiny chip of wit and getting it passed about and admired as if it were a magnificent diamond. To me he will always remain the artist who invented the beauty of the London fog. No one had ever realized its artistic existence until his studies of the Thames enbankments.

"The Nineties was the breaking off from the Victorian period, the start of the modern aspect toward life and art. Arthur Symons, the poet, was a great critic of the time. He went crazy, poor fellow. Frank Harris said it was brought on—his madness—by his trying to act the great lover a bit too late in life. All that we knew at the time was that he had disappeared from his usual haunts.

"One morning a number of Arthur's friends received an invitation to a banquet to be given by him that evening at The Savoy. The Cafe Royal was the usual gathering place of Bohemians, more suited to their purses, but we figured that the poet must have come into funds, through some mysterious agency. The affair was a splendid one; fine port and sherry was served, and plenty of champagne. Our host was in his element, a drunken element in which he was boisterously happy.

"After the banquet Symons was interrupted, making a speech, by the head waiter, looking more lordly than a lord, appearing with the bill, on a silver tray.

"Take it to my keepers for payment," laughed Arthur, who though it was an excellent jest.

"It was our first knowledge that he was in restraint. Shortly his keepers came for him, and he left in perfect good humor, content that he had been able to treat his friends so wonderfully at the expense of The Savoy.

"Lionel Johnson was another poet who was odd, indeed. He shut himself up in his chambers, from which he never emerged except in search of drink. No one ever found him eating. He never visited his friends, but was always at home to them, in the evening. Though a recluse he was forever quoting what Gladstone had said to him, in confidence, or the trend of the conversation, while he dined, in the company of some important public figure. He was so serious that we were sure that he believed in his own fictions.

"For years John Lane announced Lionel's, *The Art of Thomas Hardy*. Finally it appeared, a major portion of the book on the subject of the development of the English novel. He wrote distinguished poems—but no love poems. After he came to his sudden death, under the wheels of a hansom cab, darting back to his chambers, from a tavern, his body was stripped by the authorities, and it was found that he had the sexual development of a little boy.

"Francis Thompson, who wrote that great poem, *The Hound of Heaven*, was a queer genius of the Nineties, a laudanum fiend, as was De Quincey. He sank so low that he swept street crossings. He left several of his poems, scribbled on butcher paper in the post box of Alice Meynell, the lady who was afterward to become his patron saint. When he shuffled in, a few days later, Mrs. Meynell could not believe that the dirty, grotesque vagabond could be the intellectual titan of the poems. She and her husband provided a home for Thompson, and it was while under their roof that he wrote his two great books of poems. I never knew him well, he was shy to the point of its being a torture to him to receive visitors.

"One of the most popular poets published by John Lane was John Davidson. He finally committed suicide by throwing himself into the ocean. His case is the only one I have ever heard of, where the writer, who had decided upon self destruction, printed it in a foreword to a book—as Davidson did to *Fleet Street and Other Poems*:—

The time has come to make an end. There are several motives. I find my pension is not enough: I have therefore still to turn aside and attempt things for which people will pay. My health also counts. Asthma and other annoyances I have tolerated for years; but I cannot put up with cancer.

Continued at top of page 160

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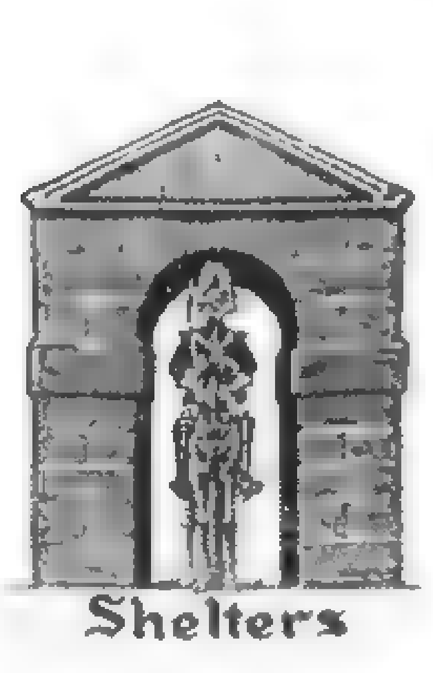

Ask for FLIWAIT

This good-looking raincoat in cool gray is extremely light in weight. Single-breasted, it is featured with raglan shoulders and shaped collar. The vertical cut-through pockets and adjustable sleeve tabs make it very practical. The inside yoke back-lining is of serge material. This coat is fully vulcanized, with no stitching in its construction.

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Survivor from Parnassus

Continued from pages 26-159

"Oh, others committed suicide, in one way or another; Ernest Dowson by drink, his heart broken by a barmaid; Herbert Crackanthorpe drowned himself in the Thames, to save a woman's reputation, walking and attired in evening clothes, with his topper on; Lord de Tabley faded away from his mysterious sorrows. Few of the brilliant stars of the period were long lived. Well, poets should not live too long. Those whom the gods love die young."

Richard sighed and recited to me a little song that first appeared in The Yellow Book:

She's somewhere in the sunlight strong
Her tears are in the falling rain,
She calls me in the wind's soft song,
And with the flowers she comes again.
Yon bird is but her messenger,
The moon is but her silver car;
Yea! sun and moon are sent by her,
And every wistful waiting star.

Richard Le Gallienne has recently been living in Paris, from where he contribs an occasional column, called *From a Paris Garret*, to *The N. Y. Sun*. Now and again a page from him appears in the book review section of *The N. Y. Times*, but his output hasn't been great the last few years. He wrote one book, not so long ago, about the period in which he shone as a celebrated figure. *The Romantic Nineties*—not a single story or bit of gossip, about the writers, with which he once delighted his American friends, appears in it. I imagine he felt a tone of dignity most fitting, in writing a critical volume; but I think his conversation, more lively and delightful.

A feud has recently arisen between Richard's second and third wife, caused by the fact that a daughter of the present Mrs. Le Gallienne, by a former husband, who is an artist, uses the Le Gallienne name.

The mother of Eva Le Gallienne holds that as Eva is the poet's only child, the young sculptress has no right to bear it. I can imagine that Richard might smile, for he always thought that his name was too poetic—for a poet. Now an actress daughter and a step-daughter are quarreling about the latter's casting aside the name of her own father, using her foster-father's name in preference.

Richard once said that one only feels at home with contemporaries. Michael Monahan, who died a few years ago, was the last American writer at all near his own age to visit him in Paris. But if the writers he knew so well have all vanished, they are alive as ever in his memories, and one feels back in the Nineties, and not the dry Nineties of literary biography, either, when he speaks of his friends and associates of the period. It is still alive and vivid to Richard Le Gallienne, who is becoming a legend, now—one of the last survivors of that now almost mythical decade.

The Enchanted Slippers

Continued from page 40

Margot had a very agreeable day. She soon forgot about the slippers. Everybody was so kind to her, and seemed so glad of her presence, that she found it hard to imagine that any one among them would be capable of playing this rather mean little trick on her. So she dismissed the problem from her mind, and enjoyed the diversions of summer life in the country, and listened attentively to Mr. Broughton Thompson's discourses on early Mesopotamian art, and on how to read palms, and on the geology of Columbia County. She thought him probably the most learned man in the world, and was surprised every time he put aside his immense erudition and made some intentionally silly remark that caused her to laugh.

That night, Margot put her slippers far under the bed, so that nobody but a mouse could possibly get at them, and went peacefully to sleep.

In the morning the slippers were gone.

Margot went down to breakfast very angry. It was just too stupid and unkind that somebody should have managed to repeat this joke. She had decided to leave the house immediately after breakfast.

She was surprised to see that Mr. Broughton Thompson was obviously in a terrible state of mind. He was pale, his hand shook as he drank his coffee; and he excused himself and left the table long before the guests had finished breakfast.

When Margot emerged from the dining-room, Mr. Broughton Thompson was waiting for her. "Come with me," he said, leading her into the garden. "I have something to say to you."

"I have the most astonishing news for you," he began, when they were safely out of sight of the house. "Last night in the middle of the night I thought I heard very light footsteps coming down the hall and crossing the floor of my room. 'This is indeed too much!' I thought. 'The joke was poor enough the first time, but to repeat it is insufferable!' I switched on the light—and what do you suppose I saw? You could never guess. I saw that there was no one there—but that your slippers were daintily walking across the floor all by themselves. They stopped at the bedside, turned themselves around so that their toes pointed away from the bed, and remained there quite motionless. And there they still were when the dawn came. Naturally I could not sleep a wink all night."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing!" said Margot aghast.

"I have," said Mr. Boughton Thompson. "I have encountered several such cases, in the course of my reading. But I grant you that it is an unusual phenomenon. You see, it is possible to enchant shoes so that they will move about at the direction of some distant person—precisely like the case of a boat that is controlled by wireless impulses sent out from shore. My studies in the matter have informed me that there is a powerful witch in Vladivostock who can do this, and another in Passaic, New Jersey, and perhaps others."

"Why, Mr Broughton Thompson! Passaic, New Jersey, is where I was born!"

"Ha!" said Mr. Broughton Thompson. "And was that powerful witch of Passaic, New Jersey, asked to your christening?"

"Naturally, I do not remember," said poor Margot, "but I doubt it. I'm sure that, when I was old enough to notice such things, there was no exchange of calls between her house and ours."

"Precisely!" said Mr. Broughton Thompson triumphantly. "It is, I think, very unwise to fail to invite a powerful neighboring witch to a christening-party. I could tell you many instances in which mischief has come of it. Now where, may I ask, did you get these slippers?"

Margot then told Mr. Broughton Thompson the whole story of how the slippers had been found in her bag by the maid, and that she herself had never seen them before.

Mr. Broughton Thompson frowned thoughtfully. "The maid is quite beyond suspicion," he said. "She has been with me for six years. No, sometime in the course of your journey here the substitution was made—probably in the Grand Central Station," he added penetratingly.

Mr. Broughton Thompson was greatly interested in every aspect of the case, and spent practically the entire day in Margot's company, talking of this and kindred matters.

He had quite recovered his equanimity. Late in the afternoon, out under the trees, he read to her Keats' beautiful poem, *Saint Agnes' Eve;* and he also read to her several of his own poems—which Margot secretly thought were more beautiful that Keats', though she was too respectful to say so.

Margot felt that Mr. Broughton Thompson was being most kind to her, in her perplexed state; and she found him very attractive in spite of the fact that he was pretty old. His being a bachelor possibly accounted for the phenomenon that his thirty years of age did not seem to weigh very heavily on him. At any rate, Margot found him to be not a bit more repulsive than the college boys with whom she went to dances.

After a delightful evening of conversation among the guests, the party separated to go to bed. Mr. Broughton Thompson drew Margot aside.

"Let us experiment with this remarkable phenomenon still further tonight," he said. "Let us see whether the shoes will walk again. I shall keep a sharp eye open for them, and will report to you in the morning. The matter is of great interest to science. Good-night, my dear."

Margot went to her room, prepared herself for bed, and deposited the enchanted slippers near the door. "Now if they want to walk, they can just go," she thought.

Then she changed her mind. "I'm tired of these mystifications, and I'm not going to let them walk. It's a warm night, and I don't need even a sheet over me—so I'll keep the slippers on my feet, and go to sleep."

Which she proceeded to do. "Now they can't get away!" she said comfortably; and at once enjoyed the bliss of dreamless slumber.

She awoke with a start, a sudden light glaring in her eyes. She stared into the astonished face of Mr. Broughton Thompson, who, peering up from his bed, had just switched on the light. She realized that she was standing in Mr. Broughton Thompson's room, completely naked, and that she had no power to resist the relentless movement of the slippers as they walked slowly and delicately toward Mr. Broughton Thompson's bed.

"So that is it!" said Mr. Broughton Thompson, in tones that did not express either fear or horror. "Well, if you aren't the prettiest girl I ever saw!"

The slippers propelled her up to the side of the bed, turned themselves around, and slid away so that she was obliged to sit down.

"Well!" said Mr. Broughton Thompson in no uncertain tones. "Well!"

Margot looked at Mr. Broughton Thompson. She liked his face. He did not seem at all frightened by these terrifying events.

He even put his arm around her to protect her. She liked that, too.

So, for the second night in succession, Mr. Broughton Thompson did not get a wink of sleep; and the next day Margot and Mr. Broughton Thompson burned up the slippers, deciding that they were unnecessary; and so they were married and lived happily forever after.

All of which proves that witches have their uses, and that the wicked shall not possess the earth. #

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Mark Twain: Three Contacts

Continued from page 22

gun, a tennis racquet—MARK TWAIN! As I live and breathe. Or all the pictures in the newspapers were wrong. The wide picturesque soft hat, the loosely fitting business suit, the soft wavy hair, protruding a little from under the hat. Easy, comfortable, wide toed shoes; the author of *Huckleberry Finn*, of *Tom Sawyer*, of *Roughing It.* Could I believe my eyes? Was he to be here in the flesh and me not say anything, not even make certain that it was MARK TWAIN? I who had been plotting a contact and interview with him. Oh, sublime fate!

I stopped where I was, drew cautiously near, then ducked into a doorway, to see which way he was going to move. A moment or two later he was ambling downtown—towards Wall Street. But not slowly or not too briskly. A good healthy walk. So he was going downtown—probably to one of those creditor meetings. And here was I, jobless—in danger of being a resident of the Bowery—as subsequently I became.

Take heart, oh stripling!
Lace up your courage!

But what the devil was I to ask him? How suggest an interview? I dogged on behind him at his pace, studying his every move. MARK TWAIN! MARK TWAIN!

I drew nearer and nearer. If he had been at all concerned as an observer, he could have heard my sneaking steps, my beating heart. But he was not. At last at Doyers Street in Chinatown into which he turned to look at a Chinese novelty window, I drew directly to his side and looked up. I think my voice broke or trembled or squeaked. "Are you—you're not Mark Twain, the author?"

He turned on me quizzically—dubiously—amusedly perhaps.

"Well, that's what they call me sometimes, when they can't think of anything else to call me."

"Oh—well, I thought—you see I'm a newspaper man. I thought maybe—"

"Now see here young man, I know what you're thinking. But you can't interview me. I'm not to be interviewed this way. I don't mind you newspaper men speaking to me—and saying that you saw me—if you must put it in the papers. But no more than that. Otherwise, I'll have to deny it."

He gave me a forceful and yet tolerant look, and I saw my dream of something to sell to a newspaper, going glimmering. The worst of it was, that I sensed that he imagined that I intended to bring up the matter of bankruptcy, which was not in mind at all—rather something about himself, the Bowery, any little indifferent thing. But this rebuke. I was reduced and ashamed, and merely mumbled that I was not securing a real interview, to which he replied—"I understand" and turned, and was gone down the street while I cursed myself for a blockhead and a fool. My one great chance—And this was how I had used it—HELL!

* * *

Number Two—was in the late fall of 1900, six years later—the year in which *Sister Carrie*, my first novel, was published and suppressed. And at that time, I am sorry to report, my financial condition had not greatly improved. I had, to be sure, accumulated a world of experience—had dismissed newspaper reporting, been editor of a small magazine, learned that I could write short stories, and a novel. But how to make money was a dark problem. Since my short stories were psychologic as well as darkly realistic, they found few takers. I was dependent upon unimportant magazine articles which occasionally yielded as much as a hundred dollars—mostly $60 or $75. Only recently—in 1899—I had reached an understanding with a magazine called *Success* to the effect that I was to do six or eight estimates—semi-biographic, semi-critical of as many outstanding personalities in as many varying fields as possible. Up to that time, I had interviewed and studied Marshall Field, Thomas Edison, Andrew Carnegie, the steel magnate, Joseph Choate, the lawyer, William Dean Howells, the novelist, and some others. A particular wish of the editor, Dr. Marden, at the time he contracted for the articles, was that I should include Mark Twain. But Twain was abroad, and remained there until fall. Indeed, what brought him to mind in connection with myself was not only the fact that the newspapers carried large notices of his return, and his comments on life in general, and of the various dinners in his honor which were in progress, but that I was sorely in need of a hundred dollars which a study of him would bring me.

Interestingly enough, at that time, my own attitude toward Twain had changed slightly. I was no longer the stripling newspaper cub but a person with a definite attitude of my own—politically, financially, socially. I was mentally aware of America. Wall Street, the growing power of the financial interests. Ida Tarbell had exposed Standard Oil, and I had read that H. H. Rogers, one of its great chiefs, had taken complete charge of the affairs of Twain. And plainly he was the current pet of the secure and the prosperous in every field.

What did the man who had failed and walked in the Bowery think of it all? I was wondering, would I have the courage to go into these matters and would he resent that courage or talk at all?

I called my editor. Was he still interested? He was. Dubious of myself and a little more of Twain in regard to all this, I sought him out. Harper & Brothers furnished me his latest address—a house in

West Tenth Street. Having that, I first thought to write him, but fearing the delay, decided to go to his door. I would time it for 5:15 or 5:30 in the afternoon. I would say—from *Success Magazine*. If he were in, he would talk or dismiss me—or fix another date.

And so, one evening early in November, I called. It was quite dusk, at 5:30, but the front windows of the house were dimly aglow. I knocked, and a maid answered. Did Mr. Twain know me personally? No. She was not sure whether he was in. Would see. Then the door closed but presently opened again. If I would have a seat Mr. Twain would be down. I sat, then stood—nervous, curious. Presently I heard the lounging step. Through a low doorway appeared the great Hero. He had a fine, strong, friendly face with clear piercing eyes below shaggy eyebrows. By now his wavy hair was peppered with grey. He spoke friendly—as though he knew me quite well and had already been talking to me a bit—"You say you're from *Success Magazine*? Don't think I ever heard of it. But the name is sort of comforting. What is it you want exactly."

"Off hand a talk on which to base an article. The magazine has already published part of a series on successful men—Edison, Marshall Field, Andrew Carnegie, Joseph H. Choate. It feels that it would like one on you!"

"You mean write me up as a success?"

"You'd scarcely deny being one, would you?"

"Why I've failed in almost everything I ever undertook—promotion, publishing, even writing. Never wrote a thing that I felt satisfied with." His eyes twinkled humorously.

"Perhaps writers are like that. But you may not be the best judge, either. Your admirers might help you decide."

"My admirers? Yes maybe. If a man could only trust 'em from one year to another."

I noticed he had not asked me to sit down and himself remained standing. More, he did not remember me. I was a total stranger. "You weren't thinking of trying to have a talk tonight, were you?"

"Not unless you are free and have the time."

"Well, that's just the trouble. I'm not. My wife and I have a dinner engagement and were getting ready to leave now. I wouldn't mind, if it'll be of any use to you—but shucks, I'm not a fit person to travel with scamps like Andrew Carnegie and Joe Choate. I'll tell you what you do. Just leave it for now, and call me up some day next week. I'm pretty busy just now, but I'll have more time then."

"Another man that allowed me to include him in the series was William Dean Howells," I added. I had learned that Howells and Twain were the best of friends—intimates—and that Twain greatly respected Howells. Yet, because I, myself, thought much more of Twain than I did of Howells, I was interested to see whether Twain, because of his raw western upbringing and utterly unliterary background was still overawed by this polished minor realist, who had insinuated himself into the sanctuary of eastern literary punditry. I was not mistaken. Twain who had moved and was ushering me into the hall and toward the door, paused.

"Was Howells in the series? Well, that makes it easier. He ought to know magazines, if anyone does. But you write or come and see me some day next week. We can get up something, particularly where they ain't anything in particular to get up."

He coughed and chuckled faintly, and let me out—and I bustled away greatly pleased at the same time that I was thinking of this giant's awe of the lesser man. How could that be?

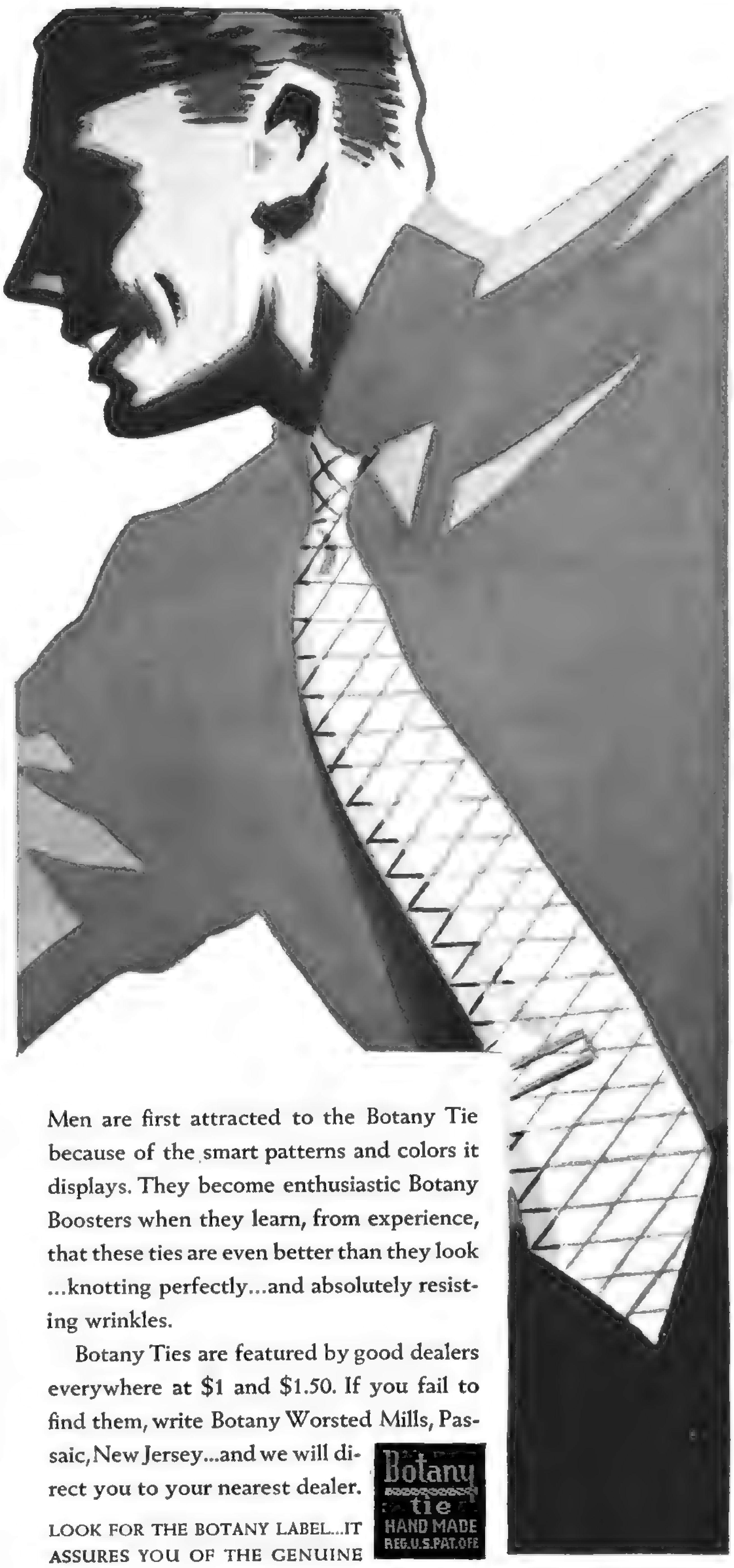
But the interview never came off. I did call back but Twain was in Connecticut. Later, when I called again there was no answer. A compulsory assignment took me to Chicago and St. Louis and when I got back, he was still not immediately available and I gave it up—much as I desired to plumb to the depth of his social economy and psychology. I was discontented with his reverent acceptance of H. H. Rogers and Howells and desired to know about those things.

* * *

Between this, and the THIRD contact lay seven or even eight years. By that time, I had become editor-in-chief of the Butterick Publications and was practically concerned to draw material from every possible literary source. Of course, I had thought of Twain but was told by agents that he was sealed to Harper and Brothers and that nothing was to be had. At the same time, I knew that he was living at 21 Fifth Avenue, that he was growing quite feeble and that in connection with Albert Bigelow Paine, he was planning an autobiography which Harper's was to have. More than once, I thought of my lapsed interview, but did nothing, pressed as I was by a hundred duties a day. Nevertheless, there was a last contact. And it was in the back room of a saloon, that stood at that time at the northwest corner of Irving Place and Fourteenth Street. How I came to meet him there was interesting. He had, as it appeared, several acquaintances, if not cronies, with whom on occasion he met in this back parlor. One of these was a forty-year old dynamic and very positive and argumentative writer whose name I have forgotten, but who had written a book entitled *Bruvver Jim's Baby*. I never read it.

There was another writer of short stories, "Captain Something Gray," an Englishman whom I liked very much and some of whose character studies I also liked. It appeared that both knew

Continued on page 162B



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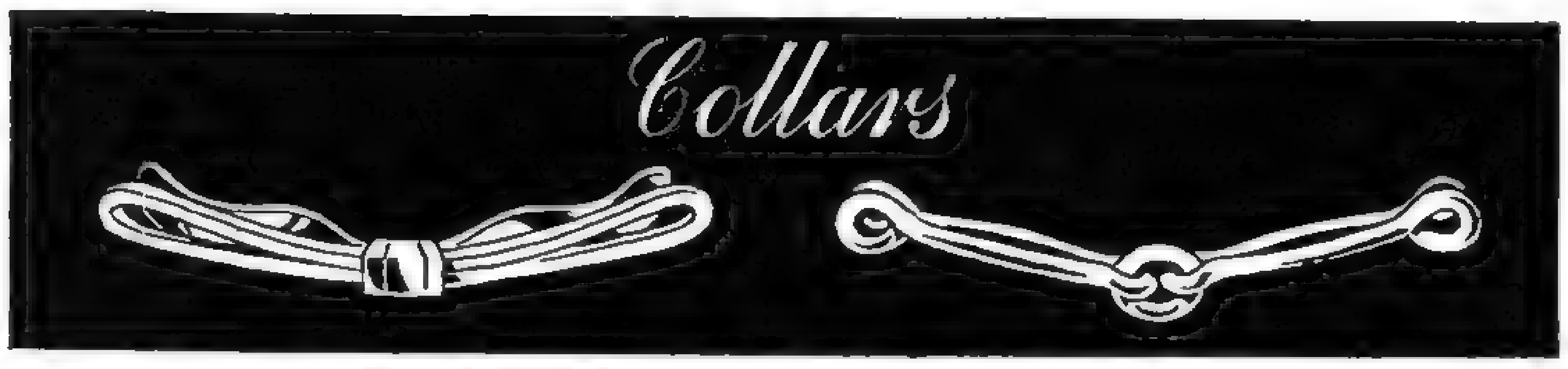

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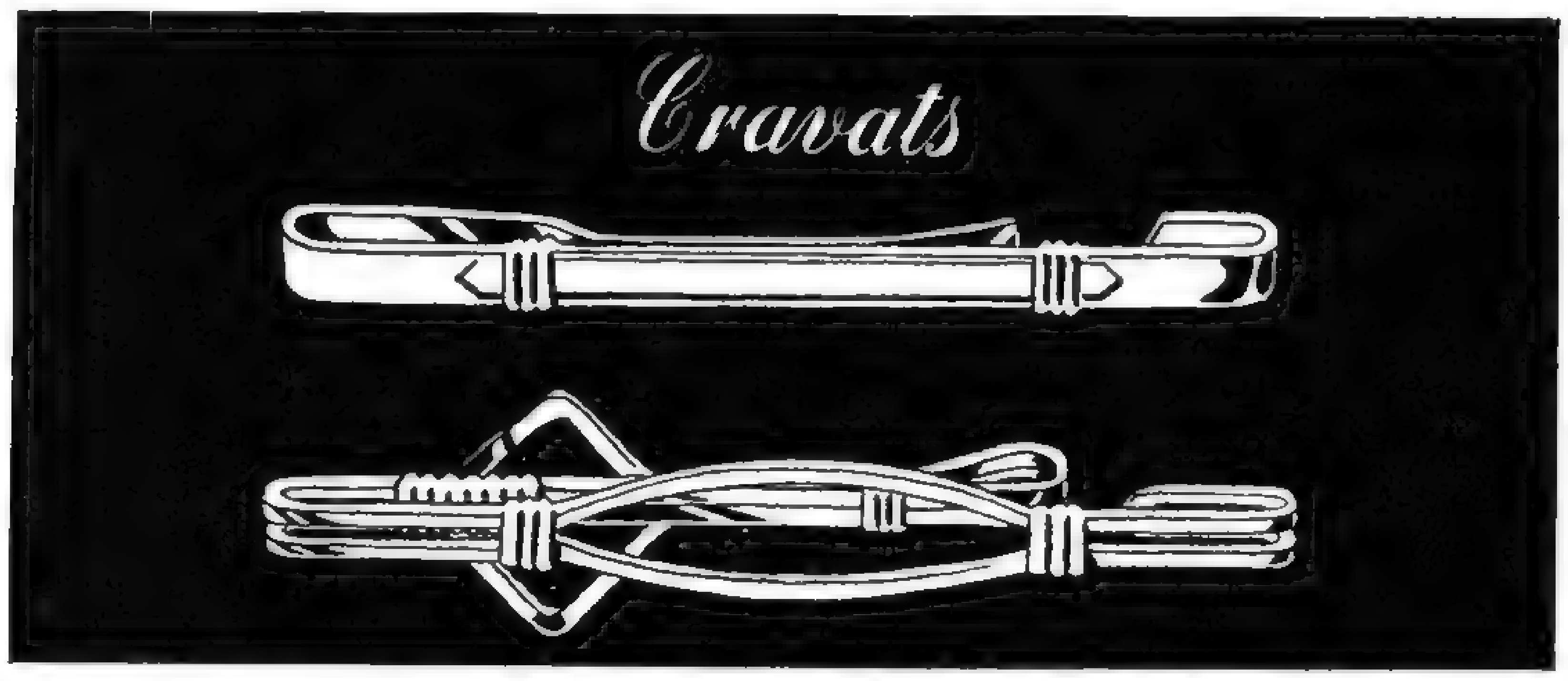

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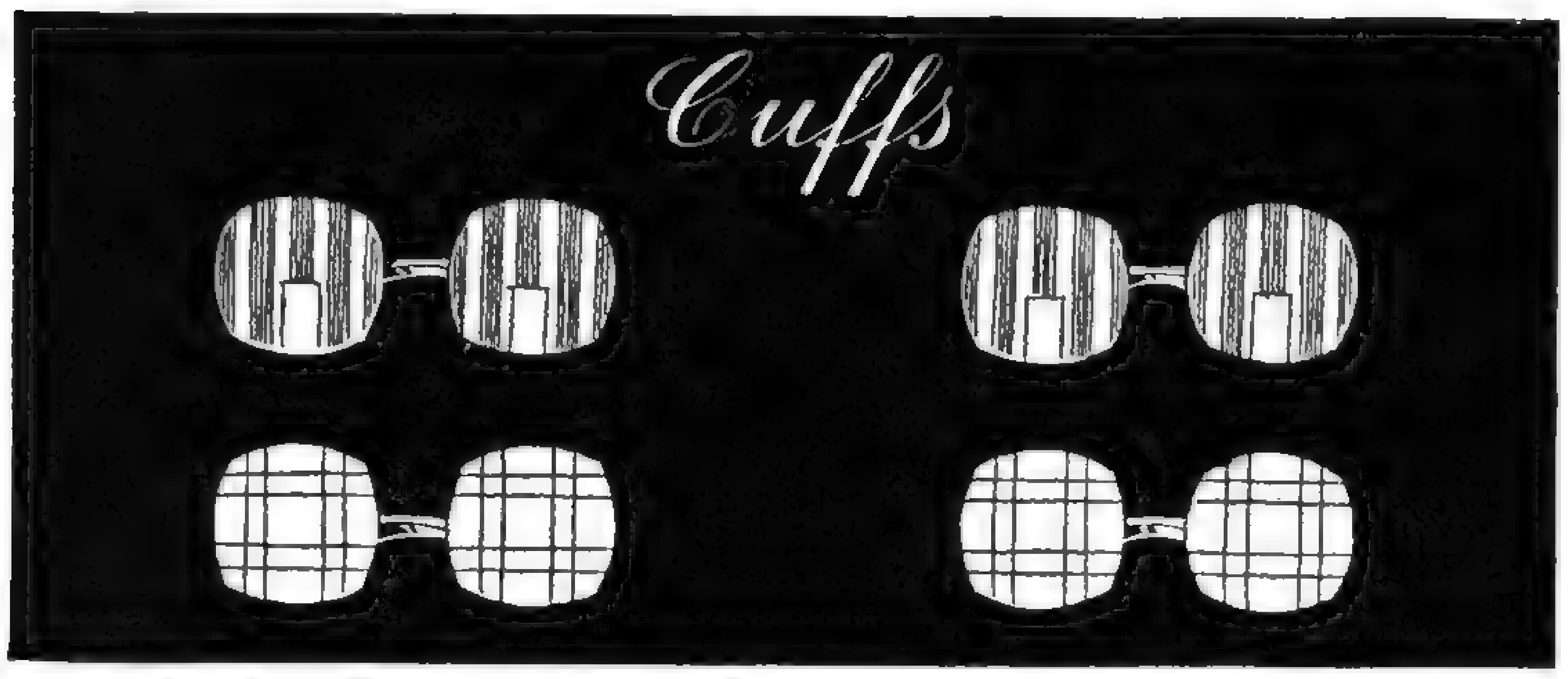

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Mark Twain: Three Contacts

Continued from pages 22-162A

Mark Twain—had, or so they said, entreé to his presence. More, on occasion they were either permitted to, or did force themselves, into the royal presence when it chose to betake itself to the back room of the saloon in question—I judge not too often. By these two, who resided in my immediate vicinity on Morningside Heights and who were occasional callers on me, I was then finally invited to meet Mark Twain on any day when Twain together with themselves was actually to be seen. Interested and even fascinated I decided to go as soon as convenient.

The arrangement was executed on a certain week-day afternoon around four. So as not to inconvenience an Editor to whom they could sell material, I was called when all was ready and went at once. In a typical table room of the dear departed saloon days, there he sat, one of these two satellites on either hand. And a drink of something — beer or whiskey—I've forgotten which—before him. . . . But the presence!! The sharp, strong, somewhat eagle-like features, emphasized by piercing deep-set eyes and crowned by a plentitude of wavy, silvery hair. And the by now famous almost cream-colored wool suit—immensely becoming and in less flamboyant sense suggesting Oscar Wilde, sunflower boutonnière, and talking. Not argument — just Mark Twain philosophizing aloud. And thanks to the magical release of a little alcohol—voicing things never said in his published works or public addresses. Man is nobody—a mere machine—evolved and without individuality—not intended by anything for any serious purpose, a creature crawling and in fear of everything, and so making his way by devices which could be employed by a cowardly and not desired thing—by false witness, malice, traps—the only creature that inflicted pain for spoil, the only creature sly enough for instance to make up ten commandments which were to be applied to other people—never to himself, if he could help it—various thoughts which struck one at the time as not only pessimistic but taboo to the accepted American authorship of the day, and particularly dangerous to him, socially and financially, since his audience was one which was not drawn to him by any such Swiftian thoughts.

At that time, of course, I was not familiar with *What Is Man* or the *Mysterious Stranger*—two books conceived, as I now know, somewhere in the 1890's, but not written until 1898, and not published at the time he was talking thus. Nevertheless, as I also realized, he was among friends and not to be quoted, a fact which made this contact all the more piquant and important—a confidence *in camera*.

But there was one other burst which interested me even more since it related to sex and love and marriage, the current morals of the same, which he, not less, but more, dismissed with a mental snap of his fingers.

There was in the papers at the time a quite notorious breach of promise suit, some prominent citizen was being criticized for his penned as well as his physical indiscretions. And this was being commented on, just why or how, I do not recall.

But one comment, either an aside or a direct application of Twain's personal philosophy to the case in hand struck me with great force, so much so that afterwards I wrote it out, and filed it with a literary executor. It is not before me now, and I cannot quote it accurately, but as I recall it, it was to the effect that love and its currently implied single standard of morals as those related to virile men was the veriest nonsense and moonshine—good enough as a social instrument of restraint on the desires and the freedom of others, but individually—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred taboo and so secretly disobeyed. "The public assertion is (I am not here trying to quote Mark Twain exactly but approximately) —that all men love their wives, and are faithful to them, particularly if they're in the public eye; that you're supposed to love your wife and be sexually faithful, and if you're found to be not so, you're generally discredited and socially ruined. Just the same after the first few years of marriage, men don't love their wives, and they are not strictly faithful. They may like them very much, even admire them greatly, and where they have property and children of their own and their children's future to consider, they may wish everybody to believe what they know everybody wants everybody else to believe about themselves. But that is as far as it goes. The passion that brings about courtship, marriage and the honeymoon is one thing, and ends with the honeymoon, or a year or two later. The sex desire is an unmanageable thing, and can be aroused in any real man by any young and attractive and sensuous girl.

"Everybody knows that. The world has always known it. But with society as it is organized, the individual is afraid to admit it. He can even be frightened out of his natural desires. But that's all it comes to. If he wasn't a damned coward he'd have his way. As it is he smiles, and he pretends, and even goes to church. We all do."

I departed exhilarated and confirmed.

And—Oh, yes—he still did not remember me—not even the man who wanted to do a "Success" story of him. #

Hymn to the Hay-Tosser

Continued from page 25

paigned and all the time vented our ill feeling engendered by discontent on the individual who, tonight, has been referred to as a hay-tosser. But then, it is only human to seek a repository for blame. . . .

I have digressed, Mr. Chairman, and deliberately. I return, now, to the problem of trespass.

Not all country dwellers are inhospitable to hunters. In fact, I have found among them a degree of hospitality and tolerance which is heart warming. But due to the congestion some restriction was necessary and one of the typical attempts to regulate hunting was over in Williamston Township, Ingham County, Michigan.

This township was prime pheasant range. The people resident there were sympathetic toward gunners. But they simply could not accommodate the numbers who pleaded for shooting privileges. An association was formed, a procedure decided upon, and only so many guns permitted afield each day during the open season.

This plan had a double objective: reducing annoyance to the land owner and lessening the pressure on the pheasant supply. But, even so, and excellent range though the area naturally was, the birds could not hold up. Michigan poured thousands of cocks and hens into the township annually, and still the stock could not withstand even the regulated hunting. And Michigan sells a hunting license for a dollar and permits the taking of four cocks a season and has never produced them for much less than $2.50 per bird.

Now, enters the University of Michigan through its School of Forestry and Conservation, cooperating with the Williamston Association and the Department of Conservation, and discovered the truth which should have been obvious from the beginning: that birds do not live by food alone any more than man does by bread. That they must do more than exist to thrive and that if satisfactory pheasant hunting is ever to become a reality the release of pen reared birds must be only for the purpose of introducing a species or overcoming some natural and unusual and purely local calamity.

How, then, is an exotic to be made to reproduce himself in sufficient numbers? Well, to do so the pheasant must have certain favorable conditions under which to live. He must have shelter for every month in the year. They must have acceptable crowing areas so the matings may be general and crowned with success. They must be provided with congenial roosting sites, which vary with the seasons. They must have acceptable lines of communication to lead them from one activity to another.

These, among other things, the University investigators determined and, summed up, their findings pointed to one simple fact: that to thrive and multiply and provide an economical stocking the pheasant must be *happy*. He has specific wants and without them he will not do!

This matter of roosting sites, for example: in winter, the pheasant prefers marshes or other dense cover on low ground and without them he is discontent and loses vigor. In spring, when low places are flooded, he seeks dry cover similar to his winter roost. Not something *we* think just as good but in reality different; he wants something *similar*. And, in summer, he chooses to rest in thick grass and, with us, thick grass means hay and if all the hay is cut he faces eviction and an upset in his mode of life.

And these crowing areas: the cock wants a tangle in which to assemble his hens and woo them. He wants a tangle all his own, too, and not too close to a neighboring romantic, and if he does not have it family life is constant uproar, which works markedly against fecundity.

And then the nesting place: the hen prefers hay or grain. And if it be hay, the harvest is due before her period of expectancy is ended and so the farmer whose acre she favors must provide against slicing her to bits with his mower and must leave a protecting tuft about the nest, all of which can be accomplished with a device called a flushing bar and a modicum of interest in birds.

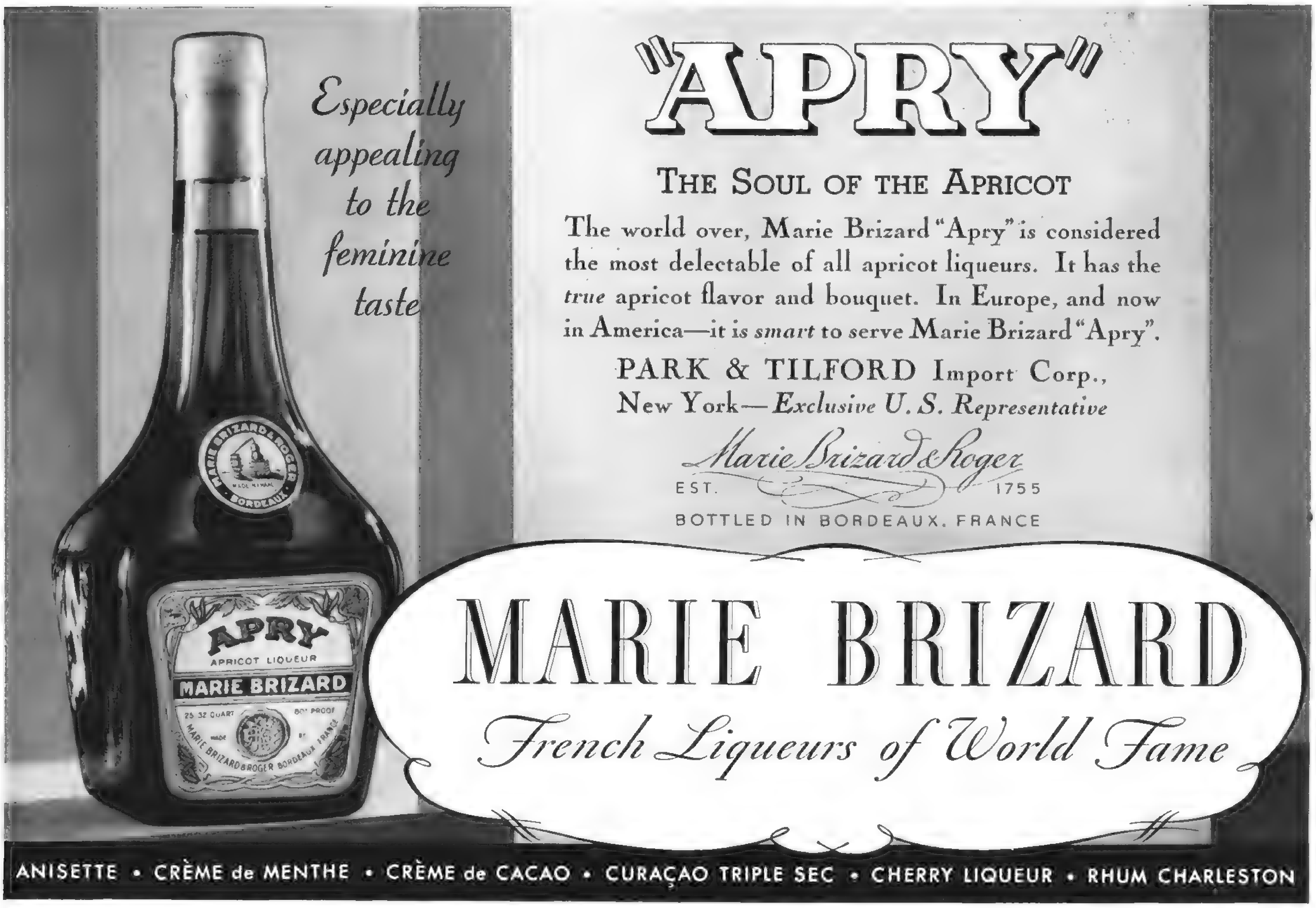
Once the brood is hatched it will scatter and become a band of unhappy wanderers destined to an untimely end unless uncut strips of hay and grain are left and food patches planted here and there, and clumps of evergreen shelter provided.

And, among the peculiar discoveries: the hen pheasant has small liking for flight. She prefers to skulk from roosting place to feeding ground. Her health and temper are both better if this is possible. So again the uncut strip of hay or stubble from marsh to food patch is an essential factor in happiness.

Interesting? Of course. But, you may say, interesting but what of it?

I give you the what-of-it. On this Williamston project where these and other similar manage-

Continued on page 164



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Hymn to the Hay-Tosser

Continued from pages 25-163

ment practices were put into effect the pheasant population increased four hundred per cent over the increase in comparable cover where release alone was relied upon to maintain stocks!

So these Michigan farmers are going in for pheasant management to keep hunting at a satisfactory level. For what? Some of them just to accommodate their friends. But others are going to charge fees to compensate them for their time and material. And in Ohio similar projects are under way and in Iowa landowners have for several years been partners with the state in pheasant management, collecting compensation from those gunners who bag birds on their property, the transaction being made through the game administration and by the device of coupons. . . .

Enough time, gentlemen, on ring necks. Let me mention quail.

Now, our northern quail have not done well. Their natural habitat has been generally impaired; propagation and importation have shown poor results. The numbers of coveys have been reduced to a point where we could not find the face to argue against the protectionists' cry that the gun would finally wipe them out.

But no one knew how much shooting a given number of quail could stand. Many guessed, but none *knew*. That is, no one did until Iowa turned its attention to quail.

Now, to whom did Iowa go as the first step in learning about quail? To the sportsman? No. The sportsman had protested and objected for years, but he had done nothing. So the state went to the farmers and instituted quail management projects. The birds responded readily, just as pheasants had done. Then censuses were taken and experimental shooting permitted under the farmer's watchful eye. At the season's end, another census of each area was taken and, in the following spring, still another.

This means, gentlemen, that a few fortunate quail hunters in Iowa have had their sport. But it means much more than that. It means that the way has been opened for an understanding of quail needs and capacities which will some day, I trust, make it again possible to hunt the delectable Bobwhite in a dozen states where they have been but a part of the pastoral scene for many, many years. And it may mean still more; it may mean that, in years to come, we can shoot our quail and have them, too, which will do much to reconcile sportsman and protectionist, both of whom have rights and, today, little in common except enmity.

If these happy things come about, whom will we thank? Will it not be the Iowa farmer, the Iowa hay-tosser? I contend so!

And lastly, the chicken: For years we have spoken of this magnificent game bird in the past tense. Once present in incredible numbers, he has been reduced to scattered remnants, and solely because changing conditions have brought only environmental and biological unhappiness to the species. He has enjoyed long continued protection on much of his original range but still has dwindled in numbers.

A nobly persistent bird, this one, gentlemen! Driven from his unbroken prairies by the plow, he adapted himself to corn and was happy. And then when shredding and siloing of the crop became accepted practice he tried it again in the cutovers of his range. He retreated the second time and made a brave stand. But the cutovers changed; they reforested themselves or were denuded by fire and the chicken had no other place to go.

In every state but one where chicken once abounded, his future has been despaired of. That lone state is Wisconsin. For the last half dozen years, now, Wisconsin authorities, co-operating with farmers, have studied the chicken. Management practices are being tried by farmers; farmers are maintaining winter feeding stations; farmers are taking census to check on the results of these activities. Much is being learned and in Wisconsin an honest hope is now held out that management technique has been in part proved and that the species is not doomed but may be expected to increase to a point where it will once again rank as a high factor for gunners.

I have been diffuse, Mr. Chairman. I have attempted to designate causes and indicate treatments. I have tried, above all, to convey the idea that it is the farmer, the individual engaged in the industry which depleted our bird supply and who barred us from harrying the remnants, to whom we must look for our future gunning.

It will not be the old, free range we knew; the stocks may never again be so bountiful. And surely, in the not-too-distant future, we are going to be asked quite generally to pay for the privilege of pursuing the game the laws still say belong to us. But will we cavil at that? Will it not be better than complaining and arriving nowhere? Surely, the laborer is worthy of his hire, and if added income will tempt the landowner to raise and service our game, will we object to direct contribution?

If we do . . . Then, I fear, the guns will be greased and put away for good, gentlemen. The pleasant afternoon or week-end afield will all be in the past. We will put dogs down only in memory and thrill to the sound of startled wings solely in retrospect. I trust that day never arrives; I hope that the tiller of the soil, the hay-tosser, will take a larger and deeper interest in game cropping and continue in the way that has been blazed for him. ⧺

The Pot-Luck of the Irish

Continued from page 89

with all sorts of potentials aboard. And the pot nurses them. Likewise the second pot. And the third. For there are three of these huge coppers to be journeyed through, with testings and shuntings in between, and flavor building up, up, up, rather than being chiseled out on the way.

Storage is in casks which are uncharred. Consequently the product acquires less color than our American whiskies, and less solids. The latter trait is, however, a virtue of consequence only as far as looks is concerned; because all vinous or spirituous liquids, in common with all other living things, throw off wastes: lees deposited in barrel or bottle spell life, not death.

Perhaps it is just as well, though, that Irish Whiskey is refined in its habits, because the laws of the Irish Free State have established a bonded period of seven years, and that gives quite an opportunity for action and reaction; on top of which, the old-line companies generally add a few extra years of warehousing to prevent any possibility of the stuff tasting young when consumed. At any rate one can count on its having enjoyed quite a protracted rest since it left its copper-colored Irish mammy. Cloudiness bespeaks venerability.

This aging and bodying-up is accomplished, not with the aid of artificial temperatures, but by the action of fresh air functioning through the walls of the cask in such a way as gradually to steal alcohol and build esters—the sly behavers that yield aroma and scamper to your head without warning. For, as with Scotch, it isn't alcoholic strength alone that packs the impact.

Irish, however, has no regional peculiarities in its makeup. It's a "self" whiskey as a general rule, unblended with anything except products of the same distillery made at different seasons of the year or perhaps combining a range of ages grouped around a backbone or "mother liquor." Indeed even in the instance of the wares of a certain well-known company which chooses to be an exception to the rule that blending begins and ends in one locality—even in this case there are no startling contrasts incorporated. Each company has its recipes and its reputation and its flavor fans, but choice between them is a matter of personal taste. Personally, having sampled pretty well around the ring (for there aren't many companies: they run to size and age, simplifying matters for a visitor) I'd say that Ireland is a country where, except for its species of moonshine called *poteen*, there isn't any bad liquor. In fact I'd go further and say that the general level strikes me as being positively Himalayan.

And yet in America Irish Whiskey is the least known type, circulating mostly among ex-Eriners. The reason for this strange state of affairs is that during Prohibition not five per cent of the liquor smuggled in for cutting, bitching, and foisting upon the public—not five per cent of this flood emanated from Ireland. Scotch and Rye got all the play. Consequently, with the ending of the Great Insanity, drinkers in this country were left without a forged label acquaintance with Hibernian brands. But the oddest part was that certain Irish Whiskies sold and enjoyed here *before* Prohibition by limited groups of enthusiasts, had never made a point of their origin. It just wasn't clearly understood, even by those who drank them, that they were Irish. And now in retribution for that policy, they are offering swell bottled goods from a country which hasn't been popularly known to be making any.

Wondering about the situation, one conjectures that maybe there's the same stumbling block as that which prevents Ireland from ever doing justice in print to the beauties of her southern counties—obviously the setting for a riviera to eclipse rivieras. "We haven't the words!" say the Irish.

Thus stumped regarding Irish scenery, one can sympathize with the insuperability of evolving anything adequate for Irish Whiskey. At the same time one has a suspicion that the inhabitants of a Little Bit of Heaven are playing a wary game, nervous lest they be drunk out by greedy foreigners.

And foreigners, asleep at the thirst, aren't going to thank them when discovery is made of what's been going on unbeknownst in large deceptively sleepy looking establishments in Dublin, Cork, and other clever spots of the Irish Free State, and also in Northern Ireland where, on the banks of a salmon stream near the Giant's Causeway, some talented stills have been turning out whiskey akin to liqueur Scotch yet unmistakably Irish. The revelation that not only can such things be, but that they *have* been right along, isn't going to be taken lying down; it's going to be acted on by men standing up at bars in sweet riots.

And then maybe drinkers will awake to the significance of the Gracious Living exemplified by the rare old decanters, tumblers, and ponies wrought in Ireland's Waterford glassware, now unfortunately available only to antique collectors. Any country capable of producing such equipment for the pleasures of the table *must* be accustomed to good liquor, must know how to *enjoy*, and *savor*, and *relish*, sipping its whiskey neat, as too sublime to suffer dilution or admixture.

People bother themselves buying tickets in the Irish Sweeps. So unnecessary. Just buy a bottle, and in half an hour you'll know how the winner feels. ⧻

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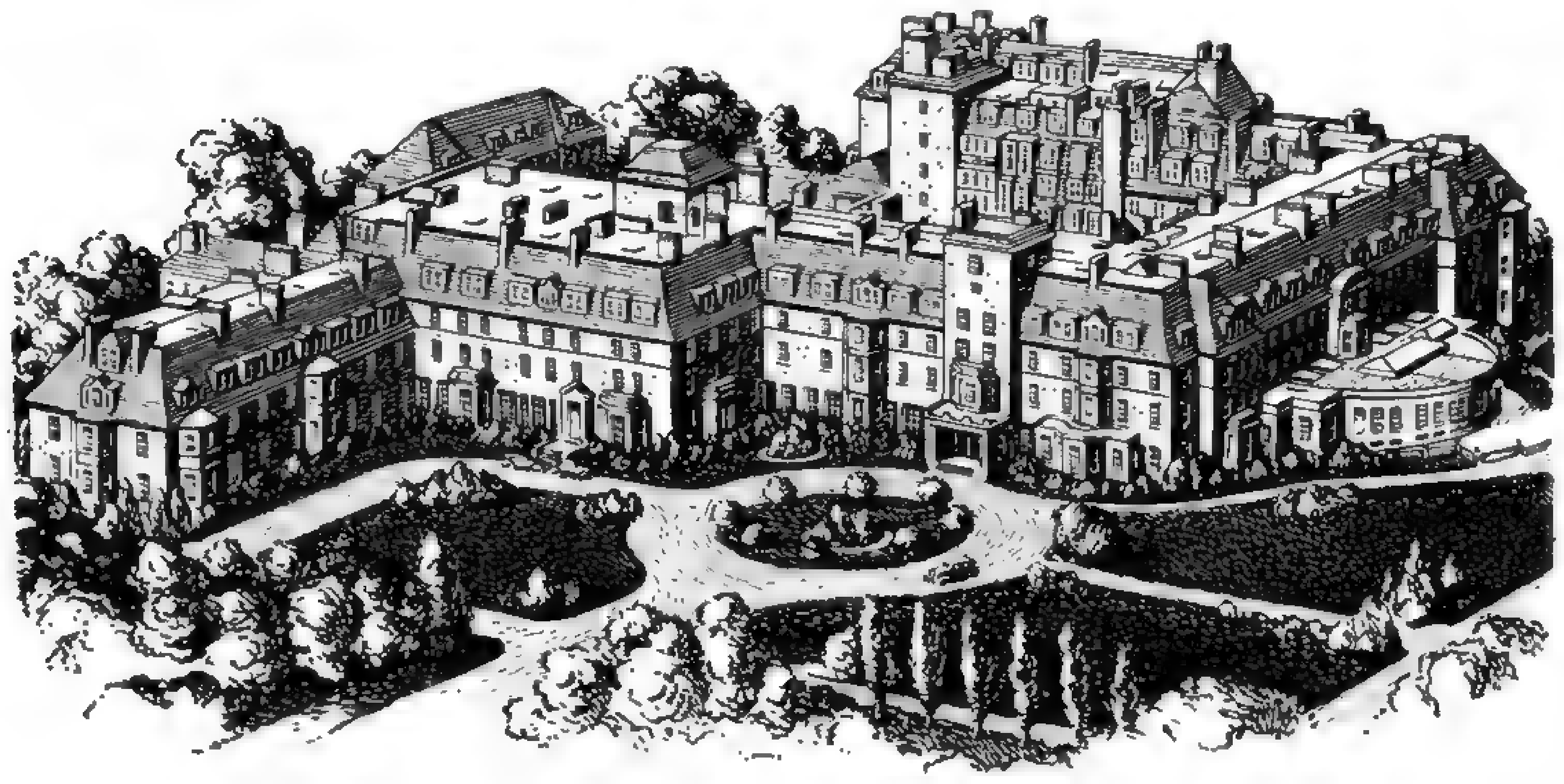

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The Will to Live

Continued from page 46

porch when I found him. His long legs rested on the bannister railing. His vest and coat were open, draping forlornly down, and his wrinkled old face was lined with the mellowed thought of long years in dealing with human tragedy.

"So?" he asked in calm surprise. "A murder case so soon? Boy, you *are* making tracks. Let's walk—and talk about it."

That let me down a bit. To him it was merely "a murder case." To me it had been "the murder case," the murder case of the ages. As we strode along, out of the village into the country, I looked at him doubtfully. I wondered if he had grasped the situation. His long slow strides kept me walking faster than I liked, but he seemed not to notice. He asked a question now and then as I outlined Burmer's story. He was discouragingly casual.

"And, so," I said, "I am hopeless. It is conclusively first-degree murder. The state can prove it easily."

"It can?" Jeremiah Gull asked mildly, as if in sad surprise.

"Why—certainly," I answered. "Of course, there is such a thing as framing evidence, but you understand," I said self-righteously, "I couldn't do that."

"No. Of course not. You couldn't."

"I've decided to keep Silas off the witness stand, and plead insanity."

"But—is he crazy?"

That, I thought, was an unfair question—especially in view of my previously indicated high ethics. I did not answer. Jeremiah Gull walked on, speaking in low voice. I could not tell whether he was communing with himself or speaking to me.

"Facts . . . circumstances . . . definite things we can walk up and touch . . . how we worship them . . . yet . . . my son . . . mirages are real, too . . . to a man crazed with thirst."

"You must put him on the witness stand." For the first time that evening his words carried force. "If he is executed you'll never forgive yourself for preventing his telling his story to the jury. It is a man's right, when he wants it."

"But—" I protested, "the fool will condemn himself with his every word!"

"That, too, is his right. He may even prefer to die. Some men have such an overpowering sense of obligation—martyrdom—call it what you like—they'd prefer to die than cheat. Silas Burmer may be one of these."

"Almost his very words."

"Yes? Well—it is his right. And his burden.

"Still," Jeremiah Gull said, breaking another of his long silences, "the will to live is very strong."

* * *

The sun was beginning to beat down fiercely on Silas Burmer's broad acres when we stopped the car under the trees of his homestead the next morning. The shade was cool and peaceful. No hint of yesterday's tragedy marred the placid scene. A woman, with strained, frightened face, peered out a window at us as we walked down toward the wood lot. Down the hill were barns—well-built barns, I noticed. To the left were piles of corded wood. In the midst of them, we could see as we approached, was a scattered mound of chopped stove wood, splattered with red. An axe lay on the ground beside it.

In a moment I caught sight of Silas Burmer's black beard and hair as he peered at us from the cover of low hanging peach trees. He strode out, coming to us without sign of fear.

He nodded. I shook hands with him. Jeremiah Gull merely bowed. His grey old head gleamed in the sunshine, and his calm eyes seemed to see so greatly much more than was open to mine.

He spoke quietly, as if continuing a conversation with me. He scarcely noticed Silas Burmer.

"I can see," he said, "how I too might have shot. If it were true, and it easily might have been true, that hawks were threatening my fowls, I naturally would have had my gun at hand. If, on such a scene a wicked, troublesome neighbor came and began to employ abusive language, telling me that he had heard of my warnings and had come to settle affairs with me, that he intended to kill me—"

Jeremiah Gull's voice trailed off to nothing. A large bird, a hawk, flew overhead and his calm old eyes followed it until it disappeared beyond the trees.

"—and," he continued evenly, "I might have told him that he was all wrong, that I desired no trouble, that I merely desired fair dealing and peace and harmony, and directed him to leave my property until he could return in a more temperate frame of mind—"

The old lawyer went over to the wood pile and picked up the axe, contemplating it silently.

"—and, in spite of my peaceful words, his rage had gone beyond control and he had picked up this axe and rushed at me, brandishing it in the air, declaring that he was going to split my skull, then I am quite sure I would have reached against the corded wood where I had set the gun, waiting for the hawk, and shot him. Moreover, the law would have protected me. . . . Well, it has been very interesting, talking with you gentlemen. I will sit in the car while you have your conference."

Jeremiah Gull strolled off in the same slow grace with which his mind seemed to work. I was furious with him. Silas Burmer, too, was darkly angry.

"You're all off, bud," he warned me, "if you think I'm goin' to swear a lie."

"I had nothing to do with that.

I was as surprised as you. Surrender yourself to the Sheriff when you're ready. Only, don't talk."

"All right, bud—if it'll do you any good. But don't count on me answering to no lies. Truth's truth and it's good enough for anybody. I ain't even goin' to plead not guilty."

"In this state the law does not permit a plea of guilty to a first-degree murder charge."

"Well—the law's a fool."

As we rode back to the county seat I spoke sharply to Jeremiah Gull.

"That was a highly unethical position you placed me in," I said.

"I? Placed you in? If you'll reconsider, you'll find that I haven't placed you, or anyone, in any position."

"But Silas Burmer thinks—"

"Oh! Silas thinks. Hm-m-m—"

We rode in uncomfortable silence.

* * *

I threw everything aside and prepared my case. Silas surrendered himself and sat silently in jail, awaiting trial. Doctor Hendrickson aided me. He had been the Burmer family physician for many years and he was willing to burden his conscience to the extent of testifying that Silas was a man of deep and, sometimes, dark moods. Another man would testify that he had seen Silas raving like a madman when he found the bull in his corn field. On this I was to base my pathetic plea of insanity. Supporting it, I was able to regiment a score of sympathetic neighbors who hated Marley and loved Silas. They were to be character witnesses.

"I've only one suggestion, my son," Jeremiah Gull advised me. "Put on your character witnesses first, and let Silas follow immediately after."

I nodded. I was still cool toward my old friend. Nevertheless I could detect that his sympathetic friendship was at all times open to me. I did not know, at that time, and he did, how crushing a thing it is to have a client executed. His advice was to some extent resented but I had wisdom enough to rely on it.

The court was crowded that day. The state's evidence was soon presented. It was one of those damnably jamb-up cases—nothing but basic facts, nothing to fight, nothing to tear up. The county physician established the death. A neighbor testified to Burmer's threats to kill Marley, showing premeditation. A farm hand testified to hearing the shot and seeing Silas Burmer running to the woods, shouting back to his wife: "I killed him."

There it was—a premeditated killing and an admission. Silas sat beside me, twisting his black beard in his fingers without show of concern. The state rested and I shuddered, because in my overwrought imagination the homely old witness chair had become the electric chair.

My character witnesses swept up in voluble profusion. They knew Silas Burmer. Yes, they knew his reputation. It was good—very good—first class—best thought-of man in the neighborhood. So on.

Silas heard the parade of over-eager friends sing his praises in a kind of stupid wonderment. His eyes shifted under his black brows and followed them from the stand wistfully.

I turned to him. For the first time I saw anxiety in his countenance. "You take the stand now," I told him. "I'm not advising you what to testify. Tell your story in your own way. You know the consequences as well as I."

"I know what I'll say," he whispered fiercely. "I've said it over a thousand times in jail. I know it word for word. And it's the truth, too—you hear? It's the truth!"

His hand trembled slightly as he brought himself erect. He turned and looked at me resentfully, as if he thought I doubted him. Then he walked to the stand with steady stride.

Behind me I could hear the muffled flurry of people bending forward in the crowded benches to listen. There was a catch in my throat. A phrase flashed through my mind, perhaps a quotation, perhaps one of my own efforts at oratory: "He martyred himself on the Cross of Truth."

I stole a hurried glance at the jury. Trained in Silas' own religion of "an eye for an eye," the members would not hesitate to convict him if they considered it their duty. Yet, they were his friends. Their eyes held on him steadily.

"Your name is Silas Burmer?"

"Yes."

"You are charged with murdering Mack Marley. Tell His Honor and the jury, Mr. Burmer, your version of that matter."

I sat back in my chair, tense, rolling a pencil between my palms. Dismally, I hoped that his mind would crack under the strain and that his testimony would ramble off into incoherency. But I knew it would not. The thousand-times-whispered story which he had dinned into his mind in the jail would come from his lips with terrible conviction.

Silas cleared his throat.

"I haven't told anybody how it was," he told the jury. "I was afraid it might be misunderstood and twisted up—bein' as how I had threatened to kill Mack if he didn't keep his bull out of my corn. But I hadn't really intended to kill him. I was tryin' to scare him. The truth of it is—" and Silas Burmer looked at the jury defiantly, as if daring them to question his word "—on this day there was a hawk ketchin' my chickens and I had my gun . ."

Jeremiah Gull slipped into his chair beside me. Triumph was in his slow smile.

"My son," he whispered, "even the human mind is obedient to the will to live. Silas has convinced himself that he is speaking God's truth." ⧺

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The Music-Box Review

Rescuing Mozart from the unjust fate of being perpetually known as the blithe Pollyanna of music

by FRANK BLACK

• RECORDS •

Mozart the Magnificent, Mozart the Marvelous, Mozart the Magnanimous musically! Why most critics and musicians insist on making Mozart the Pollyanna of music I could never understand. They speak about his "sad gaiety" and "the sunshine through cellophane" until I've gotten pretty sick about the whole thing. Why, the only thing that Mozart didn't do before the rest of the boys was to be a musical bore, and that's an achievement in these days of atonality, polytonality, Ragtime for Eleven Instruments, and pieces written in sonata form, orchestrated for fountain pen holder, traffic cop's whistle, washing machine, and a chromium soap holder. Mozart only had to be legitimate to be great. Now about the quartet: Jacques Gordon's ambition was to leave the symphony orchestra, of which he was concertmeister, and develop a string quartet of his own. I admire his ambition and the fact that he has been very definite about going after what he wants, and his quartet is a fine one. They play the first movement of the Mozart *C Major Quartet* (which is the one with the disputed harmonization in the introduction) very well. The sections are well knit together, and of course the musical content is beautiful.

The Andante, musically, is charming, and makes one wonder what Beethoven would have done without Mozart; but here, where you expect the tempo to be elastic, it is a little pedantic and too metronomic. The Minuet could have been written by no one but Mozart, and the quartet plays it very well. The last movement is an Allegro Molto, and here is a chance for the critics to start talking about the gaiety of Mozart again, and to tell all the happy little stories that they like; and as far as I am concerned they can all drink their hot milk and go to bed, because I don't think most of them realize what great music this is. The Coda is beautiful and well played. But one thing I notice in the record (and this is due probably to the recording and not the work of the quartet) is that in the loudest passages the tone sounds rather forced because of the striving for bigness. However, this will not mar your enjoyment of the record, and you'll realize when you finish playing it that I haven't said really enough about Mozart or the debt that all the other composers owe him. My congratulations to Jacques Gordon and Columbia.
Columbia—Set 219.

* * *

Fred Astaire, the new phonograph discovery, whose feet are miracles of rhythm, has a voice personality which he projects with wonderful clarity. No wonder the movies took him to their collective bosom! His vocal rhythm and his diction are marvelous. First of all, he does with the help of Johnny Green and his orchestra, *Isn't This a Lovely Day?*, which ought to be the the hit song of his picture, *Top Hat.*

Every record I've heard that Johnny Green has had anything to do with has had not only good orchestration but a lot of thought given to the entire song. In this number he has a very attractive introduction—the piano solo with a lovely background has a fine quality—then on strolls debonair Freddie. There is a swell balance between the voice and the orchestra. You can understand every syllable, and that's sum-pin these days.

On the reverse side you'll hear *White Tie and Tails*, and right from the beginning you can almost see M. Astaire's evening clothes swishing around. The vocalise is much removed from the hot-cha, but the old lilt is there, and suddenly his feet begin to say what the lyrics leave unsaid. In the Coda (the end, to you) there is the counterpart of a movie fadeout. It is done mechanically, but so well that you feel yourself leaning forward to catch it.

Leo Reisman accompanies Fred Astaire on another record, *Cheek to Cheek* on one side and *No Strings* on the other, and no flies on either side. Neither of these numbers contains the ideas that Johnny Green has put into his record. M. Astaire again does so well "by our Nell" that you want to put the needle right over to the beginning as soon as the record is finished. He dances again in *No Strings*, which is in a swing tempo, but which features so much of the obbligato in the first chorus that you can barely distinguish the melody. I know that we're not going to get too much of the Astaire manner for a long while because he has more personality packed into one record than most of the other vocalists, so called, rolled into one.

Oh, by the way, all these tunes were written by a struggling young song writer who, every once in a while, makes the rest of the Broadway boys wonder why they ever started writing popular songs. His name happens to be Irving Berlin. Double check.
Brunswick—7487.
Brunswick—7486.

* * *

Ambrose and his orchestra play *The Streamlined Strut.* The title certainly gives you the lowdown on what happens. This number has a knee action brass section, good air flow saxes and clarinets, and a no draft ventilation piano solo. It should be cold and windy but it's hot and blasty, and grand rhythmically.

Turn the record over and you'll hear a 1920 appetizer, *Hors d'Œuvre.* This almost borders on the "corny." It is a tone poem in which you can picture olives—ripe and green—anchovies, sardines, stuffed eggs, and all the attendant fluff. I didn't know that saxes would dare play some of the figurations that these saxes use unless they were kidding, but they do them in an offhand manner and not seriously, so it's a lot of fun and tremendously good to listen to, and good to dance to.
Decca—500.

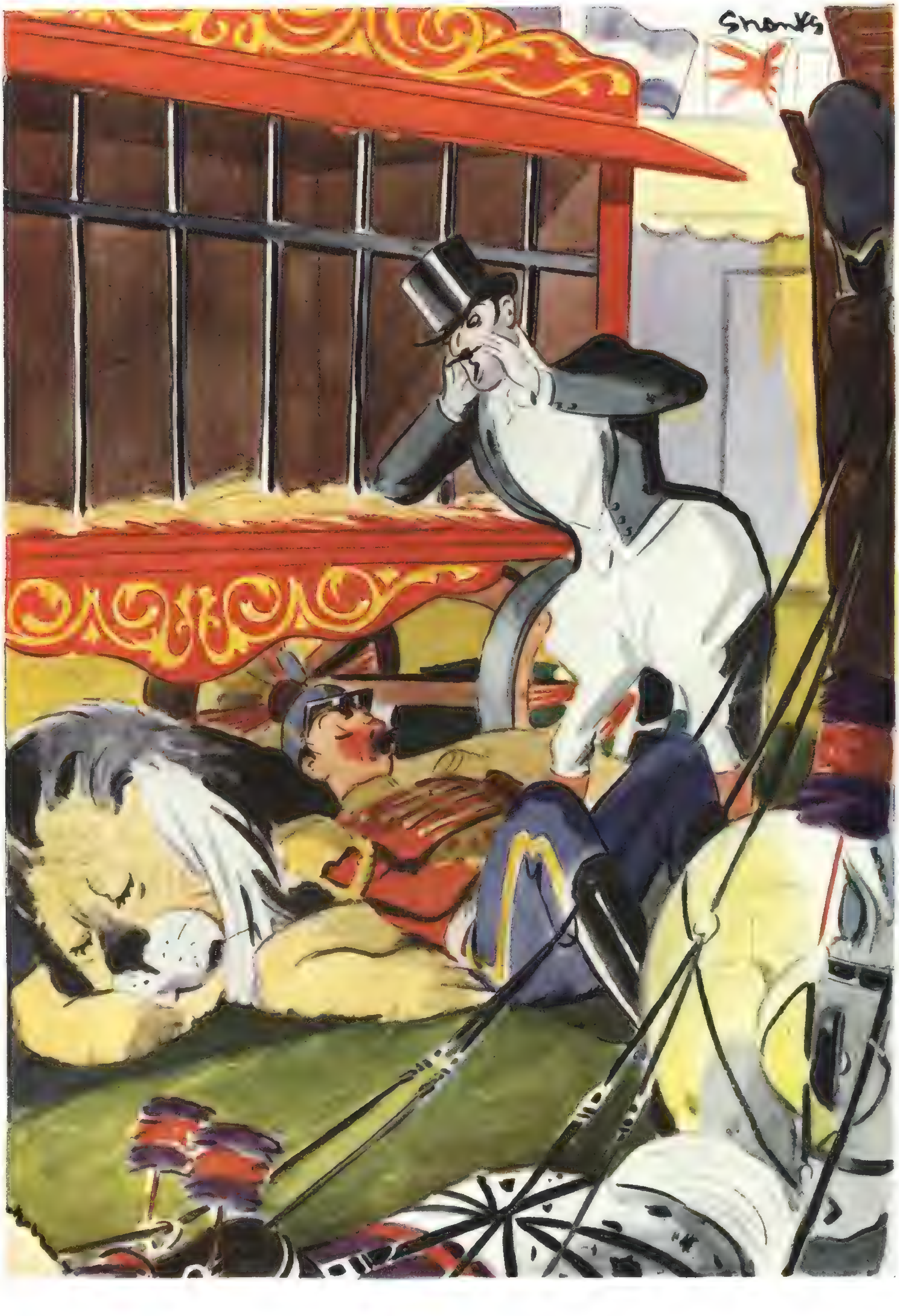
* * *

You can't go wrong with a Paul Whiteman record. *I Feel a Song Coming On* from the movie *Every Night at Eight*, is a swell fast tune, and the Whitemanners are outstanding. Must I start to rave about Ramona and the King's Men, or tell you that this is played in an exciting tempo? And must I become repetitious by mentioning the fact that Paul's group still is the most authoritative in the realm of the dance? Their ensemble and rhythmic precision is grand! *I'm in the Mood for Love* is made convincing by Ramona's singing and a score that makes you want to dance.
Victor—25091.

* * *

From *The Big Broadcast of 1935* come two tunes presented by Ray Noble and his orchestra. Here are some more of those very effective Noble scorings, musically in good taste with the vocal business done adequately by Al Bowlly. In the last chorus of *Why Dream?* there is a modulation to a half tone higher key well managed, and a quite grandiose finish which I don't think is particularly in the mood of the number.

I Wished on the Moon has a fine introduction, and is also squired vocally by Al Bowlly. It also has a change of key in the last chorus, and also a grandiose ending. But why, of all things musical, should there be an old fashioned clarinet cadenza? Have you ever tasted a charlotte russe dipped into olive oil? Neither have I. Ray Noble, I'm almost ashamed of you. No one's breath is going to be taken away by a lot of notes on a clarinet, and it sounds so show-offy. Neither of these scores needs it, and it sounds like a summer band concert.
Victor—25104. ⧺



"On your toes you two—you'll be late for the parade!"

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IN PAJAMAS

And marvelously comfortable! The tops are featherweight lisle jersey—white with close set circular stripes in wine, blue, canary or brown.

The broadcloth trousers in blue or brown are pleated, and have pockets for handkerchief and cigarettes.

The same unrestricted freedom you enjoy in knitted sportswear makes these pajamas the grandest things you ever slept in.

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ESQUIRE
While the Bloom is Still on Them

Capper & Capper LTD.

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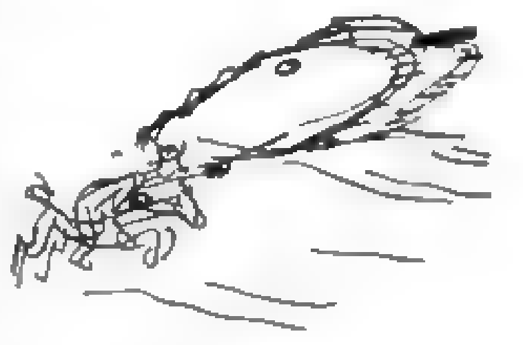
CHICAGO

Woodward at Grand Circus
DETROIT

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

A HORSE ON HANIGHEN



Frank C. Hanighen, who contributed *Caterpillar Cavalry* to the September issue of your magazine, bordered on the edge of impertinence in assuming that horse cavalry is obsolete. His major premise seemed to be that because the first cavalry has been mechanized at Fort Knox all horse cavalry is *ipso facto*, ready to be discarded, because (second premise) mechanization takes the place of the horse in military conflict.

It so happens that the first cavalry is only one of twelve regiments in active service at this time (it cost three times as much to outfit it as it does to equip an ordinary regiment) and the War Department still thinks enough of horse cavalry to retain the remaining regiments, and that is one department of the government that is not recklessly throwing money to the winds.

While Mr. Hanighen speaks of the speeds which armored cars can develop he thinks of perfect roads. Think of the difficulty you have on an unpaved country road in a driving rain, and think what a 4½ ton armored car could do under the circumstances. That is one of the conditions cavalry often has to meet. Or try riding an armored car down a 30 foot incline. We did it on horses last Sunday, with the angle at 45 degrees at the top, then tapering to straight down, with a slight increase at the bottom.

Another thing that Mr. Hanighen did not mention. Armored cars carry fuel for only one day, and are often a hundred miles from their base of supplies. You don't find gas stations at every corner in the field.

As for armored cars being unpenetratable, it is a lot of bosh. The race between armor and projectiles is age old. Thus far the projectile has won. And a one pound gun, with which the horse cavalry is equipped, will do the trick. Also will the .45 calibre machine gun.

In answer that horse cavalry cannot make the necessary speed in the field, may I remind Mr. Hanighen that maneuvering is not like riding out to Aunt Bessie's. Nor is horse cavalry slow, for that matter. A regiment at San Antonio marched 28 miles in four hours. One at Ft. Riley did 100 miles in 24 hours. And it doesn't mean that they have to have roads to make that sort of time. Admittedly, both were seasoned regiments, but it can be done, and in times of war, 100 miles on the front is a long way for anyone to go in a day.

Radios are not infallible. Like all of their kind they work on a wave length, sending code instead of vocal commands and can be rendered immune by the enemy tuning in on your wave length and sitting down on the buzzer, thereby jamming the air, and making communication untenable.

Nor have other countries forsaken cavalry of the horse type for that of the horsepower variety. The German army cavalry totals 16 per cent, while that of Russia totals 20 per cent. France, which for a while led the mechanization race, returned to horses.

Reliable estimates by competent authorities in this country reckon that only 12 per cent of the terrain is suitable for armored car and tank use. The government is basing its mechanization on these figures, it is understood.

This letter is not meant to discredit the mechanized cavalry. Those in command know that what has been said herein is true. Mechanized cavalry *is* useful, and don't forget it. But it does *not* displace horse troops because it does not serve the same purposes, or cover the same ground. The motor units cannot operate long away from the base of supplies. As for fighting, cavalry has more fire power than any other branch of the service, and it does not all have to be done on a horse. With apologies to General Forrest, they can still get there "furstest with the mostest men."

You don't have to regulate the carburetors on a horse, and you can't feed hay to a car. Which is the easiest to obtain in the field? Think it over.

Sincerely,
Haynes W. Dugan
2nd Lieut. 310th Cav.
Ft. Oglethorpe, Ga.

FOUND: CONTENTED READER

Just a note or two about your magazine. I think that it is the one outstanding magazine of today that includes a little of everything that is interesting to everyone. Its appeal seems to extend to everyone that reads it and my copy gets a general rush upon its arrival.

I have just scanned the initial article (*Notes on the Next War*) of this month's copy and wish to say that it is a wonderful truth in the face of present conditions and influences. More like it and your continued popularity is assured. Too bad that it can't reach every thinking person in these United States and in other countries. Because it is the truth, it might not be too greatly appreciated.

As for Petty, I think that his works, if that common word will include them, are fine. I wonder if he hasn't included a little of the stream-lining features of your magazine.

And for those who bicker over Esky, too bad that the old rule that everyone can never be satisfied still holds us in tow. Let him rule where he pioneered.

As a contented reader, I am
for more,
Kansas City, Mo. Joseph E. Vogler

NEWSMAN'S PURGATORY: INSIDE LOOKING OUT

To omit from any word-picture of *The Bronx Home News*, however brief (as was John F. DeVine's in the Aug. Esquire), an account of its news tip awards system is to overlook a wealth of psychological study in which may be found the mainspring of the paper's provincialism and outmoded format.

There are ten weekly awards. The person phoning the tip on the best story of the week (almost invariably one with a Bronx Angle), gets $15, and there are $10, $5, $3, $2 and five $1 prizes. For $40 a week *The Home News* has a corps of tipsters that keep the phones busy even when two automobiles scrape fenders and hurt no one. Unmindful of the fact that a reporter will smell out his exaggeration, the informant, with a rueful eye on the $15 prize, will usually declare that at least several persons are dead or dying.

Even a short description of newspaperman's purgatory must touch upon the briefly amusing moments provided by these avaricious tipsters. It must tell of the woman who phoned details of a fire that was spreading rapidly through an apartment house, only to be interrupted by the firemen who were breaking down the door to her apartment—where the blaze was burning. It must tell of the man who phoned on a humid summer's evening to relate that a friend, unable to swim, had just jumped into the river from a nearby bridge because "me and Jim was having a couple of beers and he couldn't get cooled off." The tipster was finally prevailed upon to notify the nearest policeman, but it took the marine squad to recover Jim's body.

It can scarcely omit the tale of the district reporter who spied several police cars at a gas station, stopped there and met several detective friends fretting beside a phone booth while they waited for the attendant to finish his conversation and tell them about

The man who's worth while is the man who can smile.. It's a question of TASTE in toothpaste!

The lady who's
Fastidious
Finds smoker's teeth
Quite hideous.

That military
Small moustache
Can give a man
No end of dash.

But dash it all
You never win
Without a quite
Engaging grin.

Some have it, some,
Alas, have not.
Hence Pate de
Savon Kenott.*

*Elizabeth Arden's Superfine Toothpaste, favorite in France amongst fastidious people—35c a tube. 3 tubes for $1.

ELIZABETH ARDEN
SUPERFINE TOOTH PASTE
PATE DE SAVON
PARIS

Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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the robber who had just escaped with the contents of the cash till.

Following the attendant's apologetic explanation for the delay, it must describe his utter bewilderment at being told that the *Home News* reporter, requested by him but a few moments ago, was already at the scene and waiting for the story.

In a little niche, too, must be placed the copyreader with a flare for using three-syllable words who, after "reading" a U. P. dispatch from Washington telling of plans for injecting new life into the Home Owners Loan Corporation with the appointment of James A. Moffett as administrator, wrote

U. S. HOUSING ADMINISTRATION
STARTS TASK OF ENERVATING
BUILDING INDUSTRY

and saw it printed in the entire Sunday edition!

Such are the amusing incidents that dull the thrust of the prongs in newspaperman's purgatory.

On the other side of the ledger are the editorial executives who, in true "Front Page" style, experience the complete pangs of childbirth with every edition; the former assistant motion picture director turned day city editor, who still retains the "yes man" traits of his film days; the pall of apprehension, manifesting itself even in the copy boys, cast over the entire editorial scene by the publisher's immediate aide who guides the paper's editorial destinies.

Yes, it's true; *Home News* boys make good. There are scores of them in major and minor spots on metropolitan papers and in other fields of artistic endeavor. Small wonder! Only through contact with the flames of purgatory can the steel be tempered.

New York, N. Y. BRONX ANGLER

FAIR CHALLENGE TO THE FASHION STAFF

I am one of that large body of completely forgotten men, as far as your magazine is concerned. A traveling man, on the road constantly.

We are the men who must be smartly groomed (writer calls on doctors) out of one bag. The old saying, an army travels on its stomach, is no more true than the more proven fact that a traveling man travels on his wardrobe. You devote pages to the college man, to the clerk, to the executive and to all types of sportsmen and drinkers, but like the modern novelists, playwrights, movies and newspapers you shunt him off content with making him the questionable hero of a usually stupid traveling salesman joke.

There is by far more rich romance to a traveling job, working around the country, odd territories, sun-baked, dust stormed Kansas, hilly rugged Missouri, flooded Illinois, stormy rough get together evenings, dull, quiet evenings, check day, days we fear letters from the office, all the emotions that are experienced daily, humor, drink, sorrow, more drink, good days, bad days; hell the stuffed in creature doesn't realize just what it is to be free.

We complain, we curse them and we damn them in the house but we wouldn't change places with them.

The selling field is the largest lucrative field open today. Your college graduates of yesterday are entering, the college men of tomorrow will enter, as will all those young men now in a rut satisfied with their thirty dollars a week regular.

As correspondent for over two million . . . well then for really four other men stopping at this hotel tonite, we ask, give us a little attention, show us how to make two suits carry us over four week-ends in the country as spectators to all sporting events from Polo matches to County Fair horse racing. Show us the new practical luggage.

Give us an article now and then, pay us some attention. You will find more copies of ESQUIRE in small town hotel rooms than in all the drawing rooms of the Winnetkas, Queens and Lake Forests in the country.

Do with this as you will. Possibly it may cause a few cheers in *Sound and Fury*, or in the editor's box of suggestions, maybe even find repose in the waste basket, but if only one man with a small amount of vision sees it, it has served its purpose.

Why not devote a page of fashion occasionally to The Traveling Man and an article at times.

After all, gentlemen, the traveling man of today is not the type of years ago who on alighting from the train walked over to the men lined up in chairs in front of the town's leading hotel and inquired, "Well, men, should we talk about it now or later?"

Yours very truly,

Des Moines, Iowa. G. B.

TELL 'IM WHATCHA DID TO SINCLAIR LEWIS . . .

After reading Theodore Dreiser's article *Overland Journey* in the August current ESQUIRE, I am more than ever convinced that ESQUIRE is a magazine for the city man. Such "thoughts on crossing the bleak areas of western America" are worthy only of such a man as must be coddled by taxi transportation from block to block in order to reach the protection modern hotel service offers. If Mr. Dreiser insisted upon commercializing such a simple thing as a motor tour across our West then he should have submitted his article to the *Woman's Home Companion.*

Our West has in it the most friendly and hospitable people on earth. Had it so happened that Mr. Dreiser did experience a "mechanical breakdown" of which he was so terrified he would have found that some one would have offered assistance in short order. That is one benefit of the isolated regions. Folks are not so afraid of their own welfare in their contact with others that they are afraid to volunteer assistance.

I do not speak from inexperience. I have crossed the American Desert as many times as Dreiser has visited Central Park. Just as overalls would be out of place at a first night so would a car not carrying all tools necessary to fix any kind of tire trouble be out of place on the desert. Apparently Mr. Dreiser, from his wording in ESQUIRE, would have been completely stumped by a flat tire. He should stay in the East or go on an air conditioned train.

In other words I think that Mr. Dreiser is a sissy and that ESQUIRE is a sissy magazine for printing such drivel.

I am wondering whether or not the ESQUIRE editor could enjoy a plate of beans not served to him by a uniformed flunky.

Sincerely,

St. Joseph, Mo. LYNN B. FELLISON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Excuse please. Editor quiet fellow. No like. Not even when flunkey serve.*

RESULT OF FOUR HOURS OF RESEARCH

For the first time last night, I started reading *"The Sound and the Fury"*, and I truly think it is a complete waste of valuable space in an excellent magazine. I read all the columns since September, 1934 (I wasted 4 hours), and every column is so much alike that the January column should suffice for the rest of every year.

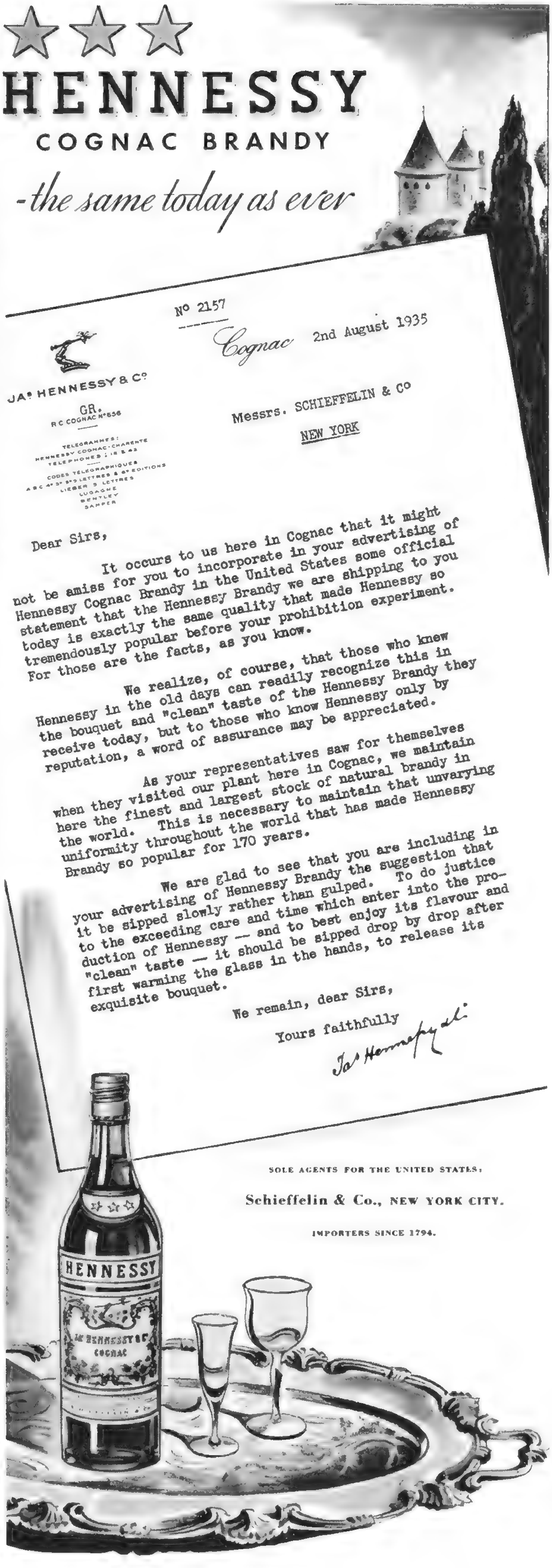
Comparisons:

1. Each column contain those who say "..................'s article was the most wonderful article I ever read," and of course those who say "same's article was the worst I ever read."
2. The fellows who always pan Hoff.
3. The insulted ones. The ones who are always insulted or angry because somebody wrote something in the *S. & F.* that they didn't like.
4. The ones who are constantly asking for the removal of Eskie (downright treason.)
5. The ones who say what a wonderful magazine this is, and of course those who want their subscriptions cancelled.

A loyal "Esquirean",
HENRY SHOENFELD

Virginia Beach, Va.

Continued on page 172



HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
-the same today as ever

No 2157

Cognac 2nd August 1935

JAs HENNESSY & Co
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R C COGNAC No 656
TELEGRAMMES: HENNESSY COGNAC-CHARENTE
TELEPHONES: 12 & 42
CODES TELEGRAPHIQUES
A B C 4e 5e 6e LETTRES & 6e EDITIONS
LIEBER 5 LETTRES
LUGAGNE
BENTLEY
SAMPER

Messrs. SCHIEFFELIN & Co
NEW YORK

Dear Sirs,

It occurs to us here in Cognac that it might not be amiss for you to incorporate in your advertising of Hennessy Cognac Brandy in the United States some official statement that the Hennessy Brandy we are shipping to you today is exactly the same quality that made Hennessy so tremendously popular before your prohibition experiment. For those are the facts, as you know.

We realize, of course, that those who knew Hennessy in the old days can readily recognize this in the bouquet and "clean" taste of the Hennessy Brandy they receive today, but to those who know Hennessy only by reputation, a word of assurance may be appreciated.

As your representatives saw for themselves when they visited our plant here in Cognac, we maintain here the finest and largest stock of natural brandy in the world. This is necessary to maintain that unvarying uniformity throughout the world that has made Hennessy Brandy so popular for 170 years.

We are glad to see that you are including in your advertising of Hennessy Brandy the suggestion that it be sipped slowly rather than gulped. To do justice to the exceeding care and time which enter into the production of Hennessy — and to best enjoy its flavour and "clean" taste — it should be sipped drop by drop after first warming the glass in the hands, to release its exquisite bouquet.

We remain, dear Sirs,

Yours faithfully

Jas Hennessy

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IMPORTERS SINCE 1794.

KREML
HAIR TONIC

The hairs of your head are numbered

Is your hair coming out in the comb?

Are your shoulders speckled with dandruff?

Is your hair dry, stiff and unruly?

Try Kreml.

This marvelous new hair tonic has taken the whole country by storm.

It checks falling hair and dandruff.

It makes unruly hair lie down.

But it leaves no barber-shop smell behind.

After using Kreml you can comb your hair without having that "plastered-down gigolo look."

It keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

Folks who have tried it swear by it.

Try Kreml and you will too.

TRY KREML SHAMPOO, TOO!

A pure liquid formula, 80% olive oil. It billows with cleansing, purifying lather.

DON'T BE A GIGOLO!

Women hate to see men with their hair plastered down with sticky concoctions.

Use Kreml

Kreml is not sticky or greasy. It gives hair a well groomed appearance.

KREML

FOR FALLING HAIR AND DANDRUFF

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-171

PORTRAIT OF A LADY AT AGE THIRTEEN

I've read your magazine since you printed that first article by Lynn Montross (because, being his daughter, I really didn't want to hurt his feelings by not noticing it) and from then on, just for its own virtue.

You've been awfully decent about that *Perlu* thing, especially with letters accusing you of a publicity stunt. You couldn't have known what you were getting into when you accepted Harmon's manuscript. Anyhow, no one could be a better sport.

One of the grandest things about Esquire is your editorial (I guess that's what it is) and the remarks above the letters in *The Sound and the Fury*.

Aiken A. Dehan's *Washing the Hands* was very brave and good. I wondered, though, when I read it, why he called it "washing the hands." That seems kind of falsely modest, and at first I wasn't sure what he meant. Or am I on dangerous grounds? Anyhow, this isn't a criticism, because it was a *swell* article.

Please keep Eskie. He's unusual and clever. No other magazine has any cover one-fourth as attractive as yours. I loved the picture of Eskie holding his nose on the end of the diving board, and thinking, "Well, shall I?"

John Groth is the best artist you have, I think. His rough sketches are as good as Petty's finished product.

Please, *Sound & Fury* don't yell at a poor defenseless thirteen-year-old!

Who are those funny cartoons about Jewish people by? And why doesn't he sign his name any more?

Well, sincerely yours,

Charmian Lynn Montross

Woodstock, Vt.

P.S.: You were right in not having any more articles (funny?) by Raymond Knight.

P.S.S.: *Please* print this!

MEMO TO MEYER

I have for some time been making a gallant effort to understand the reactions of your *Candid Cameraman* to the Movie Racket and the Screen Stars. He appears to be a queer mixture. Every now and again he gives sound advice, as for instance when he recommended *Black Fury* and *The Informer*, and then again he writes the most incredible tripe about some picture or actor., e.g. in the September number he praises Jack Oakie, one of the super-stupid Smart Alecks, who almost outshines Lee Tracy, and later on he mentions George Raft without so much as a shudder of nausea. Not content with this he puts Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and Cary Grant in the same category as Young Male Stars and announces Gable to be the best of the three! If popularity means merit, this estimate is correct, but do we need Mr. Levin to tell us what stars are *popular*, or what stars are *good?* The millions of Neanderthalers that go nutty over a Cagney, a Gable, a Raft, a Robinson or a Dick Powell are merely evidence of the vileness of the public taste. Mr. Levin must know that Gary Cooper is a toothsome fellow and can take heroic parts that would not fit Gable at all, and that while Cary Grant can dress and talk like a gentleman, Gable can not. Then there is his song of hate against William Powell, Warren William and Warner Baxter. Powell is a good actor, but a poor hero, if only because he has spindle shanks and a weak face. William and Baxter are no Apollos, but they have strong features, carriage, and good speech and manners. What is wrong with that? Must an actor be a roughneck to be good? However, here perhaps I wrong Mr. Levin. He foretells that the next thrill-man on the screen will be the sensitive-masculine type with a strong forehead, a la Hepburn. Well, he may be right. Anything is possible in Movieland. And if the gentleman does not materialize, why not dress La Hepburn in trousers?

But the thing that hurts Mr. Levin most of all seems to be Aristocracy and the British Empire. He thought Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon wonderful in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, although the Oberon looked more like a Manchu princess than a Frenchwoman and Y.M.C.A.-Secretary Howard must have made Fred Terry vomit in his grave, but he took occasion to say that the violets presented to the Noblesse and the slams handed out to the Sansculottes did not impress him worth a whoop. The *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* and *Sanders of the River* similarly got him where he lives. Empires cut no ice with Mr. Levin, in fact they just naturally make him sick. He likes Robeson's acting, and so do I, but if I must confess it, that does not make me think England ought to make him and his countrymen a present of Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast.

I wish I had the wit to describe Basil Rathbone as a "folded umbrella that somehow managed to take lessons in elocution" or Grace Moore as "this singing and acting iceberg." But why go into hysterics over Carillo and damn Carminati? They are both Italians, so what makes Tullio poison to Meyer? Can it be that he happens to be a gentleman?

Well, we must not be too hard on Mr. Levin. It would be unfair to hint at a touch of the inferiority complex. Let me merely suggest that it is about time that the camera critics stopped objecting to the gradual civilizing of the American Public and recommended something better than chauffeur-heroes and sales-lady-heroines to its esteem and admiration. And if this involves Open Treason to the Constitution and the Sacred Principles of Democracy, what of it? Isn't it about time they were debunked anyway?

Yours sincerely,

Mexico, D. F. F. W. Murrill

THAT'S WHAT THE OWNER OF THE LEGS SAYS

I strap on my wrist-bands tightly for strength and, picking up the September issue, flip hurriedly through looking for Petty. But there aint no Petty. Unbelieving, I go through again and yes there—no! that's not Petty! But them's Petty legs and there's the Petty signature. But where's all the color? The color I was using to hang up in my bathroom as a foil to the gastritis green our decorator thought was a pastel? And what am I going to paste up in that little square right above the paper-roll frame especially reserved for the September issue? What an issue!! What if it *is* a new idea in drawing, well done and well captioned? Suppose Hemingway *does* bust loose and write something for the first time in months? What if Roark Bradford does succeed admirably in a bit of locale-catching description and dialogue—Petty still didn't paint the breasts!!

So to hell with September issue. I'm going to get out my August issue and cut me out a Howard Baer picture and paste up in that spot. How'd you like a Baer picture hanging with yours, Petty? How'd you like that? If I wanted to really get tough, I'd put up a Hoff drawing but I'm not *that* mad.

Fifty cents for a pair of legs!! Nuts!

Austin Huffstutler

Granite City, Ill.

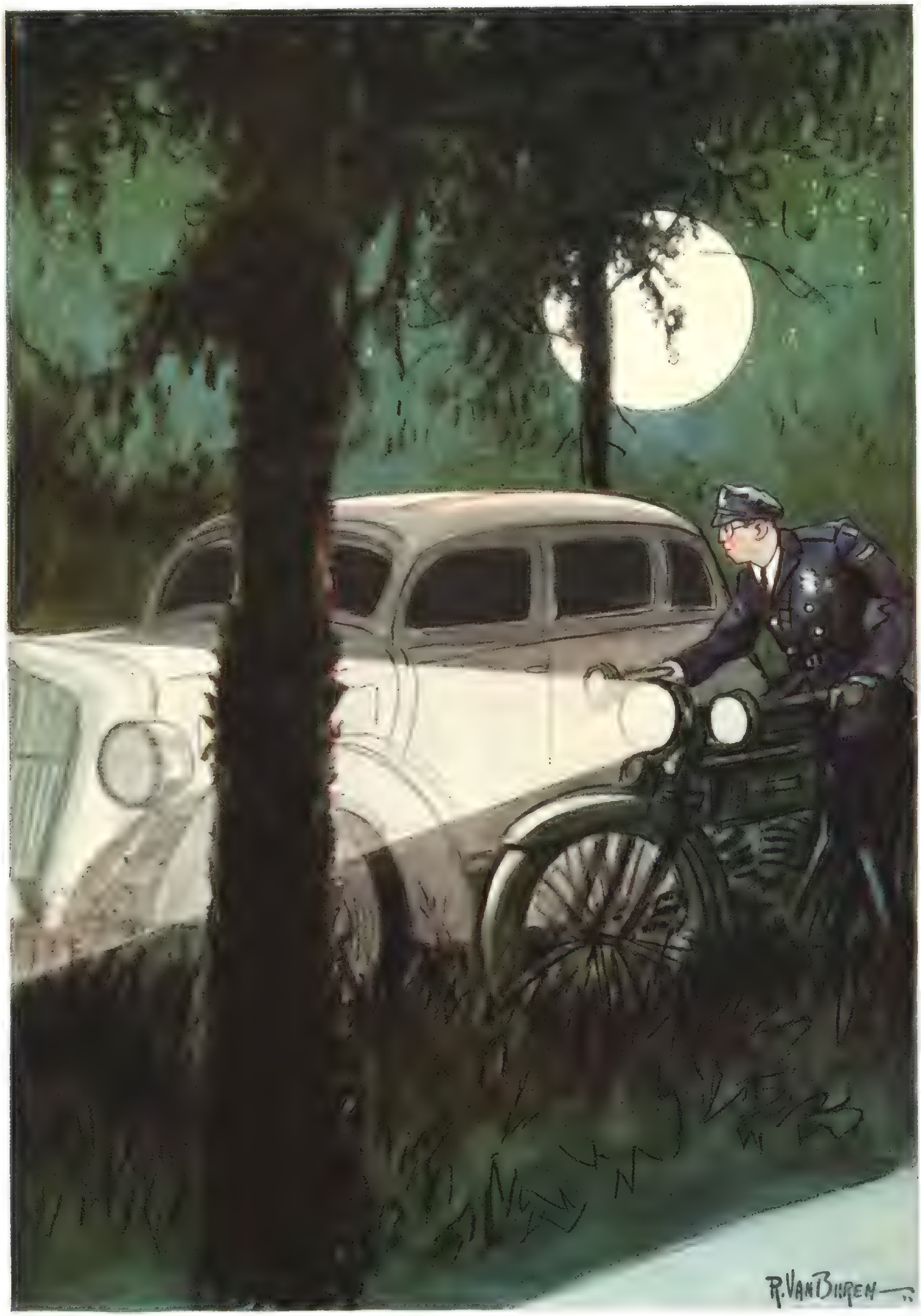
NEW MEASUREMENT OF PETTY THERMAL UNITS

There was an old man named McQuire
Whose home one day quickly caught fire.
Chief Inspecter Muldoon,
Found a Petty cartoon;
His report: "Caused by heat from
Esquire."

Yours very truly,

Marion, Ind. Ralph Cokain

Continued on page 174



"Oh!—so you call this courtin', do you?"

Exclusive with Finchley

TYROL

THE FINCHLEY INTERPRETATION OF LONDON'S FAMOUS "PORK PIE" FAVOURITE. A TELESCOPED CROWN, A SMARTLY DIPPED BRIM, FINE QUALITY AND SUPERB CHARACTER, ADROITLY COMBINED. VIGOROUS, YOUTHFUL LINES AND INCOMPARABLE DISTINCTION.

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OTHER FINCHLEY FALL MODELS SEVEN DOLLARS AND MORE

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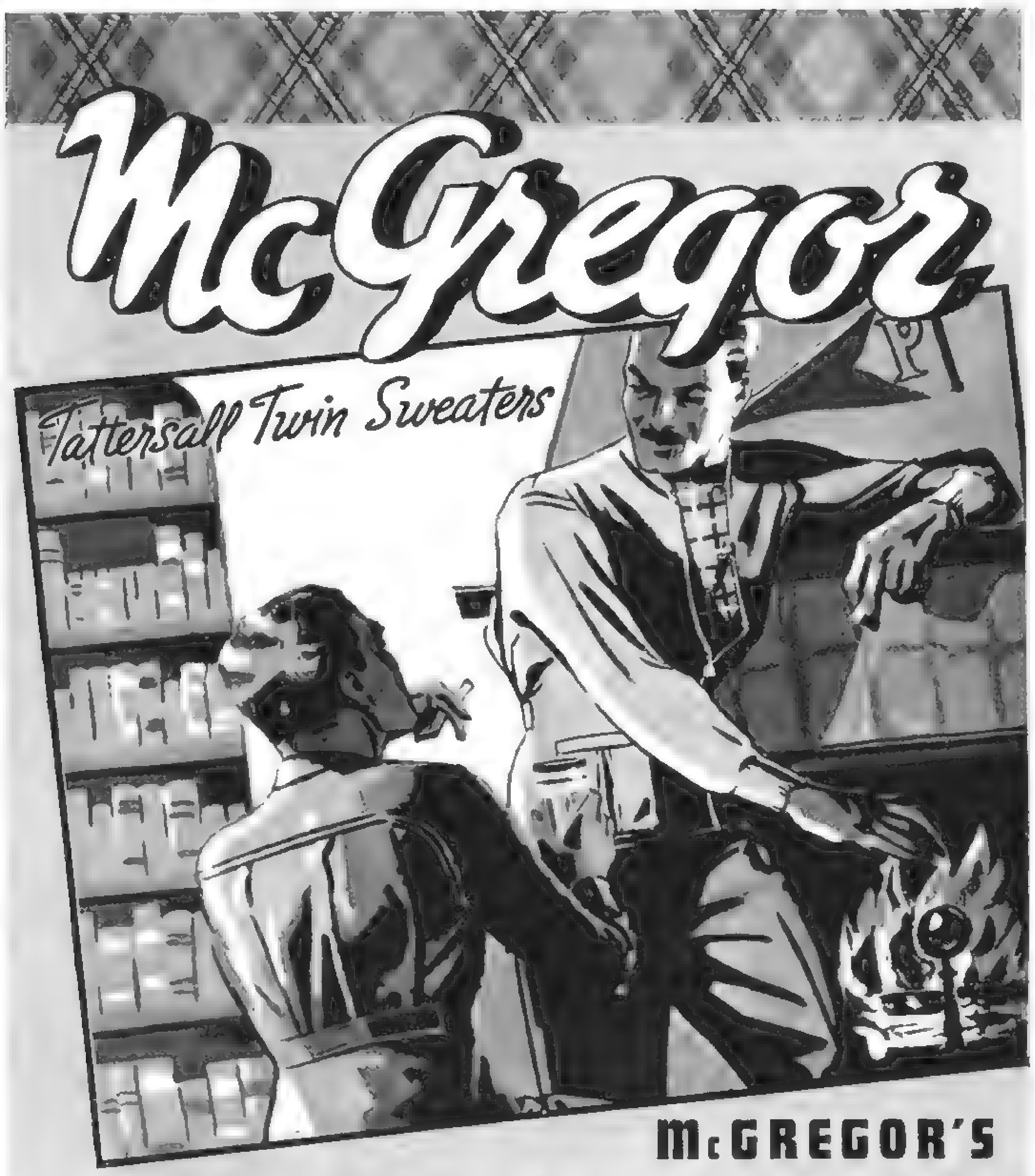
Requests for agency information should be sent to Finchley, 564 Fifth Avenue, New York



McGREGOR'S

Action Back Sweater Twin Sets

Authentic Tattersall plaid sleeveless sweaters in combination with rich solid color coats. The sweater coat features McGregor's famous deep double pleated accordian back and full Talon Slide Fastener . . . and may be worn combined with its sleeveless sweater or each separately.

COLORS: Blue heather coat with sleeveless sweater in Navy and White overplaid—Oxford heather coat with sleeveless in Black and White overplaid—Seal Brown coat with sleeveless in Brown and White overplaid—Royal Blue or Maroon coats with sleeveless in Navy and White overplaid. Sizes 34 to 46. . . . . $6.50

Order thru your favorite store—or advise us size and color choice.

McGREGOR SPORTSWEAR D. D. DONIGER & CO., 303-5th Av. N. Y. C.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-171-172

IN PRAISE OF PISCATOR

I have just finished reading Hemingway's *Bimini Letter* which in part is an answer to those fuzzlesnuffed souls who criticize his choice of subject, and damme sir, I'm all steamed up. I know he can do his own retaliating, and has, but as an outdoor man and sportsman it gets under my skin to see a lot of snigglepuffed, rat-headed, poopdockers downing a man because what he writes doesn't happen to amuse them. How could it? They're not sportsmen and they're obviously not gentlemen, so naturally they would have no conception of what either of those designations imply.

My deep-sea fishing experience has been limited to one kingfishing expedition that netted me exactly nothing. Yet I enjoy Hemingway's word delineations of how he gets 'em or doesn't get 'em to the last goddam. I'll bet the best rod in my cabinet there are a lot of other guys in the same boat, and I think I speak for the crowd when I say we wouldn't give these word grumping anemones bailing room. They're the type that think a sailfish is something to ride, and the nearest they'll ever get to a tuna is a canful of coarse grained carp.

It must take a lot of high-powered civilizing to bring people to the point where they can completely lose sight of fundamental values in the shadow cast by a pin. There's not much can be done about it though; what it takes to make a sportsman can't be found in books or bottles, or on a Beautyrest mattress. You've either got it or you ain't. Too many people ain't, and that's what makes life hell sometimes.

Sincerely yours,
Harvard, Ill. W. I. PRICE

PAX NOBISCUM

I have always mildly enjoyed Hemingway's articles in the same respect that one enjoys movies of a state in life which he would enjoy but cannot afford. But now he has really written something, and his stock has appreciated 500% with me. His *Notes on the Next War* is fine, for it is pertinent and forcibly written. A great deal of it is platitudinous to any rational, thinking individual, but it is none the less admirable, for he is not afraid to talk honestly and frankly about a subject that too many Americans remain sacrosanct. Too many of us today feel that it is our prerogative to criticise taxation or any other routine legislation, but that to criticise or question the motives or altruism of our participation in any war, is sacrilege. The world needs more stuff such as Hemingway has written here.

Most sincerely,
Ridley Park, Pa. ARTHUR W. BASS, Jr.

ENLIGHTENMENT

I was reading with considerable interest and pleasure Paul Kearney's article in the August ESQUIRE entitled *By Jupiter*, when near the end I suddenly came to this sentence, "Arizona and Wyoming, for instance, rarely if ever have lightning storms—." Being an Arizonian such a statement struck me "light a bolt of lightning."

There is plain and fancy lightning there in all patterns and in large quantities. Perhaps the worst storm that I recall was one I witnessed one August evening south of Flagstaff. It lasted about six hours. The flashes were so intense and so continuous that I could with ease read a newspaper from their light and if I had had the current issue of ESQUIRE I could have amused myself by reading that Arizona rarely if ever has lightning storms. One of the results of this storm was the starting of some twenty forest fires in the Tonto and Coconino National Forests.

Nor does such a storm fall into the "rarely if ever" category. In fact, rarely if ever does a summer evening pass, especially in the Northern part of the state, but one sees lightning somewhere on the horizon.

Mr. Kearney also describes the phenomenon known as St. Elmo's Fire and mentions the hissing discharge frequently heard by occupants of the upper stories of the Empire State Building. I have been on the summit of San Francisco peaks in northern Arizona (elevation about 12,000 feet) when the same hissing sound was heard every time anyone pointed a finger. By holding the fingers spread apart, sparks could be seen and felt jumping between them. Just touching your ear with your finger felt like pricking it with a pin. Hair stood on end and could not be coaxed down.

So with such atmospheric discharges and displays I suggest that Mr. Kearney go to Arizona where I have no doubt but that he will soon see that genuine Necklace discharge for which he has been searching.

Incidentally, the only place in the United States to my personal knowledge which rarely if ever has lightning storms, is San Francisco, California.

Yours very truly,
New York, N. Y. JOS. A. BIRCHETT

LEGENDS QUESTIONED AND EXPLAINED

The "sensational sale" (what did it—*Nude Interlude?*) of August ESQUIRE precluded my subscription beginning with that issue, but I fortunately found a solitary copy at a drug store. Starting with *Sound and Fury*, after attending to the editor's pleasant lubrications as I meandered up the Helderberg, Mr. Warshaw's fulsome compliment, with its no less delicate caption, "Must Our Parents Enter Into This," placed me at the mercy of zipping autos for at least three rods. I really didn't expect to find anything to follow more worthy of being read, marked, learned and inwardly digested. Certainly not Hemingway (but he did write a good novel which was made into a swell movie), Hartswick, *Ash Trays*, or cross word puzzles. The M. D.'s were good, so were Major Cox, Callaghan, Dos Passos, Burke, Levy, Brooks, Rascoe, Weaver, Levin, Benet, Nash, Baldwin. And one could do with more *Personalities*. Best cartoon, *Shall I Tell Miss June You Called.*

But why, in the name of the incredible, does your readers' intelligence have to be assaulted by legends "Fiction," "Satire," et al., prefacing pieces in your estimable journal. Even in First Primer days I resented finding under their respective pictures, *This Is A Cat, This Is A Dog.* It would be so much more flattering to your readers to take their intelligence for granted, rather than their ignorance, regardless of evidence to the contrary we may furnish. For those who are dubious concerning a point the table of contents designations should be sufficient to quiet their fears.

Sincerely,
Altamont, N. Y. O. A. WILLIAMSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It's not that we esteem your intelligence the less but that we value your time the more. Some guys don't want to read fiction, others are hunting through only to find the satire, others . . . hence the labels. Esquire is jealous of its position as the great Unread Magazine, aims every month to provide enough that you won't get through it all, expects you to reach the end of the month with some of the contents unread. Hence our eagerness to help you find what you want to read first.*

YOU READ IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME

In re-reading Burton Rascoe's review of *Paths Of Glory*, the feeling grows that he is inherently a pacifist. If I am mistaken, I apologize. He is an alert critic and I don't want to be unfair. However, his treatment is a little suspicious. And because of that and because your periodical wields public influence I appeal to you not to foster personal opinions of the parasitic, un-American, craven type of morbid sentimentalist who loves life and personal peace so greatly that he is willing to jeopardize the Nation by trying to sell this idea to all others.

Less than a dozen years ago this country crawled with the same highly vocalized type, selling, selling, selling the horrors of liquor. No thinking person believed them right, yet the clamor grew, and at last our political fathers, fearfully succumbing, plunged the Nation into an insane nightmare from which we will be a long time recovering.

The purpose of this letter is to point out that we are re-headed into the same senseless cul-de-sac. Right now there is a vocalized movement on foot to sell our people the premise that nothing justifies war. The fact that it was selfishly spawned in Europe means little to the emotional morons who nurture it with words. It is a movement, and politicians like to ride. Young and unthinking mothers are for it. The mentally lazy love it. And, fostered by pinkish writers who admit they know nothing of the subject, the craven have taken it to their hearts. They would disarm us down to the last bow and arrow. They would leave us, "a fat and decrepit old man" lugging gold dazedly along the Barbary Coast.

Far be it from me to attempt to change any intelligent man's opinion, but in behalf of a hundred million loyal Americans, let me say that this is not a pacifist nation. It is not a federation of cowards, and we resent the imputation. Moreover, we resent the organized attempt to take from us the means of putting up a lusty scrap.

I hope, therefore, Mr. Editor, that you will, in a mild way if you must, withhold your columns from any who try to sell "pacifism" to our Washington warren of political rabbits.

Pasadena JOHN R.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In our mild way we keep our columns open to all kinds of suggestion. Maybe somebody will suggest what does justify war.*

Monologue to the Maestro

Continued from page 21

Mice (undeterred): Tell me some more about the mechanics of writing.

Y.C.: What do you mean? Like pencil or typewriter? For chrisake.

Mice: Yes.

Y.C.: Listen. When you start to write you get all the kick and the reader gets none. So you might as well use a typewriter because it is that much easier and you enjoy it that much more. After you learn to write your whole object is to convey everything, every sensation, sight, feeling, place and emotion to the reader. To do this you have to work over what you write. If you write with a pencil you get three different sights at it to see if the reader is getting what you want him to. First when you read it over; then when it is typed you get another chance to improve it, and again in the proof. Writing it first in pencil gives you one-third more chance to improve it. That is .333 which is a damned good average for a hitter. It also keeps it fluid longer so that you can better it easier.

Mice: How much should you write a day?

Y.C.: The best way is always to stop when you are going good and when you know what will happen next. If you do that every day when you are writing a novel you will never be stuck. That is the most valuable thing I can tell you so try to remember it.

Mice: All right.

Y.C.: Always stop while you are going good and don't think about it or worry about it until you start to write the next day. That way your subconscious will work on it all the time. But if you think about it consciously or worry about it you will kill it and your brain will be tired before you start. Once you are into the novel it is as cowardly to worry about whether you can go on the next day as to worry about having to go into inevitable action. You *have* to go on. So there is no sense to worry. You have to learn that to write a novel. The hard part about a novel is to finish it.

Mice: How can you learn not to worry?

Y.C.: By not thinking about it. As soon as you start to think about it stop it. Think about something else. You have to learn that.

Mice: How much do you read over every day before you start to write?

Y.C.: The best way is to read it all every day from the start, correcting as you go along, then go on from where you stopped the day before. When it gets so long that you can't do this every day read back two or three chapters each day; then each week read it all from the start. That's how you make it all of one piece. And remember to stop while you are still going good. That keeps it moving instead of having it die whenever you go on and write yourself out. When you do that you find that the next day you are pooped and can't go on.

Mice: Do you do the same on a story?

Y.C.: Yes, only sometimes you can write a story in a day.

Mice: Do you know what is going to happen when you write a story?

Y.C.: Almost never. I start to make it up and have happen what would have to happen as it goes along.

Mice: That isn't the way they teach you to write in college.

Y.C.: I don't know about that. I never went to college. If any sonofabitch could write he wouldn't have to teach writing in college.

Mice: You're teaching me.

Y.C.: I'm crazy. Besides this is a boat, not a college.

Mice: What books should a writer have to read?

Y.C.: He should have read everything so he knows what he has to beat.

Mice: He can't have read everything.

Y.C.: I don't say what he can. I say what he should. Of course he can't.

Mice: Well what books are necessary?

Y.C.: He should have read *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* by Tolstoi, *Midshipman Easy*, *Frank Mildmay* and *Peter Simple* by Captain Marryat, *Madame Bovary* and *L'Education Sentimentale* by Flaubert, *Buddenbrooks* by

Continued on page 174B

DEODORANT FOR MEN
TOP-FLITE

IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEBODY THOUGHT ABOUT THIS!

Up to now, mere man has had to put up with a woman's deodorant...or to do without any at all.

It remained for TOP-FLITE to create a real man's deodorant...a powder, *not a paste*...which deodorizes healthfully, without stopping normal and necessary perspiration...and which comes in a masculine black bottle.

You'll find this extra touch of good grooming a delightful habit...thanks to this new product, created for men only and sold for 75c in stores or departments catering to men...together with TOP-FLITE Shaving Cream, TOP-FLITE Talc, TOP-FLITE Brushless Shave and TOP-FLITE Hair Dressing.

AMONG THE DEALERS CARRYING TOP-FLITE ARE THE FOLLOWING: *A. G. Spalding & Bro., New York, Atlanta, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, J. P. Carey, New York, Tripler's, New York, Brooks Brothers, New York, De Pinna, New York, Browning King & Co., Omaha, Nebr., McFarlin Clothing Co., Rochester, N. Y., Kaufman's, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Illustrated below are the other TOP-FLITE products...Shaving Cream 75c, Brushless Shaving Cream 75c, Talc 75c, Hair Dressing $1.25.

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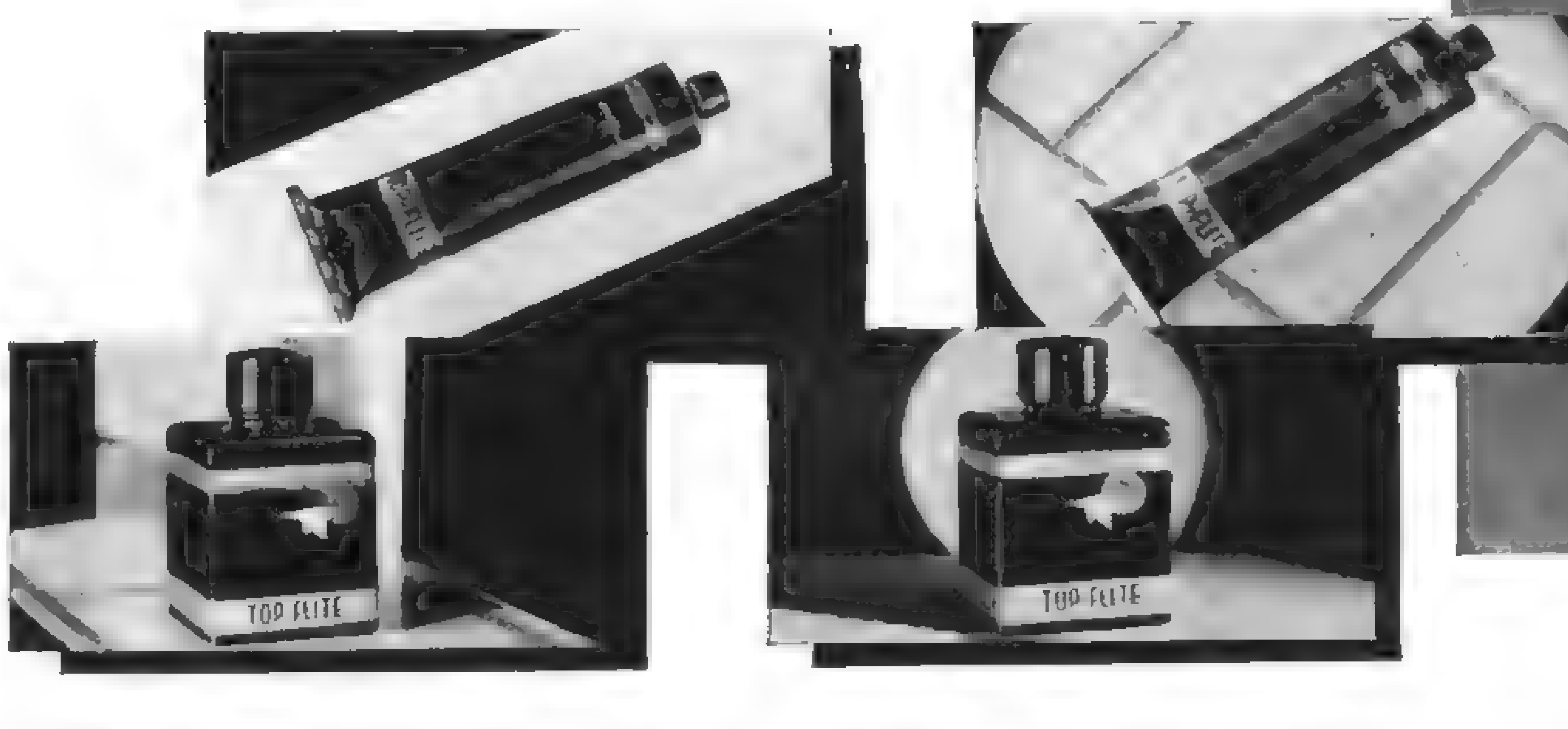

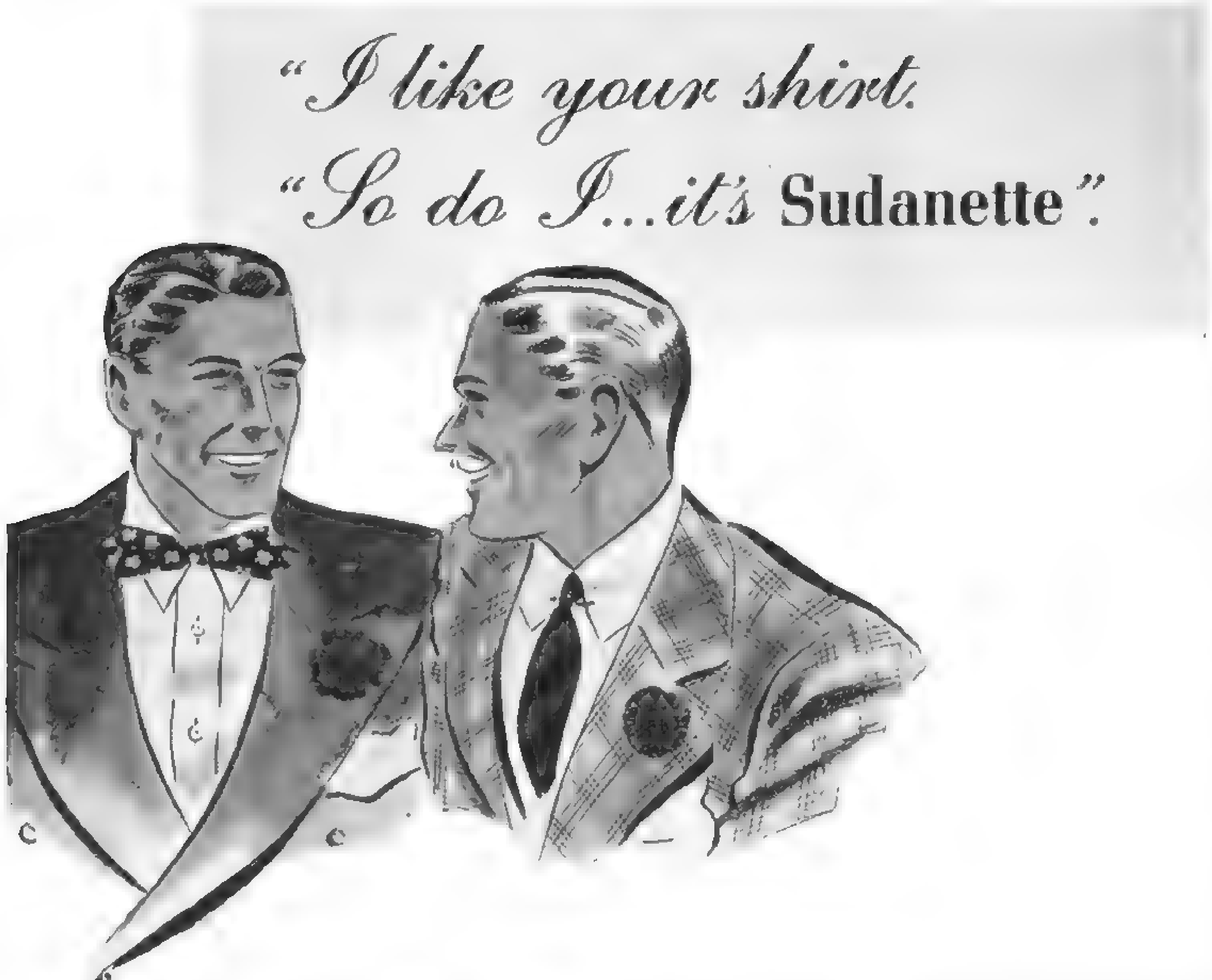

An unerring instinct for finer things leads men to Sudanette, one of the finest cloths loomed in America. • Perhaps because of the smooth weave that bespeaks longer wear; perhaps, the rich lustre that remains through limitless launderings; perhaps, the impeccable styling and needlework with which it is made into shirts, shorts and pajamas. • For whichever reason...probably for all three... the better dressed man invariably chooses Sudanette. Look for the label in the better department stores and men's shops.

SHIRTS • SHORTS • PAJAMAS of
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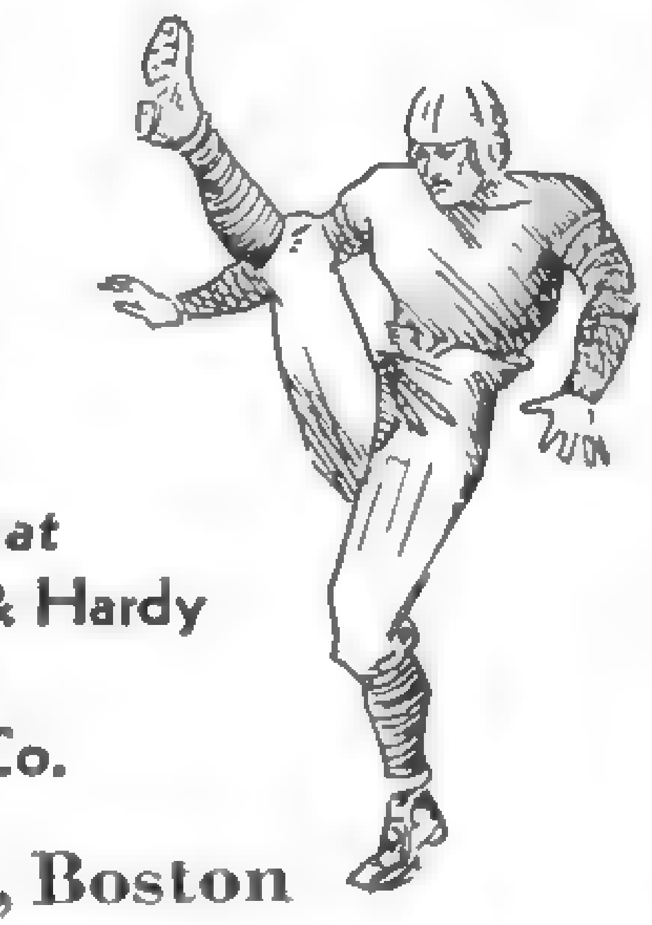

Smartest styles in clothes and shoes are found at old Nassau. For winter wear, in cold dry weather or on snowy slushy days, shoes of *water-resisting* CRESCO CALF have the call. This custom-made calfskin takes a good shine, looks dressy and keeps the feet dry. It goes places where men of good taste gather.

Ask your shoe retailer about CRESCO CALF or write us direct for address of nearest dealer.

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In New York at
Whitehouse & Hardy
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Rogers-Peet Co.

Creese & Cook Company, 95 South St., Boston

Water-resisting CRESCO is a custom-made calf leather for fine shoes.

Monologue to the Maestro

Continued from pages 21, 174A

Thomas Mann, Joyce's *Dubliners*, *Portrait of the Artist* and *Ulysses*, *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrews* by Fielding, *Le Rouge et le Noir* and *La Chartreuse de Parme* by Stendhal, *The Brothers Karamazoff* and any two other Dostoevskis, *Huckleberry Finn* by Mark Twain, *The Open Boat* and *The Blue Hotel* by Stephen Crane, *Hail and Farewell* by George Moore, *Yeat's Autobiographies*, all the good De Maupassant, all the good Kipling, all of Turgenieff, *Far Away and Long Ago* by W. H. Hudson, Henry James' short stories, especially *Madame de Mauvers* and *The Turn of the Screw*, *The Portrait of a Lady*, *The American*—

Mice: I can't write them down that fast. How many more are there?

Y. C.: I'll give you the rest another day. There are about three times that many.

Mice: Should a writer have read all of those?

Y. C.: All of those and plenty more. Otherwise he doesn't know what he has to beat.

Mice: What do you mean 'has to beat'?

Y. C.: Listen. There is no use writing anything that has been written better before unless you can beat it. What a writer in our time has to do is write what hasn't been written before or beat dead men at what they have done. The only way he can tell how he is going is to compete with dead men. Most live writers do not exist. Their fame is created by critics who always need a genius of the season, someone they understand completely and feel safe in praising, but when these fabricated geniuses are dead they will not exist. The only people for a serious writer to compete with are the dead that he knows are good. It is like a miler running against the clock rather than simply trying to beat whoever is in the race with him. Unless he runs against time he will never know what he is capable of attaining.

Mice: But reading all the good writers might discourage you.

Y. C.: Then you ought to be discouraged.

Mice: What is the best early training for a writer?

Y. C.: An unhappy childhood.

Mice: Do you think Thomas Mann is a great writer?

Y. C.: He would be a great writer if he had never written another thing than *Buddenbrooks*.

Mice: How can a writer train himself?

Y. C.: Watch what happens today. If we get into a fish see exactly what it is that everyone does. If you get a kick out of it while he is jumping remember back until you see exactly what the action was that gave you the emotion. Whether it was the rising of the line from the water and the way it tightened like a fiddle string until drops started from it, or the way he smashed and threw water when he jumped. Remember what the noises were and what was said. Find what gave you the emotion; what the action was that gave you the excitement. Then write it down making it clear so the reader will see it too and have the same feeling that you had. That's a five finger exercise.

Mice: All right.

Y. C.: Then get in somebody else's head for a change. If I bawl you out try to figure what I'm thinking about as well as how you feel about it. If Carlos curses Juan think what both their sides of it are. Don't just think who is right. As a man things are as they should or shouldn't be. As a man you know who is right and who is wrong. You have to make decisions and enforce them. As a writer you should not judge. You should understand.

Mice: All right.

Y. C.: Listen *now*. When people talk listen completely. Don't be thinking what you're going to say. Most people never listen. Nor do they observe. You should be able to go into a room and when you come out know everything that you saw there and not only that. If that room gave you any feeling you should know exactly what it was that gave you that feeling. Try that for practice. When you're in town stand outside the theatre and see how the people differ in the way they get out of taxis or motor cars. There are a thousand ways to practice. And always think of other people.

Mice: Do you think I will be a writer?

Y. C.: How the hell should I know? Maybe you have no talent. Maybe you can't feel for other people. You've got some good stories if you can write them.

Mice: How can I tell?

Y. C.: Write. If you work at it five years and you find you're no good you can just as well shoot yourself then as now.

Mice: I wouldn't shoot myself.

Y. C.: Come around then and I'll shoot you.

Mice: Thanks.

Y. C.: Perfectly welcome, Mice. Now should we talk about something else?

Mice: What else?

Y. C.: Anything else, Mice old timer, anything else at all.

Mice: All right. But—

Y. C.: No but. Finish. Talk about writing finish. No more. All gone for today. Store all close up. Boss he go home.

Mice: All right then. But tomorrow I've got some things to ask you.

Y. C.: I'll bet you'll have fun writing after you know just how it's done.

Mice: What do you mean?

Y. C.: You know. Fun. Good times. Jolly. Dashing off an old masterpiece.

Mice: Tell me—

Y. C.: Stop it.

Mice: All right. But tomorrow—

Y. C.: Yes. All right. Sure. But tomorrow. ⧺

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

TEACHER'S "Highland Cream" Scotch Whisky must have been superior to win the tremendous public approval it enjoys. Try a bottle . . . or a glass . . . and judge for yourself. Note its delightful aroma, its velvet smoothness, its full body, its rich flavour. Remember, too, its background of 105 years . . . Bottled in bond in the United Kingdom under government supervision by WM. TEACHER & SONS, LTD., Glasgow and London. Established 1830.

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GLASGOW
SCOTLAND

TEACHER'S
"HIGHLAND CREAM"
PERFECTION OF
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY

Young Black Joe

Continued from page 34

They're supposed to be yellow as well as irresponsible and comic. They don't like, the ring tradition goes, to be kicked in the shin or hit in the stomach. "What white man does?" Jackson once asked.

"Imagine a nigger having the courage to fight a guy twice his size the way Ketchell did Johnson," the Kluxers argue. Langford and Wolcott were always fighting men "twice their size," and Bob Travers, a Negro lightweight, who was fighting ten years before the Civil War, fought Jem Mace, a great heavyweight who outweighed him seventy pounds. Travers lost on a foul in fifty-seven rounds. Most modern fighters can't even count to fifty-seven, let alone fight that number of rounds. Andy Bowen, another "yellow" fighter fought Jack Burke in New Orleans in 1893 for 110 rounds, the longest fight on record. It got so dark the referee couldn't see the fighters and called it no contest.

Imagine Barney Ross fighting Max Baer for nearly sixty rounds, or even keeping away from him for six, and you get some idea of what Negro fighters like Travers had to contend with. Slavery couldn't have been harder on them. Gans might have stood up for sixty rounds, for Gans was the greatest boxer of either race. Even dying with tuberculosis he managed to hold Battling Nelson off for forty-two rounds until in despair Nelson fouled him.

Nelson's manager made Gans, a tall rangy Negro who should have been fighting at 160 instead of 133, weigh in three times the day of the fight. Gans never did learn what Nelson weighed. Gans was a sadder man than Louis, boxing in a crooked era and even accepted two round "knockouts" by men like terrible Terry McGovern to keep going, but he had the same quiet dignity as Louis, though more of a dreamer. He too died in his thirties.

Johnson, like Gans, had his shady moments, more of them out of the ring than in it. But he was the traditional comic coon of the stage with none of Gans's humility or sadness, none of Louis's quiet dignity. When his white wife died a suicide Johnson still had a gold smile for the cameras.

Even his honest moments were in the nature of double-crosses. The story persists, despite repeated denials in print, that he was originally supposed to let Jeff, trying a comeback after a seven year layoff and training chiefly on repose, have the championship and so continue the questionable honor that in brutality the white man was the black's superior. Two days before the fight his handlers told Jeff's the deal was off.

As no fighter, not even Jeff, could get in shape in two days, Tex Rickard's first battle of the century turned out to be its first pushover. When Jeff entered the ring Stanley Ketchell and Jack London exchanged knowing smiles. And why not?

In two rounds Jeff's hairy body went down under an overhand right. In fifteen he stayed down.

The race riots were on. Johnson was a nigger with a bankroll, and the fool and his money were soon parted.

In the end a fugitive from justice in America, he gave up the title to Jess Willard in Havana. The supremacy of the white race had been re-established, and stayed supreme through an assortment of such odd Nordics as Dempsey, Tunney, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer and Braddock till Louis quietly moved in like a black panther. ⱡⱡ

The Talking Encyclopedia

Continued from page 98

The discovery of radium was one of the most widely publicized scientific accidents. It was the result of a cloudy day.

Henri Becquerel, a rather testy French physicist, wanted to know whether the sun's rays would activate metal uranium so that it would affect a photographic plate. It was raining. So he put his materials, consisting of the photographic plate and the piece of uranium, into a desk drawer which for some obscure reason also contained a bunch of keys. The next sunny day, he performed the experiment he had planned, developed the plate, and found a picture of the bunch of keys. By which he reasoned that unlike himself the uranium had not waited for the sun. Puzzled, he put Mme. and M. Curie to work investigating the peculiar properties of uranium and they emerged with the discovery of radium.

Like Pasteur, the Curies were the fortunate victims of a series of such "accidents." One day, after radium had been found, Henri Becquerel put a tube containing a bit of the precious stuff into his vest pocket, carrying it to another laboratory. Eight days later he found a red burn on his abdomen. He exhibited the spot to the Curies. Because of Becquerel's accidentally burned belly, the Curies went to work and discovered the therapeutic use of radium.

The principle of the stethoscope was discovered by a Dr. Laennec, who, contrary to the traditional idea of the Parisian, was bashful about putting his head to the bosoms of his lady patients. Dr. Laennec was on his way to visit a lady whose bosom filled him with trepidation, when he noticed a couple of children playing with a board. One would scratch his end of the board, and the other would listen at the other end. The doctor got himself a stick of wood, ap-

Continued at top of page 176

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My chest measure____ Waist measure____
Name______
Address______
City______State______

The Talking Encyclopedia

Continued from pages 98-175

plied the far end to the patient's bust, the near end to his own ear.

The discovery of one substance while in search of another was the pleasant fate of an 18 year old student, William Henry Perkins, who was given the terrific problem of preparing synthetic quinine by the impatient Prof. Hoffman, who thought the boy was too passionate about chemistry. Perkins failed to make quinine, but stumbled on the process of preparing aniline dyes. For that matter, Columbus discovered America while in search of something else.

Bakelite and synthetic rubber were discovered because their inventors let old preparations stand on the back of shelves in their laboratories.

The war of the sexes in science has led to a few interesting discovery-episodes. It was a known thing that when certain animals got no Vitamin D in their foods, they failed to grow. The feminine Dr. Hume, in England, put some rats in a cage, fed them no Vitamin D, but gave them treatments with ultra-violet rays. They grew. She claimed that they got their Vitamin D through breathing the ultra-violet treated air. Dr. Steenbock, of the University of Wisconsin, repeated the experiment, and discovered that the ultra-violet treatment put Vitamin D into the paint on the cages, and that the rats ate the paint. From that, he found that the use of ultra-violet rays on grains and other types of food promotes Vitamin D, and thus we have irradiated foods.

Dr. Steenbock put one over on the lady scientists but Mme. Curie evened the score for her sex, and incidentally demonstrated the malevolent side of the scientific accident. Sir William Ramsey, a well known chemist who had high blood pressure, smoked cigars, and never would do the same experiment twice, announced to a skeptical scientific world that he had succeeded in man's long-sought endeavor, the transmutation of metals. He had turned copper into lithium. Madame Curie, skeptical, repeated his experiments but was unable to get his results. After she had worked over the problem for some time, she found the answer. "How can a woman expect to do a man's work," she whispered to her colleagues, "when she doesn't smoke cigars?"

Cigar-ashes contain lithium, and only a cigar-smoking scientist can drop ashes into a reaction mixture.

Sir Ramsey, too, had had a scientific accident.

Backwoods of Mexico

Continued from page 43

had been his mistresses, but sooner or later he beat them all. They served him with great care and accuracy, and ran out on him as soon as they could.

The Indians were difficult at best. The Bachajones are not the fairly hairy, big-hatted, strong-shouldered Indians of Central Mexico, but small — the men average around five foot three— slight, built like boy athletes, with delicate faces. The young women are inclined to be pretty, the old people become a little monkeyish. They have lived all through this jungle since early times, scattered in little groups, loyally maintaining their internal feuds, and unitedly hating white men of all kinds. Quiet, timid, introspective, murderous, desiring of Germans, Mexicans, North Americans only to be left alone.

One could make friends with them; we did, sufficiently so that they sent runners ahead of us to other tribes, spreading our good name. But we weren't running a *finca*. Labor was supposed to be voluntary, stabilized by a modified debt system, but in practice a good bit of recruiting was done by a mounted man with a lariat, and the debt system was pushed as far towards peonage as could be managed.

The only overt resistance they offered was to run away. An open fight was not their manner, save against each other. But they would decide upon the death of a man, and watch and watch and watch, until at last he dismounted to drink at a stream, till he rode home drunk, till he gave the chance, and then he would be dead. There must be several thousand Bachajones distributed over leagues of country. You don't see them, you hardly know that they are beside you, they pass through the jungle like small animals, they are everywhere, know every move that is made in their territory. The greater part of them, for personal reasons of having been cuffed, flogged, insulted, or on generic grounds of group loyalty, was willing to attend to Rechtes. The German slept with ready firearms by his bed. He never left the adjacent, open fields of his home ranch save with an escort, yet he was no coward. He had hated them so long, and they had watched him, *looked at him*, been silent around him till he hardly dared move.

Yearly Mexico's laws grow more liberal, and better enforced. The new order was reaching even to this landlocked jungle, upsetting his military-Cameroon mind with new restrictions, reminders that the Mexicans were in control.

For better company, there were three Germans in that part of Chiapas. One was a baron, married to a native woman, whom Rechtes cordially despised. The others were of inferior class, he tolerated them and they resented him. They all quarrelled and back-

They look like
BROGUES
but they're really
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She: "Those are the smartest looking shoes I ever saw you wear, Harry!"
He: "You little guess how smart, my dear. They're rubbers, and no one ever knows it!"

WHEN the rubbers you're wearing look so much like leather oxfords you can't tell them apart that's somethin'. No wonder men wear Shuglovs without a murmur! Right down to the bogus stitches and shoe laces, they resemble the smartest English Brogues. Of course, some men will want to stick by the old-fashioned gum boots for rainy weather just as some men still wear long flannel underwear. But if you have discarded flannel drawers for shorts, you'll want to get Shuglovs. If your dealer hasn't got Shuglovs, write us today and we'll tell you where to get them. B. F. Goodrich Footwear Division, Watertown, Mass.

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Shuglovs
FOR MEN

bit when they did meet. He had a visit from one or another perhaps every three months, and then would step up his consumption of *aguardiente* and get slightly tight without having any pleasure of it.

Perhaps it's too strong to say that the place was cursed, but unpleasant things kept happening. There was the drowned man, then an Indian bitten by a *nauiaca*. The man all but died. He was grey when I first saw him, trembling violently, and his leg all blood where Blom was opening around the bite to let the poison out. There were fights, and always the Sunday drunkenness and with it the sense, caught from Rechtes, that one should not go too near the Indians in their then condition.

One time two of them got after each other. A man whose name I don't know tried to settle a feud by chopping one Manuel with a *machete*. Manuel came back with a shot-gun, thoroughly finishing his enemy at five yards range, and took to the bush. Various foremen went after him, and he was brought in the next morning.

I was on the porch, and when I saw the group approaching, thought Manuel must have broken his arm and slung it in a red handkerchief. Blom came out in a hurry with the medicine kit, and I trailed after. Then I saw that the color was blood. From shoulder to waist his left side was soaked with it, fresh and welling. There was a shallow, wide cut in the side of his neck, the tips of his right fingers were cut off, and a deep cut on his shoulder had been reopened when he was roped and dragged in. Blom started to work, and I to help him, but I had to go off and be sick. After that I was able to stand by.

Rechtes turned up, chewing on a cigar. He approached fast, then looked queer, checked himself from saying something, watched for a minute and walked off. I saw a man with a quirt in his hand nearby, soon he went away too. Without any reason at the time, something about these movements stuck in my memory, though I was concentrated on being useful. The man took his injuries calmly, and was unflinching as Blom cleaned gravel and dirt out of the cuts—he'd been crawling and hiding in the bush. It was surprising that he should still be alive.

He held up his cut hand, complaining particularly of that, I suppose because it might incapacitate him, and saying "I don't want to be killed. They are going to kill me. I don't want to be killed." Finally we persuaded him that we shouldn't be taking all this trouble over him if he were to die. The worst he was in for, probably, was a term in jail at Salto de Agua. The self-defense was clear.

We returned to the house and had a needed drink. I was glad we were leaving in a day or so, things were getting too thick. I think I said something about Rechtes' curious appearance.

Blom asked, "Did you notice the man with the quirt?"

"Yes. What was he doing? He looked funny."

"Rechtes gave orders for Manuel to be flogged. Only when he saw us treating him, he didn't have the face."

"My God. What for?"

"Making trouble. It means an investigation, you see."

Making trouble—I figured I knew all I wanted about the German right there. Later, when we had gone, when one of the foremen and I had eased ourselves by an evening's cursing of Rechtes while we sat in the Bachajón capital, and things had settled a bit, I thought about him more. He had been sorry to see us go, genuinely sorry, even me to whom he had been so insolent. He was lonely, afraid, bored; he wanted to be friendly but he didn't know how and his devils of prejudice and pride would not relax. He was not a drunkard; that might have eased him. He took just enough *aguardiente* right along to sour his stomach, it didn't let him down at all. Cooped up on a bum piece of real estate, friendless, frustrated, keeping up a pretense for the sake of an occasional visit from a possible sucker, remembering the Cameroons, command, real power, the whip was his opium. He wasn't whipping people, but his situation. I've remembered him often since, a big man and a German officer, waiting year in and year out for the Bachajónes to decide they had their chance, lying awake through the long, hot nights with his loaded firearms by his bed, confined to the grounds around his house, with no real power, no effective thing to do, no way to prove and justify himself save to be brutal.

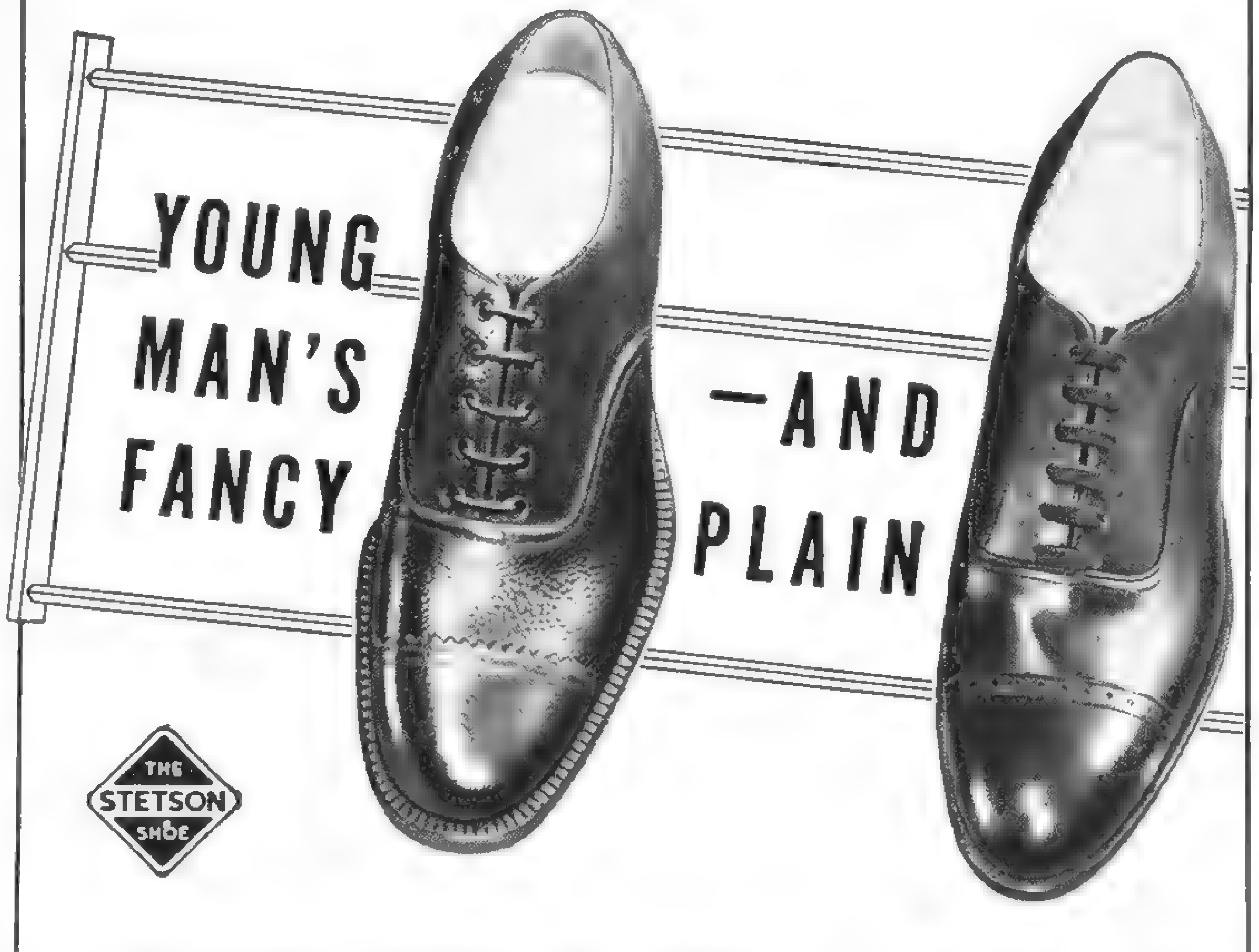
II

Small Town

It's not the big trees that give the jungle its peculiar character, but the small stuff. The big trees are grand in structure, widely spaced, they have form. I've seen them over twenty feet in diameter. It's true they meet overhead so that you can't see the sky, but you don't mind that so much; it's cooler in the jungle than in towns and settlements outside, and the filtered light is at once clear and restful. But the trees are besieged by small growth, the wearisome grace of curving vines which kill them in the end, stunted palms little higher than a man, ferns as big as the palms, bushes, *ramón*, weeds, mosses, crowding each other, sprouting on trunks of down trees as soon as they fall, flooding back into trails as soon as they've been cleared, climbing all over themselves; and the orchids clustering on high branches, forerunners of the army of small, weak things which choke out man and the great mahoganies alike.

You look upwards to arching magnificence, and the many

Continued on page 176B



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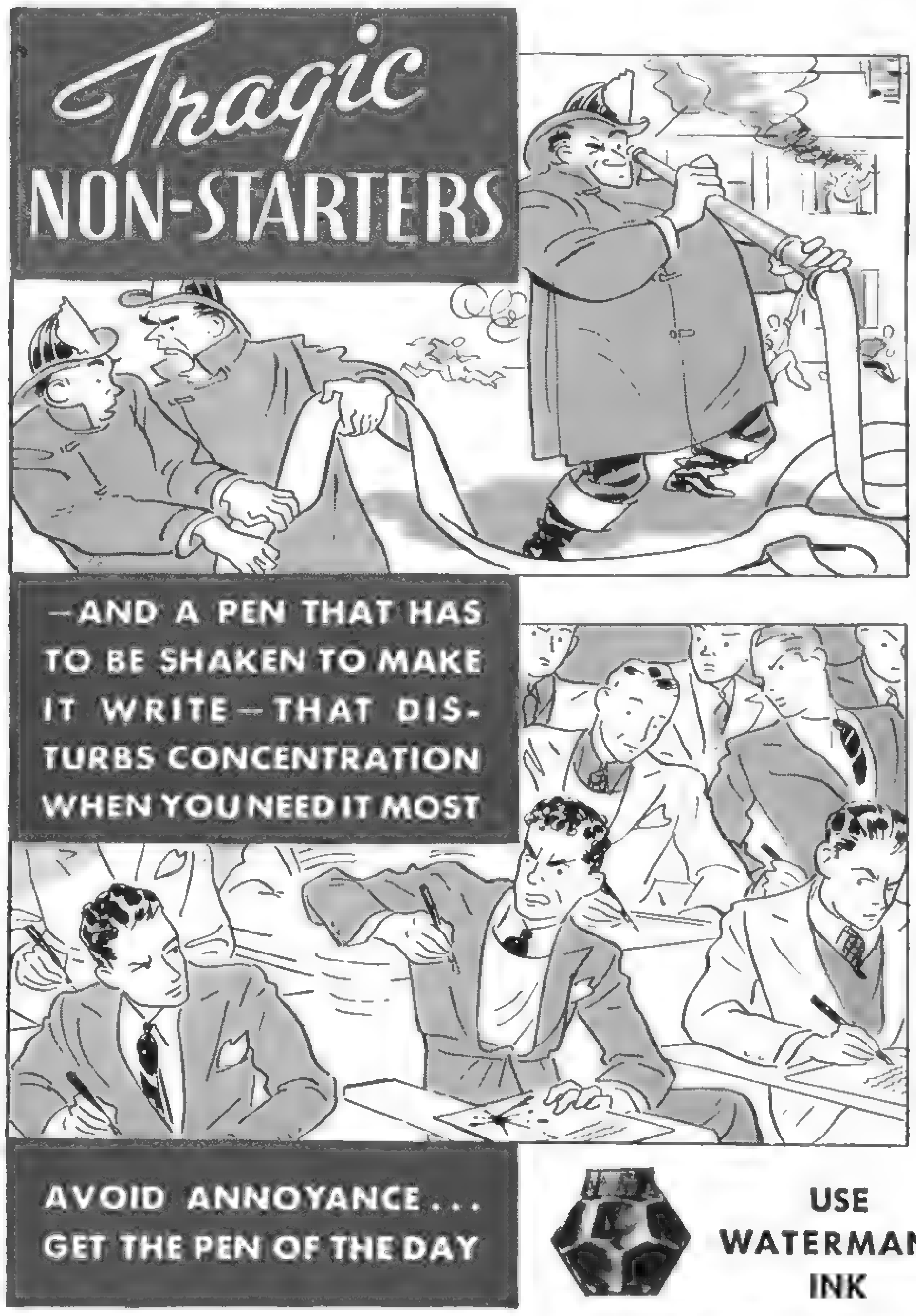
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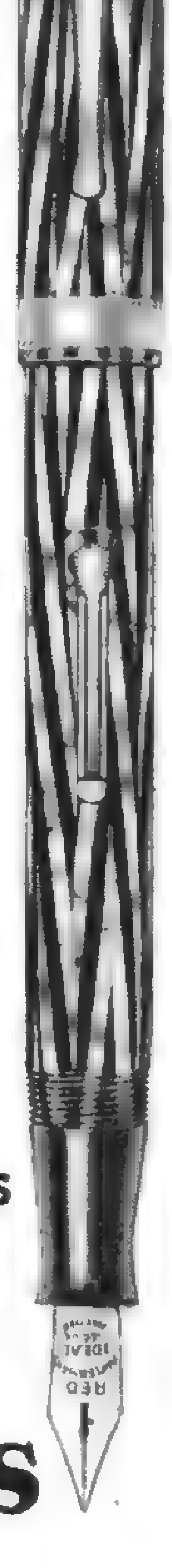

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Backwoods of Mexico

Continued from pages 43-176A

shades of green leaves luminous against the hidden sunlight. You look forward into a green mist, beautiful in detail but overcrowded, twining, becoming at a slight distance merely dark, twenty feet from you an impenetrable confusion and an uninviting mystery. Clearing for a plan of Yochijá, we could not see the far corner of a mound from the one at which we started; going across to another, we had to take bearings on trees in between, though they might be scarcely a score of yards apart. I navigated around my part of the ruin by compass, cutting as much as was necessary to let me slide straight through, blazing here and there, while the Bachajon workmen, following me, opened a trail and cleared the faces of the mounds.

This was a minor site, a group of low mounds and terraces, on which we figured to spend not more than three or four days, enough to map it and let in the light needed for photography. My share of the work was running lines. Not much thought required, just sweat and plenty of those curiously amusing jokes with the workmen one can have with people on about ten words of each others' languages. They spoke little Spanish, and I almost no Tzeltal.

I saw something loom up to the left of the trail I was cutting, a dark, thick mass about my own height. That might be a monument, a *stela.* I ducked under a vine and went towards it hoping for an inscription, a real plum. If you find an inscription you draw, photograph and interpret it. Other scientists criticize your drawing and question your interpretation. You republish, with emendations, disputes continue, and you have fun and attention. That's one reason why there's so little serious archaeology in the Maya area, everyone's looking for inscriptions. This turned out to be a tree-stump. I took a lick at it with my *machete* on general principles. *Machetes*, good ones, are so nicely balanced that it's a constant pleasure to use them; even the Indians, who live with one in hand, are always taking cracks at trees as they go past, just to see the blade bite. I had to refer to my compass to find my way back to the trail. It was that thick, and quicker than backtracking myself.

It took a special sort of perceptive imagination to see that these rises of ground, these hillocks over which one stumbled before they became visible, were not natural, to recognize in the occasional bits of stone showing through massed weeds, ferns, vines and mould the precise ashlar which once had covered the surfaces. Here had been a provincial town, mounds with temples and altars, a bright hardness of stone, stucco and fresco, a settlement of skilled, thoughtful people secure in the durability of their highly evolved civilization. We groped our way by pace and compass, unable to see the whole until our completed traverse showed us an approximation of their town planning. The Indians watched us at these mysteries without comment, the negative quality of their attitude seeming aware of the futility of trying to enclose the essence of antiquity in a measured drawing.

Through with my immediate assignment of the second day, I climbed on top of a big mound in one corner, wondering if it would be worthwhile to clear the top of it. It was taller than its neighbors, but didn't seem to have anything on it. I started pacing it across, by bearing from tree to tree, with an eye out for any sign of structure. At the fifteenth pace I fell, my leg in a hole.

Some animal, I supposed, and poked with my *machete.* The hole was big, square under a mask of tangled roots; stone edging began to show. I yelled for the boss, and digging tools. This looked like something, and we went at it, carefully. Two slabs had fallen in on a stone-lined chamber perhaps three feet deep, extending for some distance on either side. Slabs at the bottom were loose, came up easily, revealing a black emptiness. We lowered a lantern into a bigger chamber down there. By the way the flame burned, the air seemed to be good. Blom crawled down first—there was a danger of cave-ins and possible snakes—I followed.

The room was L-shaped, about ten feet in its longest dimension, not quite high enough to stand in. The lantern brought a golden glow from the well-cut walls of limestone, beautifully laid up, the ceiling of the same creamy stone. On the floor was a thick layer of very fine, dry dust. We thought we could make out where a skeleton had crumbled. Placed in some arrangement which was no longer intelligible were fourteen pottery vessels of varied shapes, warmly painted in yellow buff, deep, rich red, and a greyish, smoky purple. The clay rang true when one tapped it, thin hard walls finely baked. They might have been taken out of the kiln yesterday. I took one in my hand. This was civilized work; the man who painted it had long solved the problems of abstraction, of inner perception over which our artists are still laboring, the lines of his brush were disciplined, free, sensitive.

Blom got out the centimetre tape and made a plan. We set to our notes, meticulous as to where each smallest thing was found. Between our notes and our sketches the essence slipped away, this cell of still perfect work of civilized hands, the inaudible voice insisting that outside, too, it had been like this, and it had all been meant to last. ⌗

Don't Send Your Boy to . . .

Continued from page 37

not, the coach decided that he should be kept on the squad but not used in any way that would jeopardize his health or endanger that of any of the other boys. The object of this maneuver was to conceal from the public what the real trouble was, because the nature of the disease was such that it would have irreparably injured the boy's reputation if it ever got out. The failure to use this boy in the games started the rumor that there was friction in the football squad and that the coach could not get along with the men. Due largely to the absence of this player, the team had a bad season, and the seed of discontent that was started in this way developed a movement to get rid of the coach; and once any movement of this kind develops, it usually gathers so much momentum that nothing but the dismissal of the coach satisfies the wolves. This coach martyred himself to protect this boy. It would have been much safer for him to have dismissed the player from the squad and to have used his absence as an excellent alibi for losing the games. He could then have taken advantage of the incident to develop a reputation as a person of strong moral influence and a strict disciplinarian who would not tolerate any breach of training rules.

This problem of what to do with a boy who has stepped over the traces is always serious and worrisome, if the coach has any sense of his duty to the boy and is not blinded by his own selfishness and desire to protect himself at all costs.

Some of these infractions of training rules are very minor, and some are, of course, very serious. As long as a problem is strictly an individual one, and the other boys on the squad are in no danger of being affected one way or the other, the coach usually can quickly decide what to do. He diagnoses the case of his truant boy just like a physician diagnoses a patient's sickness and prescribes the proper treatment. A physician doesn't give up and dismiss the patient—neither does he kill the patient to get rid of him. What right has a coach to dismiss a boy from the squad, always with the attendant publicity that so-and-so has been dropped by Coach so-and-so for breaking training rules? The public will do the rest. Their imagination will picture the worst and this boy will carry a stigma all his life. The worst thing about such a procedure is that he probably was no more guilty than several of the other boys who did not get caught, just more careless, or more honest if you please.

A coach is a teacher to whom parents send their sons for instruction and advice. It is not the coach's job to destroy these eighteen year old boys. His job is to contribute what he can to the training of these youngsters to the end that they will be men when they leave college and be able to make their way in the world. How can a coach justify his action in blackening a boy's reputation by publicly dropping him from the squad for very often some minor infraction of training rules. This is dodging the issue and sacrificing the boy. There are other better ways of handling such situations, but they are more trouble for the coach and do expose him to the dangers of criticism. No coach who is honestly and conscientiously devoted to "building character" in his boys will ever, except as a last resort, dismiss any of them, exposing them to the ridicule and opprobrium of the public, which indictment will hang over their heads for years, seriously handicapping them.

Occasionally a boy comes along, however, who simply will not cooperate and even though forgiven time after time will keep on violating the rules. In such case he must be dismissed because of his bad influence upon the other men. Even in his case the dismissal from the squad should be handled in such a way that it does not leave a stigma upon him, because even in his case, there will likely come a time when he will see things differently and honestly repent for having been so much trouble. Even in this case no coach has a right to make a sacrifice of the boy just to build a reputation for himself as a great moralist and disciplinarian. Such boys have committed no crime against society which must be expiated on the basis of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. No doubt there are cases where lenient and sympathetic coaches who have a conscientious desire to be of real service to their boys have been imposed on unfairly, but youngsters in college are remarkable for their sense of justice and fair play. They will soon discipline each other far more effectively, when one of their member's doesn't play the game fairly with the coach, than the coach can do it.

The age at which most boys attend college is probably the most trying and important one in their lives. This is the time that most of them make decisions and form habits that will make or break them. They are not wise to the ways of the world. Their experience is limited. Many of these boys are away from home and its steadying influence. The parents of others are in nowise capable of advising them properly. These boys meet problems for the first time during this college age that they will keep meeting the rest of their lives, but what happens at these first encounters is likely to have a very determining effect upon what becomes of these young men in the future.

It seems like an incongruity of

Continued on page 178

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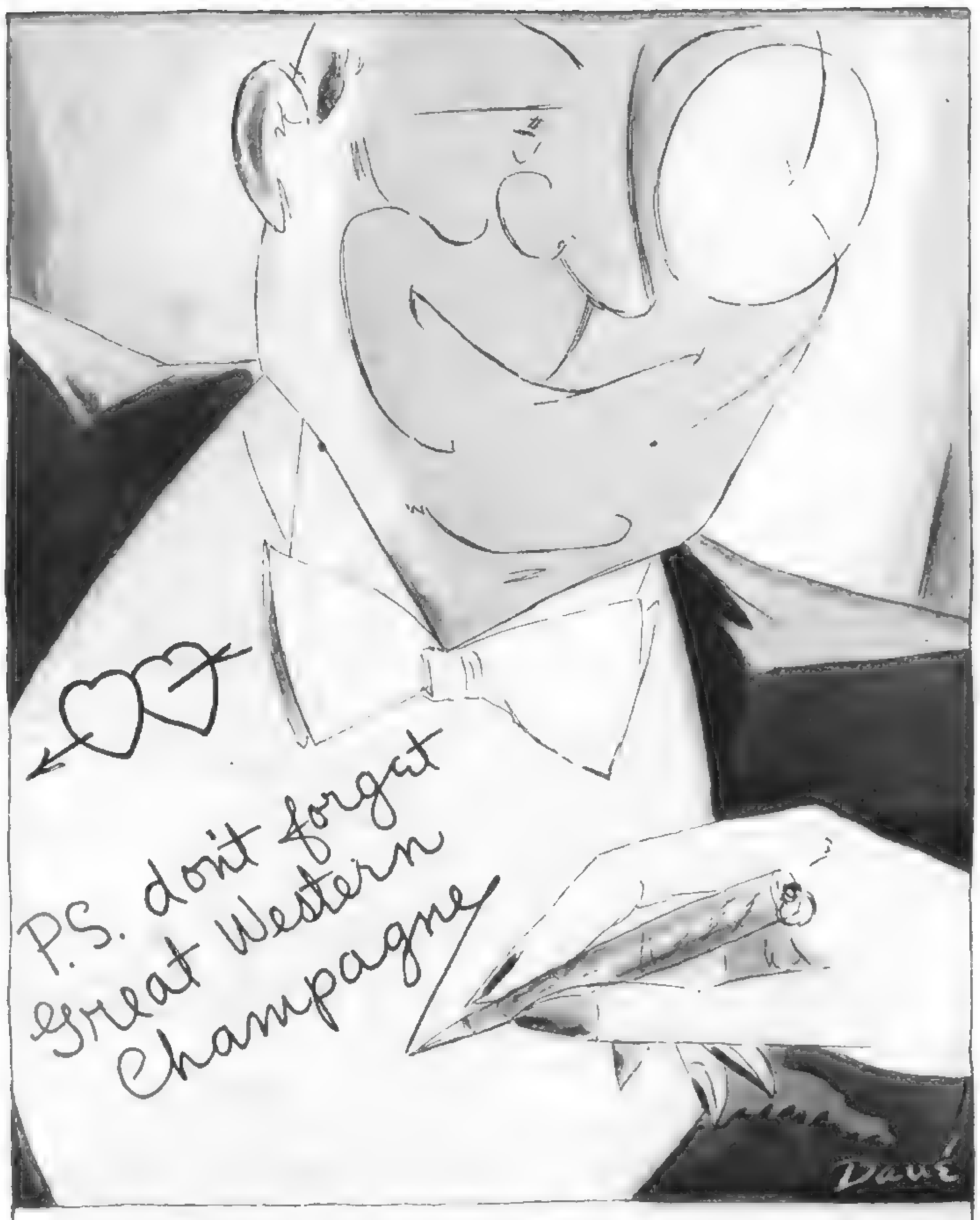

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The
PLAZA
New York
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th STREET

Don't Send Your Boy to . . .

Continued from pages 37-177

nature that a great many of the most important decisions of life have to be made at an age when our young people are just budding and when they have very little knowledge or experience upon which to base decisions. The very fact that these boys are attending college is proof that they are anxious to do something, that they want to learn and want to get somewhere. They grope for help and advice but will only turn to the friendliest of their elders. This is where a coach can be of inestimable help to his boys. Football gives a coach an opportunity, enjoyed by no other instructor or member of the faculty, to get close to his boys. It is not impersonal—it is very personal. There is something about sharing with each other the joys and sorrows of winning and losing, of sharing in the difficulties and hardships of practice, and in sharing in all the various problems and trials, off as well as on the field, that makes of players and coaches, comrades.

The good coach uses this opportunity to establish in the minds of his players the fact that he is their friend through thick and thin. He should to the best of his ability, assume the role of a good parent and look at the boys from that standpoint. He should inspire confidence both in his ability and willingness to help and protect them, and in his sense of justice. The coach who does this is in position to contribute much to the development of his boys because, having confidence in him, they will come to him when they won't go to another soul with their problems. Some of these problems, although really momentous, seem trivial to these youths, while others, that seem momentous, are only trivial.

Loyalty is a wonderful virtue, a human inspiring quality. A son's loyalty to his parents is something to be admired and encouraged. The problem in such cases is often how can a son accomplish the most in the way of promoting the happiness and comfort of his parents over a long period of time. Often the parents themselves, uneducated and lacking in viewpoint, are the biggest obstacles.

In one of our larger cities, the son of a baker, while still in high school, determined to be a lawyer. The boy peddled pies all through high school, getting up at three o'clock in the morning, because he had to sell out before he could go to school. The father did very well for a while in his bakery business, but adversities set in about the time this son was finishing high school, and he wanted the boy to quit school and take a man's job in the bakery. Being of an intensely loyal disposition, the son was heart-broken, because it meant the giving up of his life's ambition—to be a lawyer, but he felt duty bound to do his parent's bidding. One of his football coaches (he had been a great football player in high school) heard about the plight of this boy and, recognizing in him very unusual qualities, used his influence to convince him that he was not doing right either by his father or by himself to give up a career he was especially fitted for just to save the few dollars that an additional employee in the bakery would have to be paid. The young fellow weathered the parental storm, worked nights and mornings in the bakery, went on and completed his law course, and immediately plunged into practice where his natural talents and tremendous energy soon made him a success. Now he is in a many times better position to be of real assistance to his father than he would have been if he had given up his career and taken his turn in the bakery.

A young mountaineer lived a few years ago in one of the backward districts of the South. He was the only son of an obscure, old time country doctor. The father and mother had devoted their lives to this son, their only child, and had looked forward from the time of his birth to his becoming a good doctor, the kind his father never had a chance of being. The boy had always wanted to be a doctor. He made a fine record in high school scholastically, and gave every indication of having exceptional possibilities as a physician. Unfortunately, in his case, he also was an outstanding football player. This reputation as football player attracted the coach and the alumni of a neighboring state university. They began to high pressure this boy into going to their school. The fact that their school did not offer a course in medicine did not make any difference to them—they wanted him to play football. He was persuaded that a medical course was impossible for him; that it was too expensive and too difficult. This hill-billy didn't know any better. When these proselytizers painted the picture of what a hero he would be at their school, of the great opportunities football stars were offered when they graduated, and then when they offered him so much per month for his school and living expenses, more money than he had ever earned before working full time—he fell for it. He became a great star, a nationally known player, but has never reconciled himself to the thought of not being a doctor. He has a small job, the only kind he is qualified to hold—despite his newspaper clippings—and is a picture of thwarted ambition. He is thoroughly disillusioned, dissatisfied with life and a misfit. This selfish, unprincipled coach, knowing the situation took advantage of the innocent youngster, and to help achieve fame and glory for himself as a great football coach weaned the boy away

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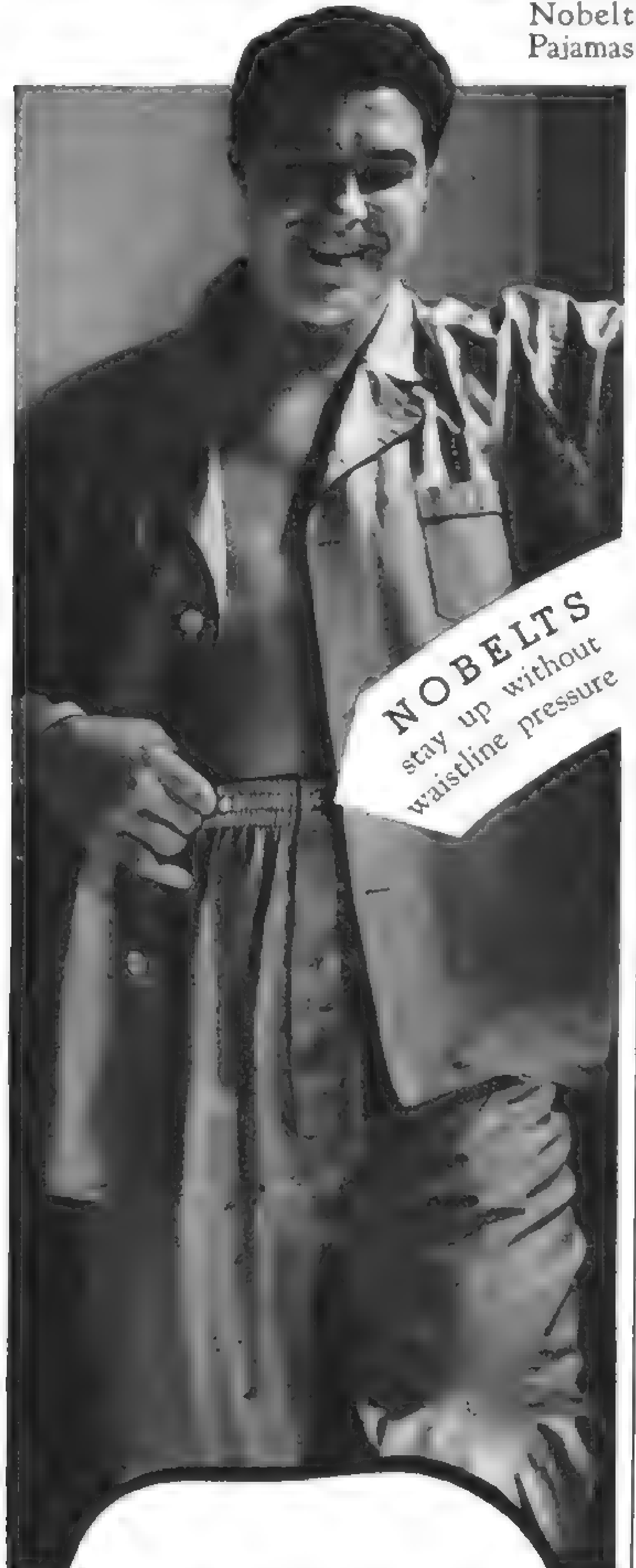
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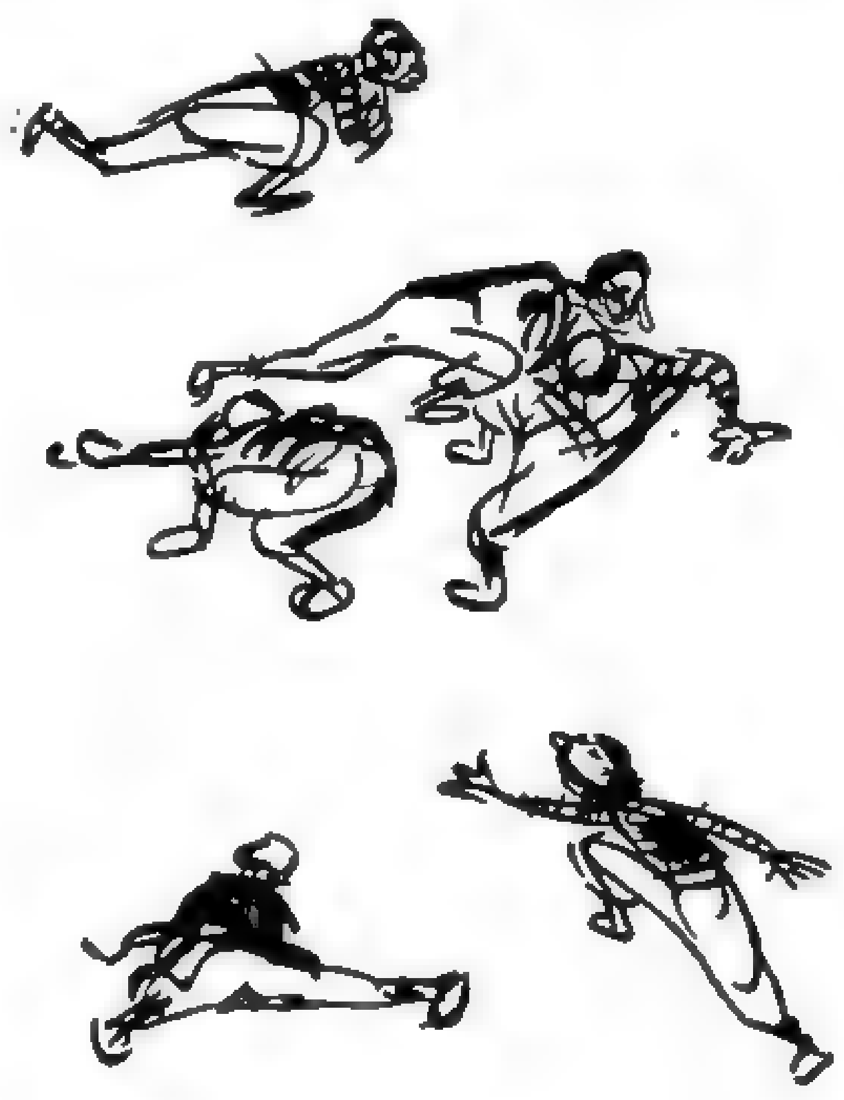
from the profession he would have undoubtedly made a success of and virtually wrecked his life.

This coach violated his responsibility as a coach. He is not a teacher whose purpose is to promote the welfare of the boys who play on his teams. He might have all the technical football knowledge in the world, do a good job of instructing in the various skills in football and be successful from the standpoint of winning games and bringing in the gate receipts, but he is not a good coach in the larger sense of the word. He may even be respected in a way by the players for his knowledge of the game, but he is not their friend, and they soon find that out. When they leave the football field he is through with them, and they, loyal though boys usually are, are through with him.



Whenever the men, playing under a coach and those who have played on his teams during the years past, are loyal to that coach and have a sincere affection for him—he is a good coach and a good teacher. He has not acquired that niche in their estimation without having earned it by unselfish devotion to their welfare. The teams coached by such a man have the best spirit, develop the greatest comradeship and loyalty, and have the highest sense of sportsmanship. The boy always comes first with that coach. He feels that it is his duty at all times to help the boy and not exploit him. Often, he may even lose games that could have been won if he had taken chances with the health and limbs of his players. Such coaches are usually only found in the employ of institutions which feel the same way. Unfortunately they are not in the majority.

If the experience of a former football coach, quite successful and prominent in his day, is any criterion, a father whose son loves to play football, is fairly good at it and is also a serious student with a definite idea of what he wants to be in life, is faced with quite a task when he starts out to pick out a college or university to send his son to. Even when the father is amply able to pay the "freight." This former member of the coaching fraternity had such a son and was, of course, very anxious to give his hopeful all the possible benefits of a college education with football thrown in, because he believed in football when rightly conducted.

In trying to pick out the school to send his son to, this old coach said recently that he had run into unexpected difficulty. There were some very splendid universities, amply prepared to give his son the type of scholastic instruction he wanted, but in them the administration and coaching of athletics just wasn't on the basis and of the type that he approved. Here was one individual who had his idea of the proper place of football in the educational scheme of things, and the type of instruction he wanted his son to receive.

One of this old timer's pet peeves was the type of language permitted upon some college football fields. He said he never could understand why language, probably appropriate enough on the water-front, should be considered necessary parts of the vocabularies of college boys otherwise quite well mannered, and their coaches. His point was that such language isn't either funny or pleasant to listen to, and certainly does not contribute anything to the courage or the ability of the players, and that he was interested in having his son be a good fighter—but not with his mouth.

He naturally was solicitous of the health of his boy, and was particularly careful in checking up on the way the various schools provided for the care of injuries and the prevention of injuries and infections.

He said he was quite astonished at some of the laxity in this regard. He found elaborate coaching staffs, and administrative facilities to handle publicity, sell tickets and care for buildings and grounds, but the one thing that he, as a father, was interested in most vitally—the health of his son—was not, in his estimation, adequately provided for.

Competent medical men were not required to be present during practices, probably because of the expense involved. Trainers were on hand who could handle minor injuries, but there was no one on the job capable of taking immediate care of a serious injury.

This man played and coached football for many years, and although a great enthusiast about the game—still was alert to the fact that football is no "sissie" game and is a rough and tumble affair where there is always danger of injury, especially where every possible precaution is not taken to prevent injury and then to care for any that might unfortunately occur.

The next dissatisfaction this coach gave expression to was with what he termed the "professional atmosphere" around some college football fields. When he played and coached, he thought football was a game and not a business, and that the boys participated for fun and because of the good comradeship and teamwork it developed. All the gossip that he heard about this, that and the other institution paying players

Continued at top of page 178B

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Drinkless KAYWOODIE

Now you are sure of a perfect bowl . . if it's Kaywoodie

What makes a pipe sweet-smoking and cool? Is it a pretty-looking finish? A "smooth" outside surface? You bet it's not. It's good sound briar root, clear-grained and sweet all the way through. That's the stuff Kaywoodie's made of—and what's more, we make sure of it. *X-Ray Sees Right Through the Pipe.* Kaywoodie is the only pipe using regular serial X-Raying as part of manufacture.

Drinkless KAYWOODIE $3.50

Super GRAIN $5

—*Roots from Virgin Territory — Greece*

7752—Overall Size—5¼ in.
5141—Overall Size—6 in.

Send for Actual X-Ray Picture and Free Specimen of $5 Super-Grain Kaywoodie Briar

A number of pictures are available from our X-Ray Lab; Get one—send 10¢ for mailing, to Dept. E2. You get also free Specimen of century-old Grecian briar roots used in $5 Super-Grain Kaywoodie pipes, showing their rare beauty and Handbook in colors, of more than 100 styles.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc. *Estab. 1851*
Empire State Building *New York City*

ONLY 4 OUT OF 100 BOWLS MEET THE KAYWOODIE STANDARD

All set for Fall weather

WITH WILLIAMS

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FOR AFTER SHAVING

1. Makes your face feel great.
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The "Innsbruck"
ask your dealer
for Curtis Style
No. 997

The "Innsbruck" is high-fashion this fall. Made of brown Ruffide (reversed calf) leather, with mahogany piping. Also available in grey Ruffide and tan or black Scotch Grain. They will be seen on the feet of style "pace-setters" from coast to coast.

CURTIS SHOES

FOR MEN

Most Styles $5 to $7.50

Curtis Shoe Company, Inc., Marlboro, Mass.

Don't Send Your Boy to . . .

Continued from pages 37-177-178A

to come to their respective campuses worried him, because he surely did not want his boy competing either with or against paid players whose only serious concern was with their football playing and what they were getting for it. How could the proper spirit be inculcated into a crowd of boys who were exchanging their ability as football players for school expenses, graduated according to their playing skill and their bargaining ability?

The other type of university where football was somewhat snickered at as an occupation for people with strong backs and weak minds, by those who considered themselves the intelligentsia also disturbed him, because he felt his son would not get a fair perspective at such schools, of life in all its fullness.

There are thousands of sons playing football. Not many of their fathers have had the opportunity this former coach had of knowing the possibilities of football for good and for evil. This old timer knew the pressure that was put on coaches to win games. He knew of the necessity of holding their jobs, almost desperate in the case of many of them with families. He had probably cut some corners himself, had done a little proselyting and taken a few chances to win games and hold his job. As an ambitious young coach anxious to be a big shot in the athletic world he hadn't thought much about these things. He hadn't had time during those early years to observe the harm to the boys that followed in the wake of such a policy. The alumni (including the synthetic) and even some of the administrations of the institutions that employed him, didn't worry about such things. Why should he? It was great while he was winning, but a series of defeats finally caught up with him, and he was put on the spot. He hadn't had the benefit of the advice of the famous old coach who told his protege to "talk football" while he was winning but to "build character" while he was losing. The inevitable happened—he lost his job.

He knew down in his heart that it hadn't been his fault that his team had been losing. As a matter of fact, he was a much better coach, and one who knew more football, after the experience of losing a number of games than he had been while he was winning. Still he had been fired. The unfairness of the thing galled him but did not embitter him.

He fortunately secured another position and perhaps due to this unhappy experience of being fired, or due to his increasing maturity, he gradually began to see another light—there must be something to football besides the mere winning of games. He discovered that these youngsters playing football were interesting, their problems and ambitions intriguing. He found that they turned to him for counsel and guidance if he encouraged them. He began to enjoy his coaching a lot more than when his only motive was to win games. Then a startling realization dawned upon him. The boys were playing better football. They seemed to appreciate his sympathetic interest in them. There wasn't any of the "take care of yourself at all costs" attitude on the squad. There was better teamwork. They won more games.

Years later after he retired from football he never forgot those experiences. No wonder when he had a son ready to go to college, he took so much pains to find an institution that he felt maintained the proper balance between education and athletics and which could give his son a well-rounded training. ⌗

The Unpardonable

Continued from page 38

the crowd of one day is entirely different in character from the crowd of the next. With the accounts as reported in the paper a whole mass of curiosity seekers invaded the Garden on the third night. They had no souls to be saved; they seemed merely there because the admission was free and they were promised a good show. But the singing was too long, the services were drawn out, and they became bored, they laughed and giggled, and they were disappointed and restless; they kept leaving, marching noisily through the aisles.

The Reverend Churchill was very frank and outspoken, and being irritated by the behavior on this night, he took the opportunity to say, "If this is New York, and this is a typical New York congregation, then I am in the face of an astonishing new experience. I expected some new experiences, but I think that some of the people who came here must have thought that this was a Buffalo Bill and Wild West show. I must confess I am disgusted with New York audiences."

This was the start of the decline and from now on, press or no press, the crusaders started to slip. They had lost their grip and they could no longer hold the imagination of the public in general. But it all made good news for the morning papers.

Peter Bass had worked on the last six-day bicycle race. That kind of kept your nose to the handle-bars and close to the typewriter as well. But this crusade was different. It was a different type of work and you had to be very careful not to misquote and get the paper into trouble. But it was this chance that made him a star reporter. It was the chance he had long waited for. A tele-

"A-hunting we did go" . . . and discovered this

ALLIGATOR* COAT

* Not actual, but a clever reproduction in a real he-man's model.

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Action back, talon front, deep pockets. In all colors. If your dealer can't supply you, send us chest measure, inside sleeve-length, color choice . . . and, if you please, check.

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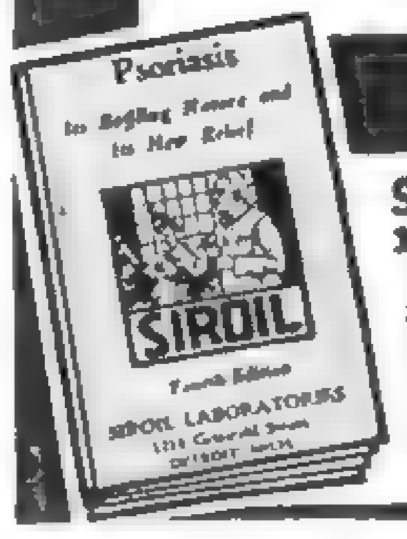
We back with a guarantee the claim that if you purchase a bottle of Siroil and do not receive decided benefit within two weeks—and you are the sole judge—your money will be refunded.



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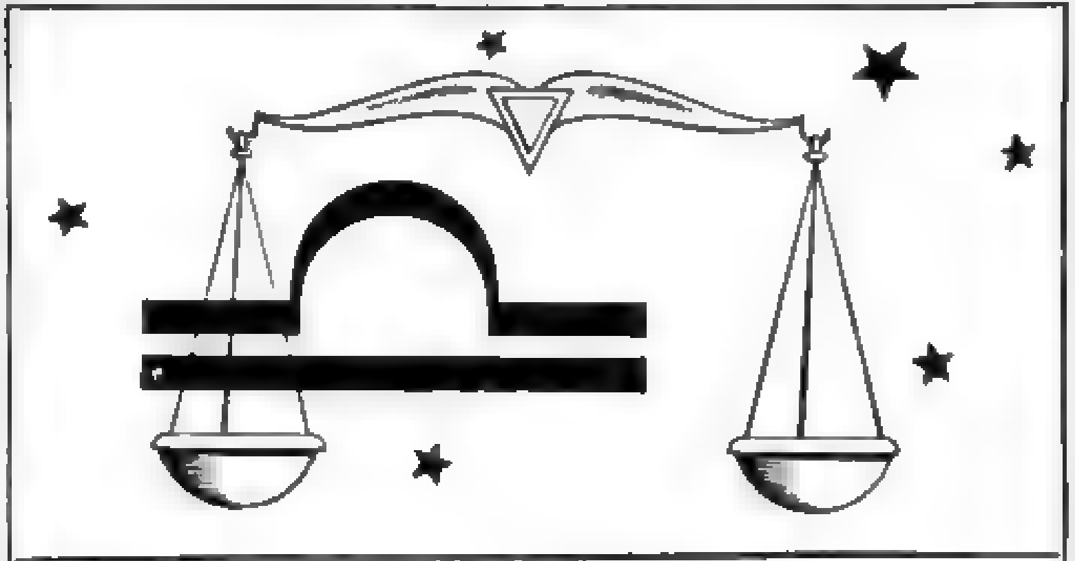


Peter Puget's*
ALMANAC

*After whom was named Puget Sound, smooth gateway to the fast Short Route that American Mail Liners sail (every other Saturday) from Seattle to the Orient.

Sept. 28, Saturday

11 a. m.—**S. S. President McKinley** leaves Seattle for Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila. Captain C. F. Bryant, U. S. N. R., on the bridge; much-traveled John Smith upholding his reputation as one of the Pacific's ablest pursers; Chief Steward Victor Ambrose planning surprises in his spotless galley.

Seattle is the center of the famous Evergreen Playground

Oct. 1, Tuesday

Deck sports fill the day on the **S. S. President McKinley.** The homeward-bound *S. S. President Jefferson* picks up stopovers at Shanghai (American Mail Liners let you stop over as you like, continuing on the next or a later of these identical ships).

Like rooms in a fine hotel, American Mail Line staterooms are all outside

Oct. 7, Monday

Steward Ambrose serves Sukiyaki dinner on **S.S. President McKinley,** while at Manila, passengers of *S. S. President Jackson* plan sidetrip to Iloilo, Zamboanga and Cebu (5 days, $50 on yacht-like S. S. Mayon, leaving every Tuesday).

American Mail Line fares to the Orient are as low as $285 First Class, $160 Tourist

Oct. 11, Friday

S. S. President McKinley arrives at Yokohama (40 minutes from Tokyo by elevated). Roundtrippers on *S. S. President Jackson* spend day at hilly Hong Kong on way home . . .

. . . still enjoying fresh vegetables, fruit and milk from the Jackson's enormous refrigerators

For full details, see your travel agent, or write D. J. Hanscom, 604 Fifth Ave., New York; L. Matthews, 110 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; Dan E. Gould, 634 S. W. Broadway, Portland, Ore.; R. O. Bullwinkel, 465 Howe St., Vancouver, B. C., or L. J. Lancaster, 1300 Fourth Ave., Seattle.

ORIENT
SEATTLE
AMERICAN MAIL Line
THE SHORT CUT TO THE ORIENT

phone call came from the editor-in-chief to encourage him. And there was also a promise of a raise.

On the fourth night a new excitement occurred. As the result of the homes that were visited by the crusaders in the beginning of the week, several hundred women arrived with cards admitting them to a special section and they brought with them their children and their babies, for this night was given over to prayer and divine healing. And several children got lost and were turned over to the police for safekeeping until their mothers could claim them.

On Friday night of the same week there was something else that happened that kept the crusaders on the front page. A woman became very hysterical and started shouting and laughing and crying at the same time. She was led down to the platform, and everyone in Madison Square Garden was asked to pray for her. This also made news, although the reporters didn't get her name, and the next night, being Saturday, brought out a very big crowd. While great numbers were there, enthusiasm seemed lacking. It was announced that the last sermon would be delivered the next day, Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, and this would sum up the work of the crusaders and would tell about their fierce battle with the demons of vice, and it would reveal for the first time what they actually found in the city of New York.

At about eleven-thirty that night Peter got back to his office. As he started writing his piece for the Sunday paper they brought him his pay envelope and he found a five dollar raise. And if you ever were a reporter you would know that this is a pretty big raise to receive at one time. He rubbed his hands and seemed pleased as Punch.

He wrote his piece and started home about two o'clock in the morning. He stopped at the Hell Hole—this is the name of the saloon that was quite famous in Greenwich Village where he lived—and he said to Mike the bartender, "Well, Mike, I haven't seen you in a long time. Been busy as hell. Covering the crusaders. Say, that's a good joke—Hell and Crusade. You better watch out, Mike, or they'll be here to clean you up. How about a whisky sour and a ham sandwich on rye?"

Drinking the whisky sour and eating his sandwich, he leaned across the bar and said to the bartender, "You know, Mike, I've just been thinking about the Reverend Churchill. And I think he's had a pretty raw deal. He's like a good fighter who lays himself wide open. Well, when a fellow does that he isn't a good fighter. But you know what I mean to say. He didn't look so good from the start, and they just decided to nail him to the cross, and they sure spiked him hard. And just to aggravate the mess, every night something different would occur to keep the story alive on page one. No publicity agent could have planned it any better. But it's bad publicity. Every time the story breaks it's all kind of underhand and when you read it you know that they made a monkey out of him. I've seen some fighters licked, and they kind of smile because they want to make you think they feel O. K., but the smile hasn't got a laugh behind it because it is just a twist of the lips that is put on. And behind those lips you can see there's something going on inside the man, and way down deep his heart is going to break open. But you know a fighter is a hard-boiled egg and he's not supposed to have a heart. But you know what I mean—give me another one of those whisky sours. You could see defeat written all over that Reverend's face tonight. He came into the ring last Monday, and he was roaring like a lion. And now he's ready to sneak out under the ropes, like a dog with a wet tail, and I'll be glad tomorrow when it's all over. His face kind of haunts me. I could see that face in my dreams. And it's as haunting to me as a story by Edgar Allan Poe. He has soft blue eyes, but the rest of his face is open and homely. I guess my father would have looked like that if he'd lived to be that age. Something licked him too, and I know that look when I see it."

Mike the bartender said he understood the whole thing thoroughly. He knew all about it because he had seen fellows when they had money and also when they didn't have a cent—that is just how much he understood.

The Reverend Churchill delivered his swan song to a half empty hall on Sunday morning. And now it was all over—the army was tired, they were weary, they had worked hard. And the buildings of New York that symbolized the teeth in the jaws of hell seemed just as tall and as jagged and as defiant. There was nothing to do about it. It was all a dismal failure.

The meeting was over at noon, but at two o'clock Peter had not arrived at the office of *The World.* They were getting worried, and they telephoned somewhere or other and asked a friend of his, a reporter in the office. He thought he would go around to Peter's room or he thought he knew where he could find him. He went to the Hell Hole directly and he was not at all surprised to find Peter asleep on the table in the back room. He shook him, while Mike the friendly bartender protested.

"Let him sleep it off—he'll be all right."

But the reporter shook Peter and cried. "Wake up. Where's your copy?"

Peter opened his eyes slightly and asked, "What copy?"

"Your copy. The crusaders. The sermon. The last sermon."

"To hell with the copy."

"Wake up, you bum." He shook him again.

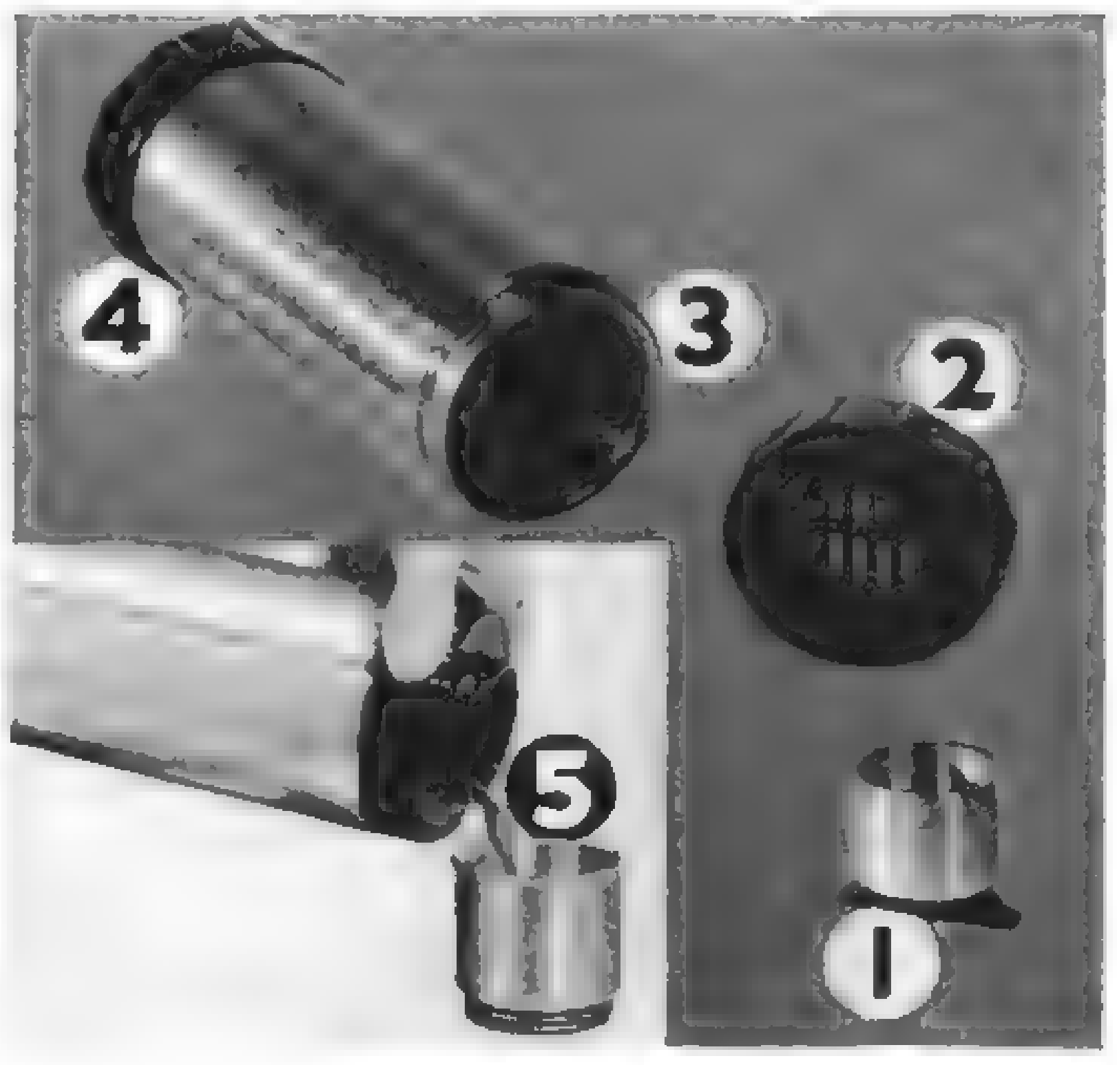
Continued on page 180

man,
WHAT A SHAKER!

Modern — sleek — handsome — it gives an air to any man's cocktail party. The black bakelite at the ends and the cherry-red holder at the top are just right to set off the gleaming satin-ray aluminum (or sparkling chromium, if you care to pay a little more). It certainly is a beauty.

But *handsome is as handsome does* — and the Tipple Tumbler is just as modern as it looks. What other shaker gives you all the *practical* features of the Tipple Tumbler as shown below? In action, it's perfect. You'll want one on sight; after a week you'll swear by it . . . The ladies like it too, for cocktail parties.

1. Jigger cap measures the voltage. **2.** Non-clogging strainer ends delay in serving; screw-on feature of top says "nay" to leakage. **3.** Extra wide top lets you dash in for thorough cleaning. **4.** Bakelite top and bottom protect your hands from chilling. **5.** The whole combination pours without clogging or spilling.



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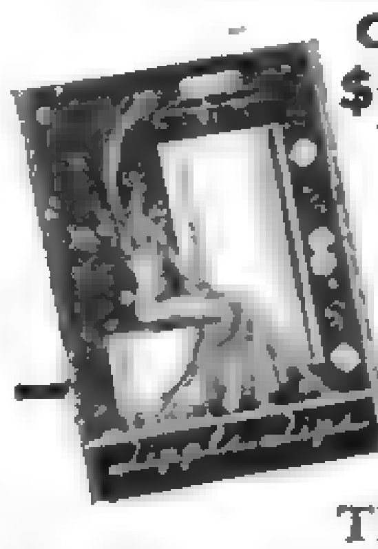
Free Booklet on Drinks You Should Know



TIPPLE TIPS is a deluxe booklet of 60 recipes for cocktails, highballs, coolers, fizzes, etc. Present this coupon to your favorite *drug store, jewelry store, gift shop, men's shop, or department store,* for a free copy they will gladly get for you — or send 10c directly to West Bend Aluminum Co., West Bend, Wis.

Name..

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A carbonated laxative water for headache, indigestion or sluggish liver.

If you eat too much, drink too much, smoke too much, you will find a bottle of Red Raven Splits will clear the head and cool the blood; good any time, best before breakfast — hot coffee or tea aid in action.

For sale at every good store, club or hotel — every dining or Pullman lounge car.

Self-Stirring BILLY BAXTER

Club Soda, Ginger Ale, Sarsaparilla — America's one fancy line of carbonated drinks.

For sale at good places, nation-wide. Booklet free.

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"I wouldn't take $100 for it"

Not one man—dozens write or tell us they wouldn't sell their Schick Shavers for $100 if they couldn't replace them. The sheer joy of shaving with **No Blades** and **No Lather** is thrill enough. But the real enthusiasm comes from getting a quick, clean shave with not the slightest chance of cutting nor scraping. There's no upkeep expense with the Schick Shaver. So figure out how quickly it pays for itself.

GET A DEMONSTRATION. Any of our dealers will show you how it works. If none is near you, send $15 to Department T.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50.)

SCHICK SHAVER

Operates on AC or DC

The Unpardonable

Continued from pages 38-179

"Oh, g'wan away and let me sleep."

"Wake up, I tell you. They need the copy."

He grumbled, "To hell with the copy."

"That's what happens to you when you get a five-dollar raise. I tell you, Peter, you're going to write that copy and you're going to write it now."

He ordered Mike to bring a cup of black coffee at once—that should sober him up—and he got a pad of paper and two pencils and he shook Peter. He shook him so hard that he did manage to wake him up. And he put the pencil in his hand and said, "Go on, now, write, you bastard."

Then he went to the telephone and called up the office. "He's all right, only tired. He's writing the copy now. I'll bring it down as soon as it's finished. It's a short piece. Half hour. Goodbye."

When he got back from the telephone Peter had stopped writing, having only done a few lines, but he was sipping the black coffee. The reporter put the pencil back into his hand and said, "You write that piece, or I'll murder you!"

"Okay, Buddie, I'm the dirty bird of this city of hell. Okay, I'll write 'em something."

He began very slowly, but then he wrote more and more rapidly and in a very short time it was all down in black and white, and his friend folded it up and put it in his pocket and ran off with a warning, "Now you go to bed and don't be a damn fool." And Peter laughed, "All right, all right."

The story appeared on the front page of *The World* on Monday morning. This was the sermon that was reported to be the swan song of the Reverend Andrew Churchill. But, alas, there was something wrong. No other paper in New York had any words at all like these.

Peter Bass had not shown up in the office that morning, and the city editor went around tearing his hair, and kept repeating to everyone in the office, "We'd better make a clean breast of it. We've got to face it." And he asked his secretary to try to get the Reverend Churchill on the telephone. But the Reverend had left the hotel that morning and would not return until noon. In fact, at the very moment that they were telephoning him he was on his way to Park Row, and a boy brought in the little visiting card engraved in a refined and very elongated old-fashioned script—*Rev. Andrew Churchill.*

He was shown into the office at once, and the editor began his apologies. "I can't understand what happened, but I'm pleased to have this opportunity to explain to you how much we regret. . . . I heard about it at eight o'clock this morning, and it was too late to lift it out of the paper. We are of course ready to print a correction at once and make any amends that you feel. . . ."

The Reverend Churchill smiled and interrupted, very softly, "I do not quite understand what you are saying to me. I come to you very humbly and without malice. I have a confession to make. I have failed and I realize it now. I see you do not understand. Indeed, it is difficult to understand. A week ago I was full of hopes, full of ambition, firmly convinced that the people of this great city would accept me on my face value. But I have failed, and I have misjudged. But I did not realize how badly I have failed until I read your paper this morning."

"Yes, that is most regretable. Our man was not at your meeting at all. The story we printed was a fantastic invention. That young fellow will never get a job on any newspaper in the whole country. He has done the one unpardonable crime. He has handed in a fake story, for it contains nothing at all of what you said in your sermon."

The Reverend Churchill shook his head sadly. "Alas! That is what I should have said. The sermon you printed is the one I should have delivered for this is the only logical conclusion to my whole week's work. The words in your paper are fiery, they are defiant, they are a challenge to the public as well as to the press. They acknowledge no defeat, and they unfurl a proud banner. Alas, sir, that is the sermon I should have delivered. And if these words that you now print only issued from my mouth I would indeed be the proudest man in the country. And so I came here to make a confession. At least I can be honest enough to admit where I have failed. And I would like very much to press the hand of the young fellow who wrote that sermon."

This was a surprise, a great surprise. Yes, it could be all arranged. All they would have to do was to call up the boarding house. He rang the bell and got hold on one of the reporters, the same fellow who had found Peter Bass in the Hell Hole the day before.

"Get hold of Peter, and have him come here at once, and you can tell him everything is O. K. At least, as far [illegible] the Reverend is concerned, anyway. But I want to tell that young fellow something. And when he gets here, I'll tell him. He's through on this paper, and he'll never have another job on any paper in this town. I want him to know that there's no pardon for the unpardonable."

But they could not get hold of Peter. He had shot himself early that morning. And when his landlady found his lifeless body, the revolver had dropped to the floor, but one hand was still clutching a copy of the paper containing his last sermon. ⵌ

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B-BAR-H RANCH

A California desert resort of the finest character • • • •

¶ The West has no finer, more delightful place for winter relaxation than the B-Bar-H. Located in the midst of desert beauties, you'll find quiet and rest, or thrilling sports and diversions... tennis, swimming, hunting, golf, hiking, camping, sun-bathing ...and above all, exhilarating desert riding.

¶ Individual cottages...with the appointments and comforts of the finest hotels, but true to the traditions of the West. Select, friendly clientele. Opens Oct. 1st.

Write for illustrated booklet and rates at once. Dept. E S

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THE GREATEST MIXER OF THEM ALL

CINZANO
pronounced Chin-zan-o
VERMOUTH
ITALIAN AND FRENCH

but always CINZANO *for the superior cocktail . . .*

How Will We Behave?

Continued from page 45

and the customer, knowing this, promptly finds the missing articles.

This company knows that customers whose first order is for two articles costing perhaps one dollar each, are better prospects for future business than those who order only one item costing, say, $10. An order for a single article may be accidental—maybe something needed in a hurry and not easily available elsewhere. But when a man orders two items, he has been browsing through the catalog.

Department store managers know expensive gowns of certain types are seldom bought by women but by men to give to women. They also know that a man almost never buys a woman a red dress—at least not if he is seriously interested in her. Red has high visibility and may attract too much attention to her. It might even attract annoying competition for her favors. If she is beautiful, enough men will cast eyes in her direction anyhow; and if she is not beautiful, why embarrass the poor dear by making her too noticeable? A dress buyer employed in a big store knows how to predict what kind of stock to have on hands, because he has observed how average people have behaved in the past.

Every capable hotel manager knows all too well that a man traveling with his wife will make twice as many complaints as if he were traveling alone. This is because the husband wishes to demonstrate his ability to obtain good service. If his wife is much younger than himself, then he is especially likely to be on his toes, ready to prove to her that she did not marry the wrong man, but has a husband capable of obtaining as good a room and bath, and as many towels, as she demands. If the couple happen to be European, then the reverse may be true. A good average European wife is more likely to put up with personal inconvenience, so long as her husband is not disturbed. There are plenty of exceptions to these general rules, but in the long run a hotel clerk knows what to expect. Consciously or unconsciously, he recognizes the law of averages.

Telephone companies know that—because of this law of averages—the peak of telephone calls in a residential section, for the whole day will be around 8:30 in the morning. Since most business offices open at 9 o'clock, father has left home by that time, the children are at school, and mama sits down at the phone to order groceries or chat with friends. Another peak is reached at 4:30 when wives are calling husbands to remind them that they must not forget to bring home this or that—and shall they plan to have the Potters drop in for a game of rummy. When wives are not calling husbands at 4:30, husbands are phoning wives to notify them that unexpected circumstances have arisen and—well, hubby just can't get home until ten or eleven o'clock, or maybe even later.

Fewer telephone calls are placed at 4 a. m.—regardless of what town you live in—than at any other hour. The average man has little to say at 4 a. m. even by phone. Nothing a subscriber does is ever much of a surprise to the statistical department of a telephone company. It all falls in with and becomes a part of a predictable pattern.

It is possible, on the average, to predict human honesty—provided one knows enough about influences which might create temptations toward *dis*honesty. Surety companies, who gamble on the honesty of a corporation's employes, and insure employers against loss, have paid out far more money in claims during recent hectic years; but they have never wavered in their faith in Cause and Effect. When their predictions have been wrong, they know they did not take into reckoning enough causes and now are trying to do their job with even greater accuracy. They have made plenty of discoveries about the working of the law of averages, at that.

For example, they have had to face a big upturn in defalcations by women employes. But nearly every one of these defaulting women was noticeably lacking in beauty and charm. When a woman is without enough charm to gain economic security through attracting a man able to provide for her, she often finds herself in a tight place. In a time of economic upheaval, with members of her family in difficulty, she is more than ever subject to temptation.

The worst possible situation, surety companies find, is for an employe to be in great need and have opportunity to steal. All day long he must listen to the still, small voice of the tempter, saying: "You *do* need more, and you *could* get it!"

Not every man who desperately needs more money than he is earning is going to steal. Many would die first. But the fact remains that the probability of his succumbing to temptation is greater as the temptation increases.

Even suicides are fairly predictable. The majority of people who take their own lives do so not on gloomy days but on bright days. On a gloomy day a discouraged man thinks he will feel better when the sun comes out; but when the sun *is* out and his outlook still seems hopeless, he sees nothing to wait for.

In a general way, the law of averages indicates that honesty is relatively high where the educational standards of a community are high. Well-educated people know that dishonesty in the long run never pays.

Employment managers and personnel directors make constant

Continued on page 182

FRENCH SHRINER & URNER

CUSTOM GRADE MODELS *in Norwegian* CALF

Norwegian calfskin is the choice of custom shoemakers because it combines so perfectly both comfort and sturdy wear

- *Requires no breaking in.*
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- *Holds its shape, size and style lines.*

French, Shriner & Urner craftsmen offer you in the three models below, their idea of perfect shoe satisfaction.

FRENCH SHRINER & URNER
1
2
3

① *"Raglan cutaway" Blucher, leather lined. Style 39 Brown. Style 40 Black.*
② *Our famous plain toe Tramper model. Style 119 Brown. Style 120 Black.*
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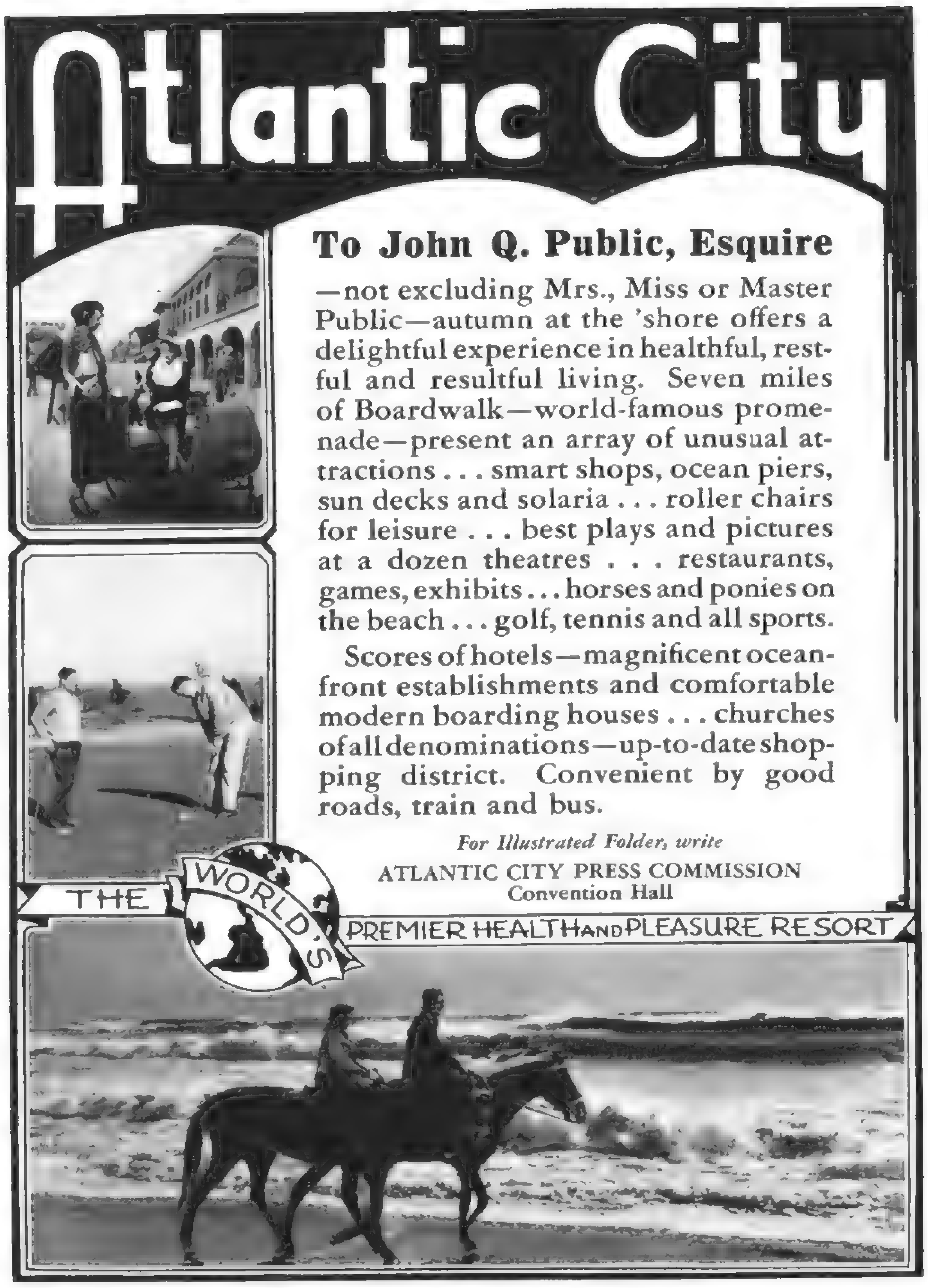
STORES and DEALERS *from Coast to Coast*



Atlantic City

To John Q. Public, Esquire

—not excluding Mrs., Miss or Master Public—autumn at the 'shore offers a delightful experience in healthful, restful and resultful living. Seven miles of Boardwalk—world-famous promenade—present an array of unusual attractions . . . smart shops, ocean piers, sun decks and solaria . . . roller chairs for leisure . . . best plays and pictures at a dozen theatres . . . restaurants, games, exhibits . . . horses and ponies on the beach . . . golf, tennis and all sports.

Scores of hotels—magnificent oceanfront establishments and comfortable modern boarding houses . . . churches of all denominations—up-to-date shopping district. Convenient by good roads, train and bus.

For Illustrated Folder, write

ATLANTIC CITY PRESS COMMISSION
Convention Hall

THE WORLD'S PREMIER HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORT

"I have REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!" . . . writes George Bailey

Smart Clothes Look Smarter When You Have That Waistline Dip!

YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days your waistline will be 3 inches smaller. 3 inches of fat gone or no cost! "I reduced 8 inches" . . . writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson. *Hundreds of similar letters.*

REDUCE your WAIST 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
or it will cost you nothing!

You will be completely comfortable as its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! Gives an erect, athletic carriage, supports abdominal walls, keeps digestive organs in place, greatly increases endurance. Simply write name and address on post card and we'll send you illustrated folder and full details of 10 day FREE trial offer!

THE WEIL CO., 5810 Hill St.
New Haven, Conn.

NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERCISES

SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

There's no grander gift for any man than a subscription to Esquire

15th of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands

How Will We Behave?

Continued from pages 45-181

use of the law of averages. They know that previous salary is usually a fair indicator of a prospective employe's ability. Not one man in fifty ever voluntarily works for less than he could get, with the idea of learning and bettering himself later. A man's present salary may be much less than he is worth, but it is probably all he knows how to obtain.

In following up intelligence tests, it has been observed that sons of college-bred parents are less predictable, in certain respects, than sons of parents who never went to college. In a general way, college-bred people are, presumably, inclined to go in for reading and discussion. They are better able than less educated people to change their minds when new evidence seems to justify a different opinion. Children growing up in such an atmosphere are likely to absorb some of this spirit of open-mindedness. Putting it another way, children of college-bred fathers and mothers may be Democrats, Republicans, Presbyterians, vegetarians, or opposed to the League of Nations—but not just because their parents were.

When a personnel director picks the wrong man for a job, it isn't necessarily because there was not enough information available to guide him, but more likely because he did not delve deep enough. Employes in a certain office used to snicker secretly about the personnel director who took great pride in his ability to pick the right girl for any job. What struck everybody as funny was that he had been married and divorced three times!

Marriage is one of the richest fields of all for studying the workings of human possibilities. Much statistical evidence is available, for example, to indicate that in a large city a man is more likely to meet and marry a girl who lives *across* the street than he is to discover and marry an equally desirable girl who lives near him on the *same side* of the street. The explanation is simply that chances are more favorable for his taking notice of a girl going and coming from a front door opposite his own.

Life insurance companies know when an average person will marry, just as they know when he will die. They have figures to prove that for a young man of 20 years, his chances in favor of his being alive and married within five years are exactly 41.1 per cent or a little less than half. But he is much more likely to be alive and married within ten years. His batting average on that score is 62.8 per cent, or nearly two to one. A young man of 25 has seven chances in 1000 of marrying *and* dying within five years. A young woman of 25 has two chances in one hundred of being both married and dead within ten years. At 25, a woman's chances of being married within ten years are barely even. But after she has passed 30, probabilities that she will live another ten years and also be married, are two to one against her.

A man's chances, or risks, of marriage are much greater if he is exposed to the wiles of widows. If a woman has once been a successful wife, and is not content in her widowhood, she knows how to make herself agreeable to men. She has had more experience than her unmarried competitors. Following statistical evidence, a woman of 40 years who has never been married, has only *half* the marriage probability she had at 35; but a widow's chances at 40 are practically as good as they were at 35. There are always more widows than widowers. If a man is 15 years older than his wife, which is not unusual, the chances are three to one that she will not die until after she has become a widow.

Detectives are not ordinarily statisticians, but they nevertheless unconsciously follow laws of human probabilities and averages in trying to foretell what a man hunted is likely to do. If a man has gone from his home town under a cloud, he is certain to be curious about the very situation from which he is running away. That being true, he is certain to receive mail from friends back home. Wherever he is, he probably calls from time to time at the general delivery window. Thousands of hunted men have been caught there. If a man has disappeared and does not receive mail, the chances are that he is not far away, but is in hiding near home. This tallies with experience. It tallies with records of criminal investigations; the law of probabilities again.

A handy device, this law of averages. It would not be of much value, though, if everybody were a genius. If you were a genius, there would never be any knowing what you would do. A genius is something of a freak. No two are likely to behave the same. But because most of us are just average, normal folk, we respond fairly predictably to the same influences—to the same kind of items of newspapers, to the same opinions we pick up in conversations, and to the same kind of appeal in advertising.

Harnessing this law of averages is still only moderately effective, because we are still unable to obtain enough accurate information about *causes*. We can't foretell effects with real precision until we know *all* the causes. If we knew enough, an advertiser, for example, could tell exactly how much money he would take in as a direct consequence of inserting truthful statements in a magazine or newspaper reaching a certain class of readers.

In other words, if we only knew enough, we could conduct our business affairs in a manner truly scientific. ⧺

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 97

Cities, and the *Last Days of Pompei* and *Muting on the Bounty*, and *Anthony Adverse* come soon, soon.

But that is merely a hint. The film companies will out Herod Herod, and top Nero, and make a bum out of Barnum; just read their advance notices of the season.

Yea, there are pictures that make themselves felt when they are but bubbles in the brain of the producer genius. Blow, blow, big boy; and we watch with razor-sharp suspense; Chaplin's "production number 5" progresses on the calender from the 1st to the 19th to the 37th week, and still it expands, but along about the 17th week we have heard there is a scene in it in which Charley tries to scratch his nose while tending to a machine, and by the 27th week we have heard that it is going to have a name, and then it has a name! and, oh God! oh God! it's coming! Ads announce it! Trailers! The actual thing—!

Super-specials, they are called. M G M, alone, is going to hit us with *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, and the *Great Ziegfield* ("so BIG that only M G M could handle it!") and Garbo in *Anna Karenina*, and *A Tale of Two Cities*, and all four Marx brothers and twenty-two star pictures: Gable, Garbo, Harlow, Grace Moore, Crawford, Shearer, Beery, Barrymore!

But hold! Warner Brothers are going to knock us deaf, blind, cuckoo, and have us punch drunk by Nov. 1 with Frederic March in *Anthony Adverse* (took four years to write!) and *The Green Pastures* (five-year stage run!) and the *Charge of the Light Brigade* (600 epic warriors in Tennyson's epochal epic!) and *Three Men on a Horse* (something like the foregoing, with seven road companies) and six Western Productions (of a new and improved type) and Rudy Vallee, and Marion Davies, and Leslie Howard, and Edward G. Robinson, and James Cagney in *The Frisco Kid*, and Rafael Sabatini's *Captain Blood* (pirates! . . . sea battles!) and Paul Muni (as a Gangster's Doctor!)

If we are still conscious, R K O will attempt to finish the job with three supreme attractions in which Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers will jig on our brains to the tunes of Irving Berlin, three Katharine Hepburns, one Lily Pons, one Charles Boyer, two Ann Hardings, General Grant, a John Ford production of the *Plough and the Stars*, and two Technicolor jobs.

That isn't a third of it. Wallace Beery will carry *A Message to Garcia*, Ronald Colman will be the *Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*, Miriam Hopkins will do the *Barbary Coast* for Sam Goldwyn, Alexander Korda will do *Moscow Nights*, Ronald Young is the Man Who Could Work Miracles for the same Mr. Korda, and Charles Laughton will be Cyrano de Bergerac. Paramount will produce Kipling's "Number 1 writing achievement," *The Light That Failed*, and that Number 1 classic, *Peter Ibbetson*, and—

But we could go on like this for hours.

Suffice it to say that more extras have been employed so far this year than in the corresponding period of any recent year, and that the all-time record may well be busted by the end of the current season of production.

And after we have slept off the headache, what have we left? A dazzling anticipation, names, names, names, classics, best sellers, re-makes, and more re-makes.

Ronald Colman will be Ronald Colman in *A Tale of Two Cities* as he might be in *Clive of India;* Garbo has been *Anna Karenina* once; and *Anthony Adverse* may be another *David Copperfield.*

When the dazzle-headache is over, we begin to remember our last year razzle dazzle jag, and wasn't it the greatest, most razzling dazzling jag that we ever had? That ever could be? *Les Misérables! David Copperfield! Treasure Island! Becky Sharp!*

What is there really to look forward to, out of this list of super-specials? There are several of fine conscience and true ability, in Hollywood; Charles Laughton, Paul Muni, Peter Lorre; among women, Miriam Hopkins, Katharine Hepburn are at the moment outstanding.

These artists, if given stories that are adaptable to the screen, or, better, stories made for the screen alone, can produce characterizations worth keeping in a permanent art form.

The stories are the main thing. Producers are coming to admit that, more and more. When *Becky Sharp*, a film which had everything, including the tremendous novelty of a beautifully successful use of color, fell short purely because of story weakness, producers realized that nothing can substitute for story. And they still don't know that story means cinema-story. Time and again they have been knocked off their balance by trifles which happened to click simply because they used the camera to tell a story the camera-way.

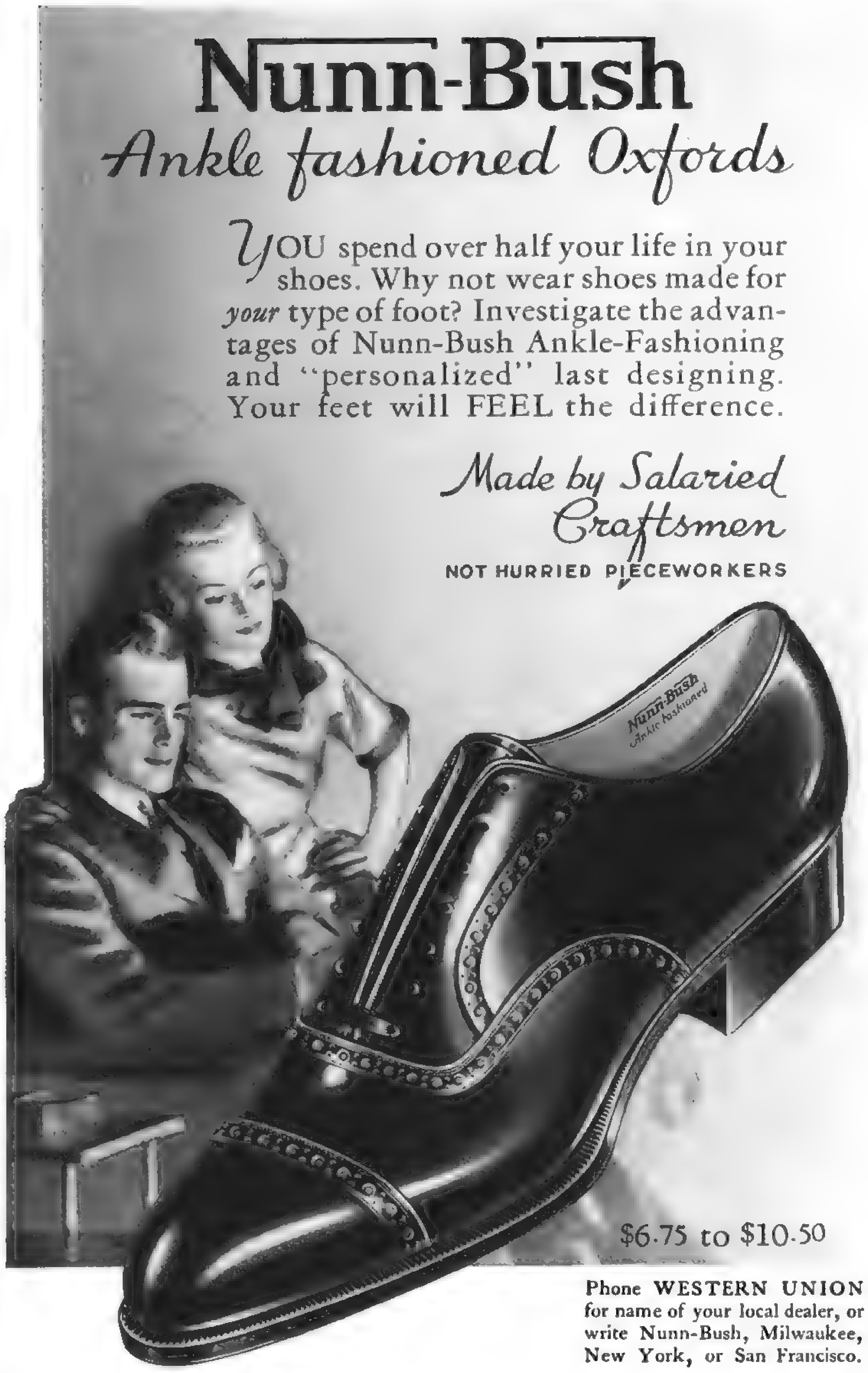
All right, suppose we have actors and yarn. The final requirement, to bring a picture into the class of significant entertainment, is a theme that has living value to the audience.

So far this year, *Black Fury* and *The Informer* were the only two such satisfactory pictures. What have we for the coming season:

I predict: That *Mutiny on the Bounty*, even with Charles Laughton, will be a fine rousing adventure piece, effectively mounted; not much more.

That *Way Down East*, *Last Days of Pompei*, and a *Tale of Two Cities* will merely be excellent

Continued at top of page 184



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YOU spend over half your life in your shoes. Why not wear shoes made for *your* type of foot? Investigate the advantages of Nunn-Bush Ankle-Fashioning and "personalized" last designing. Your feet will FEEL the difference.

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Phone WESTERN UNION for name of your local dealer, or write Nunn-Bush, Milwaukee, New York, or San Francisco.

They're not only practical

FORSTNER KEY CHAINS ARE *DECIDEDLY* SMART

A Forstner Key Chain is not just a "gadget". It is a very essential item that is correct for business, sports or evening wear. When you choose a key chain, be sure it's a Forstner DUBL-LOCK . . . the key ring which has no sharp projections and is absolutely secure. Many styles and qualities available at jewelry, men's wear, department stores.

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JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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WATER—BLOC

The
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A hat with a hand felted edge...made by the patented LEE WATER-BLOC PROCESS which makes hats rollable, foldable, super-serviceable and moisture proof. In plain colors and mixtures.

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Obtainable at leading retail stores throughout the U. S. A.

**Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

LEE HATS
for the
YOUNG FELLOW
$3.50

The FRANK H. LEE CO.
358 Fifth Avenue • New York

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 97-183

sound repeats of the silent days.

That *Anthony Adverse* will be a fine illustration of the book. More exciting than *Copperfield*, because the book has more drama. But not a great film.

I look forward with the highest expectation to Peter Lorre in *Crime and Punishment*, because there is a novel eminently translatable to the screen, and there is an actor made for the part.

I look forward to the *Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, because there again is a novel which is almost a pure scenario. The unified, centralized, progressive action, and the explanation of the theme in movement, action, makes it cinema. I hope M G M can get John Ford to direct it, but there are several directors, from Reinhardt to King Vidor, who could do the job: it's a natural.

Somehow I have fallen into the habit of visualizing various actors for the parts in the book; I think Peggy Wood could do the wife, and someone might have to be discovered for Iskouhi, though Dorothy Wilson is a possibility; George Breakstone seems just right for the boy.

I look forward to Chaplin's *Modern Times*. He has become such a titanic myth that it is natural to suspect the aestheticians who worship him as the true prophet of cinema; still, he has always come up to dimensions.

I look forward with hope and trepidation to *Green Pastures*.

For the rest, I believe the coming season will see the position of British films further advanced, especially with the so-called class audiences. The British have shown, with *The 39 Steps* that they can absorb everything Hollywood had to teach in the way of technique, pace, shine. Beyond that, they have a higher estimate of audience intelligence, and therefore a better average of product for those who read this column.

And I believe that such frank repetitions as *Tarzan Returns*, and *Charley Chan in Shanghai*, will prove generally more acceptable as entertainment than the burst-a-blood-vessel stunts like *Last Days of Pompei*.

I believe that the unusually high number of spectacular pictures on the production lists is an indication that Hollywood is rapidly exhausting itself. This phase of sound pictures is like the last phase in silent pictures; maybe the Technicolor boys can take this as a fine augur; maybe 1937 will see Hollywood beginning all over again, going through the same development stages, with color, that it did with silent and with sound product. That'll be good for another ten years.

I regret to say that there is nothing apparent on any of the production lists (unless it be *Modern Times*) which would indicate that the cinema is going the way literature and the stage are going: toward a closer interpretation of the realities of American life. Of course such pictures usually come as surprises. But so far as indications go, Hollywood, after a peep at things-almost-as-they-are, last season, in such pictures as *Gentlemen Are Born*, *The President Vanishes*, *Black Fury*, is returning to the land of once upon a time and never never. ⧺

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 91

are forms of strange delight; and that to court death is the richest way of experiencing life. I do not subscribe to these sentiments; I did not subscribe to them even when I encountered them in a more exhilarating and poetic form in Nietzsche. But the publication of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is undoubtedly the literary sensation of the season; and its revelations and mystic matters will stimulate a vast rumble of conversation.

Another publishing venture of exciting importance results from the decision of the Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston to bring out their superb Arthur Waley translation of *The Tale of Genji* by Lady Murasaki in two volumes at $5 a set. This great classic of Oriental literature has hitherto been available only in a four volume edition issued at $3.50 a volume. Although it was written over nine hundred years ago by one of the court ladies of Japan it is one of the two dozen or so greatest masterpieces in world literature, and unlike many masterpieces of the past it is so fresh, so modern, so eternally true to the heroic aspirations of the human imagination that it can be read with the same easy delight we take in the best of contemporary fiction. It is curious to reflect that Lady Murasaki wrote very like Proust, with some of the same sort of meticulous remembrance of sights, sentiments and associations by which Proust enriched his story of his life. But, whereas Proust wrote of a decadent, effete and even degenerate society, depicting with infinite exactitude the colors of that society's putrescence, Lady Murasaki wrote of a hero, a heroic superman, in an age of great vitality and great splendor. Perhaps there never was any such man as Prince Genji, son of the Emperor, and of his concubine Kiritsubo, just as perhaps there lived no Helen of Troy such as legend has depicted her; but, since God neglected to create such a fellow, it is our compensation for His omission that Genji comes so vividly to life in the imaginative pages of Lady Murasaki.

As a balanced ration among new books I have these suggestions:

VEIN OF IRON. (Harcourt, $2.50) by Ellen Glasgow—A story

LINKMAN'S
Doctor Grabow
PATENTED
PIPE

A Sweet, Dry, Healthful Smoke
from the first draw!

Honey liner means no "breaking in"

Nicotine trap purifies the smoke

Saliva trap keeps a Dr. Grabow DRY

Designed by a physician who wasn't satisfied with ordinary pipes! Not a "gadget" but a real improvement that thousands of smokers are grateful for . . . Even if you customarily pay much more—TRY a Doctor Grabow for the comfort smoke of your life!

Special Dr. Grabow Pipe, finest imported briar, $1
DeLuxe Dr. Grabow, natural select grain . $1.50
Write for illustrated folder.

Also makers of Linkman's Fifty Grand Pipe at 50c.

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HONEY LINER
NICOTINE TRAP
SALIVA TRAP
FAMOUS DR. GRABOW PIPE NOW $1

ESCAPE
from Tourist Throngs and Auto Roads . . .

OVERNIGHT by rail from the Mexico you know and love is that other, that different, that even more enchanting Mexico. You'll love this new Mexico all the more; love its cozy inns, its beauty, its hospitality. For until you know *Lake Pátzcuaro*, *Uruapan*, *Guanajuato*, *Alvarado*, *Jalapa* and *Oaxaca*, life's loveliest moments still await you.

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The Mexico you'll enjoy most is far from motor roads and tourist throngs—but may be reached quickly and comfortably *by rail*.

In your community there is a travel agent who specializes in this other Mexico—this holidayland of your dreams. If you have difficulty in locating such an agent, we'll find him for you.

Illustrated informative booklet free. Write for your copy today.

NATIONAL RAILWAYS *of* MEXICO
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MEXICO

CHAS. HARRIS

The "Man in the Barrel" says:

ARROW Shirts now have a space for marking with Cash's Names. But whether you wear Arrow or any other make CASH'S NAMES will save laundry losses, positively identify you and your wearables. Don't lose your clothes—mark them with Cash's Names. Easily attached with Cash's NO-SO Cement.

Order from your Haberdasher or Department Store or write

Cash's

255 Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn., or
6227 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles, Cal. or
85 Gray St., Belleville, Ont.

TRIAL OFFER: *Send 15c for 1 dozen of your own first name and sample tube of NO-SO cement.*

CASH'S NAMES } 3 doz. $1.50 6 doz. $2. NO-SO Cement } 25¢ a tube
9 " 2.50 12 " 3.

of family life and tragic love in a small Southern town at the turn of the century, written not in the ironic and comedic vein of her more recent novels but in the sombre, more troubling mood of *Barren Ground.*

The Great Trek. (Doubleday, Doran and Company, $2.50) by Max Miller—This is a full and only authentic account of that unique and extraordinary drive of a herd of three thousand reindeer from Point Barrow in Alaska to the MacKenzie Delta in Canada, a drive which, it was estimated, would take eight months and which actually required over five years. The deer had been bought from the Lomen brothers, the reindeer kings of Alaska, by the Canadian government as a food supply for the Eskimos of northern Canada. The drive was made over hitherto uncharted routes and was accomplished under great hazards through tortuous, ice-filled mountain passes and against the terrors of attacks from wolves and the prospects of death from freezing and starvation. There are sixteen pages of illustrations from the official photographs of the drive. The story is written from the authentic records and the vocal testimony of survivors of the trek, in Max Miller's effective, highly individual angle of narration.

The Voice of Bugle Ann. (Coward McCann, Inc., $1.25) by MacKinlay Kantor—A little classic of fox-hounds (not the hunt club sort) and of hound dog breeders, which is an unmitigated delight and a treasure to all lovers of dogs.

Richard Savage. (The Viking Press, $2.50) by Gwyn Jones—An historical novel based upon the fantastic career of the English poet, amorist, intrigant, murderer and dramatist, who was Alexander Pope's informant and spy.

Some We Loved. (Houghton Mifflin Company, $2.50) by Edward Harris Heth—A most unusual, moving and beautiful novel of family life in a middle western city, by a young Chicago novelist who is certain to receive high and merited praise for the slant he has on life, the warmth of his feeling and the maturity of his prose style.

Headed for a Hearse. (Doubleday, Doran and Company, $2.00) by Jonathan Latimer—This breezy, hard-boiled murder mystery is my second or third recommendation of books in kind since I began to officiate in these pages. The droll, woman-crazy Detective Crane is almost as swell a creation as Dashiell Hammett's soulless Sam Spade. And this yarn moves with speed and sophistication.

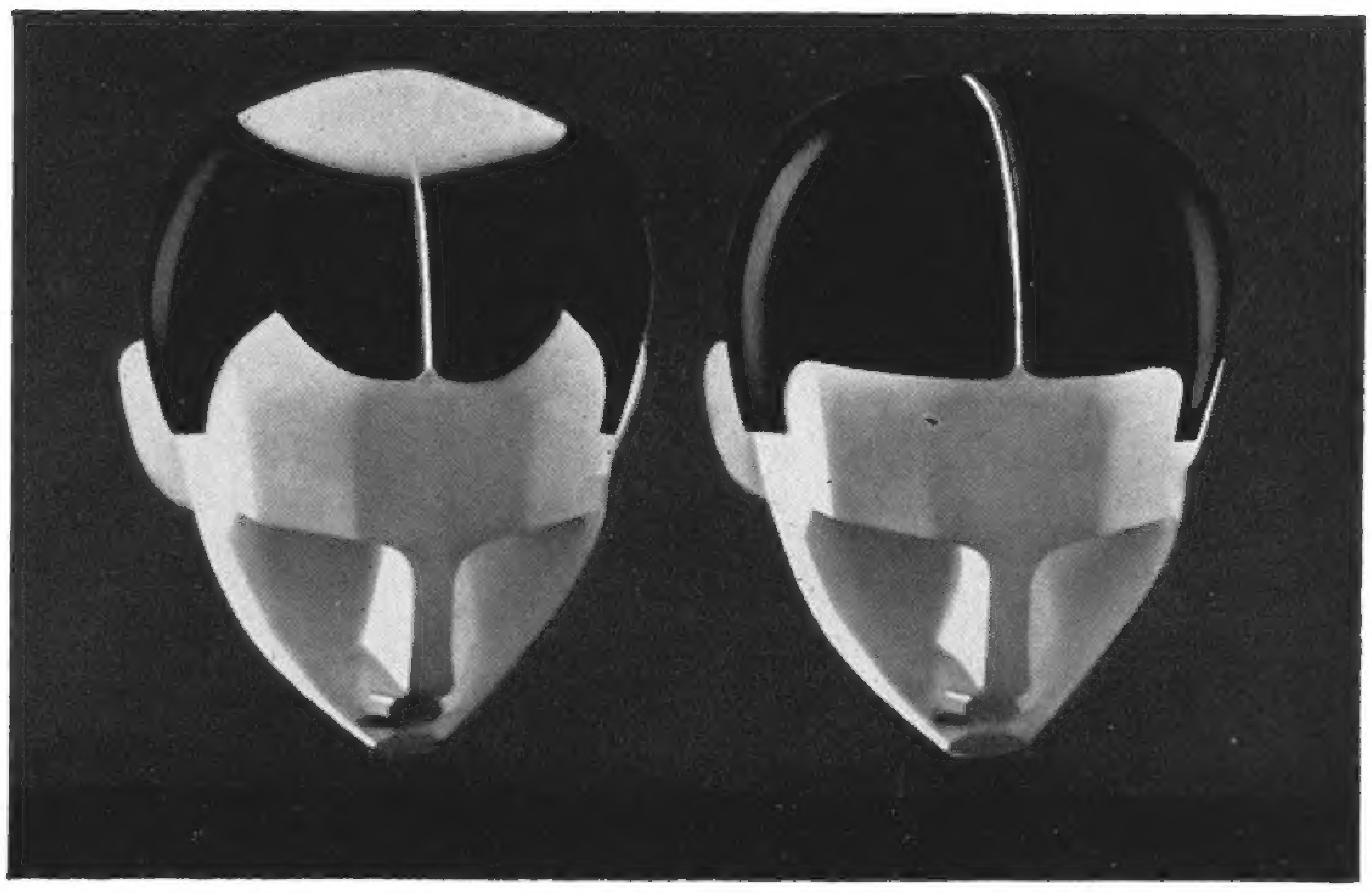
My Own, My Native Land. (Doubleday, Doran and Company, $2.50) by Thyra Samter Winslow—Every one who has ever lived in a small town in the middle-west will recognize with happy emotion the people, the types, of this unified series of sharply etched stories. Here is a *Main Street* revisited by one of the most sardonic and most economical writers of our time. Mrs. Winslow can tell so much in a single sentence that the longest of her stories runs to only a few pages. And this book would be a novel if it had a plot. Every story in it, on the other hand, has its plot and point.

North to the Orient. (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50) by Anne Morrow Lindbergh—Perhaps the tragedy in the Lindbergh kidnapping was the jealousy of the gods that fortune had been so opulent in its gifts to Anne Morrow. She had a father who was a statesman and a Morgan partner; she had grace and charm; she married the most romantic and heroic figure of our time; she has flown over the roofs of the world with her famous husband.

And now it turns out that she had unquestionable gifts as a writer; for here she has told the story of the flight with her husband from New York, to Nanking by way of Alaska, in simple, direct fashion, illuminated by excellent descriptive passages and replete with careful observation.

The worst book of memoirs, without exception, I ever read or tried to read is *R. D. B.'s Procession* (Macmillan, $2.50) by Ralph D. Blumenfeld, an American expatriate who for thirty years has been editor of the London Daily Express. He has met the big-wigs and high mucky-mucks and personalities of the headlines everywhere since the days of Gladstone and yet he has only the most unbelievable banalities to utter about any of them. It is an exercise in credulity to read this stuff: you would never believe that such stupidities could be written and published.

You will also find it hard to believe what you read in *King Lehr and the Gilded Age* (Lippincott, $3) by Elizabeth Drexel Lehr but you will find it an interesting historical document, exposing the pathetically infantile lives of America's wealthy society and Europe's nobility. Lehr was the professional wit and organizer of New York society's entertainment after the passing of Ward McAllister. That he was a nitwit and bounder who married a Drexel girl for her money but only after he found she would be accepted by the leaders of New York's society, was never perceived by the fabulous and preposterous crew who were proud to be known as "the Four Hundred." ⧺



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After twelve years of research, the Post Institute presents ULTRASOL, a new hair discovery, based on a new theory. Although Ultrasol has won most enthusiastic endorsement from distinguished users, the ethics of the Institute preclude exaggerated claims. Intelligent men and women, intent upon hair improvement, are invited to send for the treatise on Ultrasol, which will be mailed without cost or obligation.

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Makes NEW BLADES Sharper AND Smoother
C-Sharp Stropper
PIGSKIN $1.50 COWHIDE $1.00

You'll feel like harmonizing, too—When you shave with a blade that has been stropped on a

C-Sharp STROPPER!

This precision built, guaranteed Stropper duplicates the action of a professional barber. It strops all four edges of any double-edged safety razor blade in six seconds with one operation.

For shaving comfort buy the C-SHARP STROPPER at your local Dept. Store, Men's Store, Drug, Hardware, or Cutlery Store; or write direct, enclosing money-order or check to

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It's the Dobbs that sets the hat styles. That's why we feature Dobbs Hats for wear with Rogers Peet clothes.

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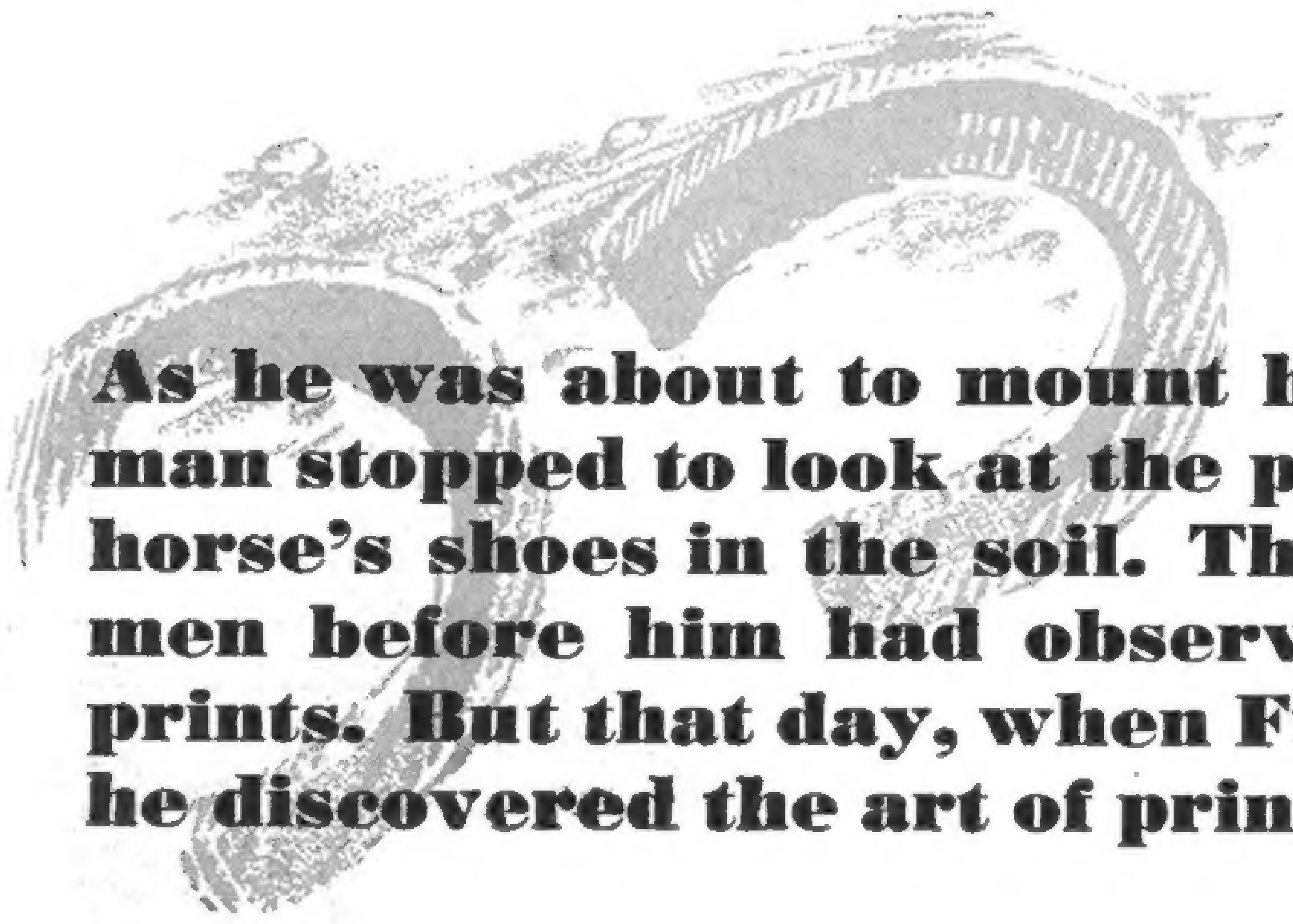
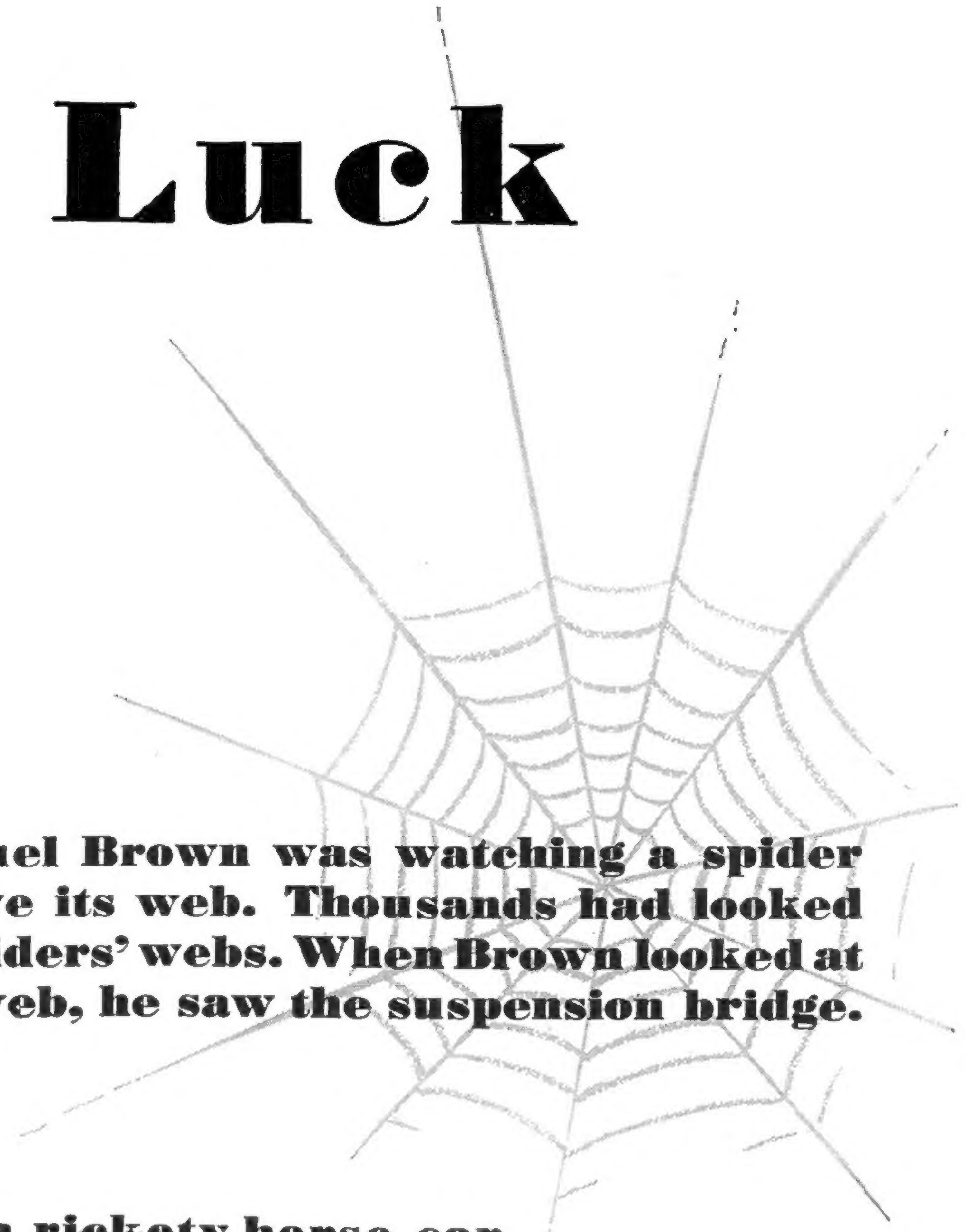
To the EXECUTIVE
Whose Signature Is Required On Advertising Contracts

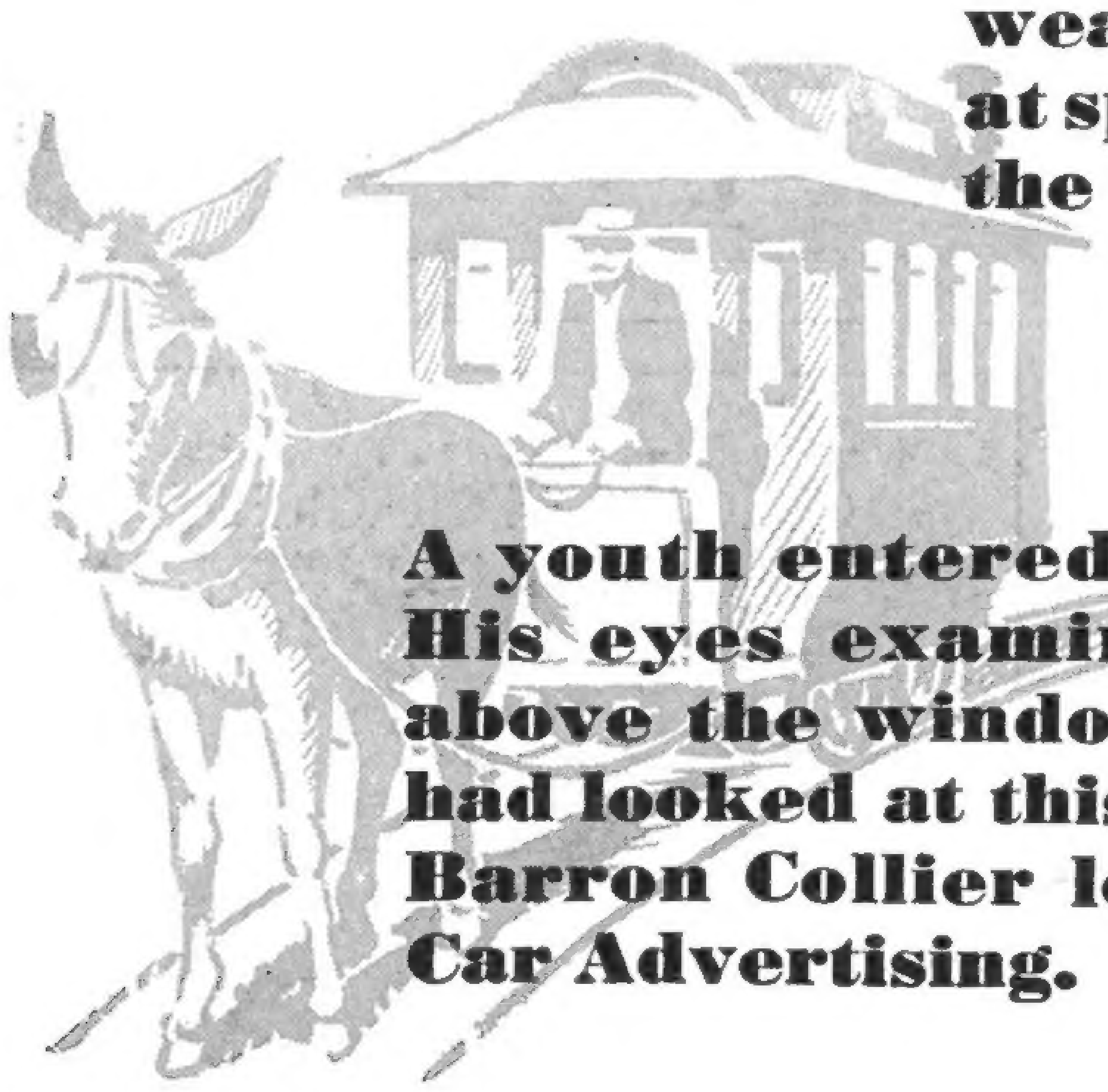
It Isn't Luck



As he was about to mount his horse, a man stopped to look at the prints of his horse's shoes in the soil. Thousands of men before him had observed similar prints. But that day, when Fust looked, he discovered the art of printing.



Samuel Brown was watching a spider weave its web. Thousands had looked at spiders' webs. When Brown looked at the web, he saw the suspension bridge.



A youth entered a rickety horse car. His eyes examined the blank space above the windows. Countless others had looked at this unused space. When Barron Collier looked, he saw Street Car Advertising.

What is this elusive quality of vision, which borders on the prophetic, and so nearly parallels the attributes of genius? What magic hand guides the way through a maze of unessentials, to point its mental finger to the living spark? Whence comes this paradox of the uncommon, called Common Sense?

This same mysterious influence is at work all about us today. Many look, few see.

One manufacturer looks at *Volume* and sees little more than magnification of sound. Another looks at Volume and sees the sound foundation of selling procedure.

Many look at Advertising; few grasp the true vision of its main purpose: *Volume.*

Volume means PEOPLE. It means just the opposite of "Class" People. It means *Mass* People . . . the millions who have the millions . . . the gainfully Employed.

For, it is they who today hold squarely in their hands the *Volume buying power* of the nation. Right now they represent *the sole source of Volume sales.*

The answer to *Volume* Sales is *Volume* Advertising. The only way to reach the great Mass of Volume Buyers is to take your advertising directly to *them . . .* to *the MANY who have the money.*

And there is only one place in the United States where this Volume Buying Audience gathers every day, twice a day, and that is in the street cars.

No matter what media you use, these are the *People* you must try to reach.

Elsewhere you may reach "fractions" of them less frequently at higher costs; but only in street cars can you reach *all* of them at the low cost of Car Advertising.

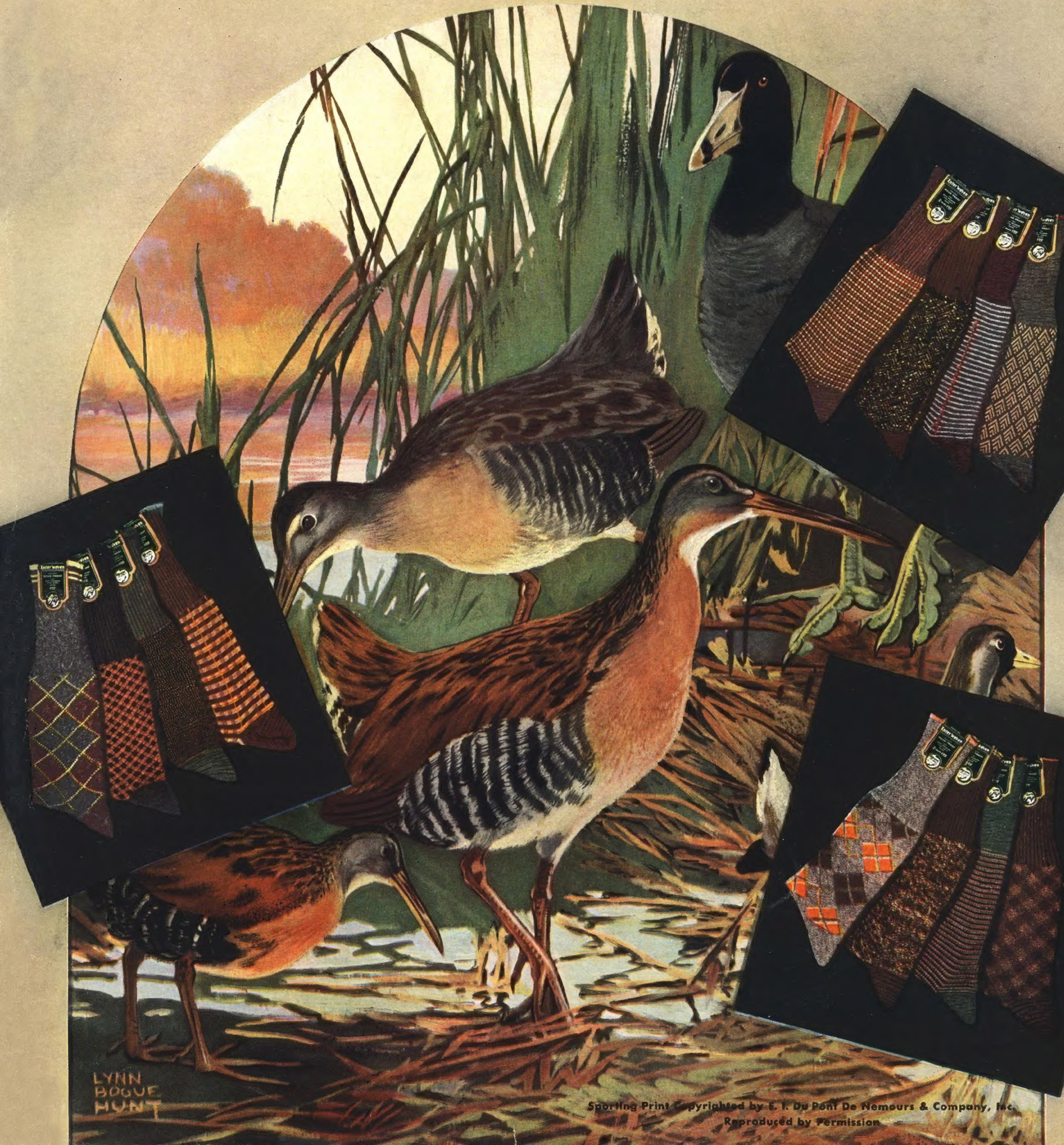
Street Car Advertising is VOLUME Advertising.

W. S. B.

STREET RAILWAYS ADVERTISING CO.
220 WEST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK

Interwoven REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. Socks

in the
GAME FEATHER COLORINGS



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"CAMELS DON'T GET YOUR WIND"

FAMOUS SWIMMERS AGREE

CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic— than any other popular brand.

(Signed)
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Champion swimmers speak with authority when they discuss sound wind—healthy nerves—and Camels. Buster Crabbe, champion in the 400-meter free-style Olympic event, calls himself "a consistent Camel smoker." This can be seen from his latest photograph, reproduced on this page. "I have smoked Camels for years," he says. "If you go in for sports at all, I'd advise Camels. You'll find, as I did, that Camels are so mild they never get your wind or cut your endurance."

What Crabbe says is confirmed by Helene Madison; by Jane Fauntz, the Chicago girl who rose to Olympic fame; and by Stubby Kruger and Josephine McKim. So turn to Camels. Enjoy those costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend. Smoke all you wish. Athletes say, "Camels don't disturb your nerves or wind."

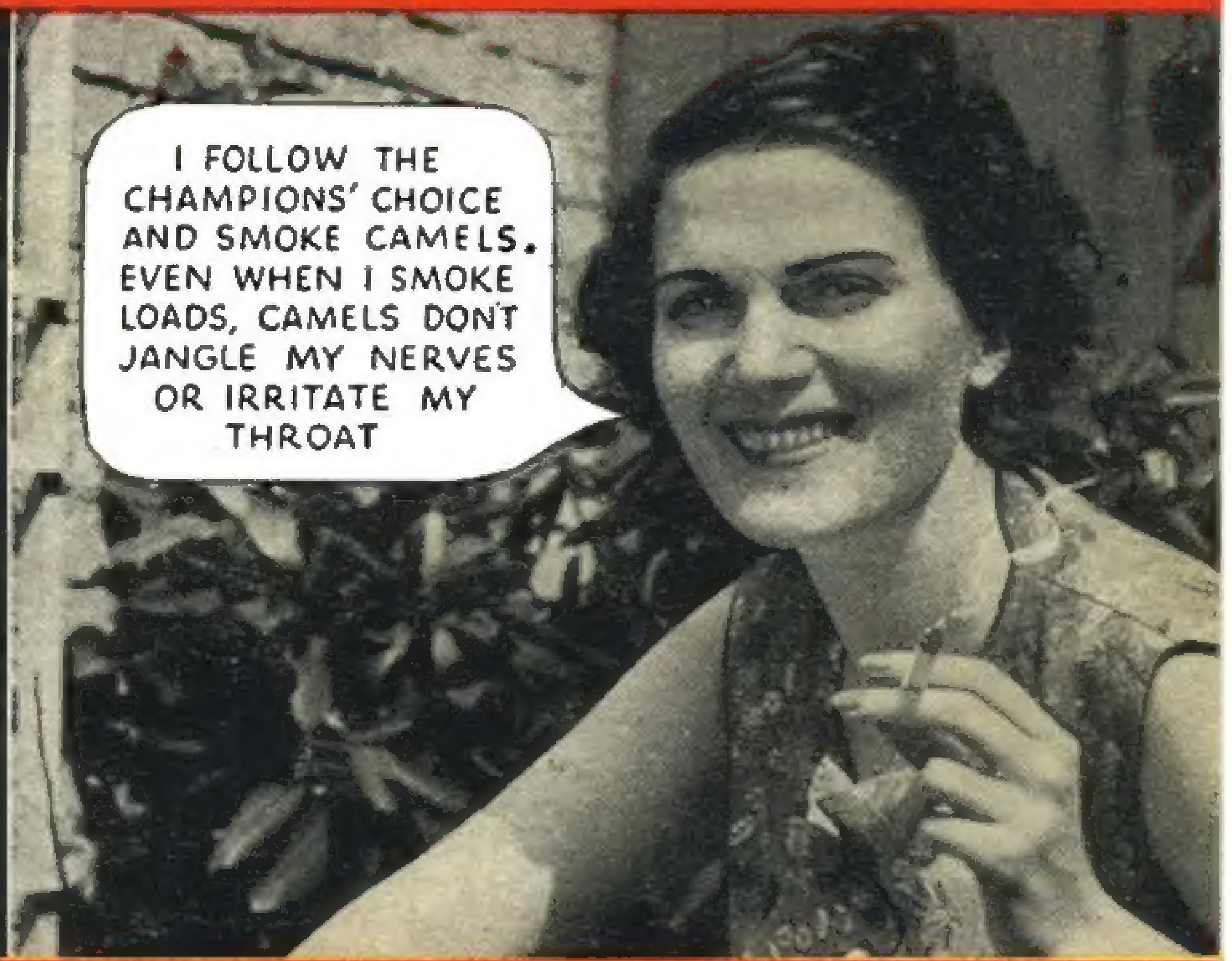
SO MILD...YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!

I'M FUSSY ABOUT MILDNESS. CAMELS ARE SO MILD THEY DON'T GET MY WIND. I LIKE THE 'LIFT' I GET WITH A CAMEL

STORE EXECUTIVE—Dorothy Smart Bill

I SMOKE CAMELS, TOO. THEY ARE MILD... DON'T UPSET MY 'CONDITION.' AND CAMELS TASTE SO MUCH BETTER!

OFFICE MANAGER—Malcolm Cameron


I FOLLOW THE CHAMPIONS' CHOICE AND SMOKE CAMELS. EVEN WHEN I SMOKE LOADS, CAMELS DON'T JANGLE MY NERVES OR IRRITATE MY THROAT

ILLUSTRATOR—Jean Miller Spadea